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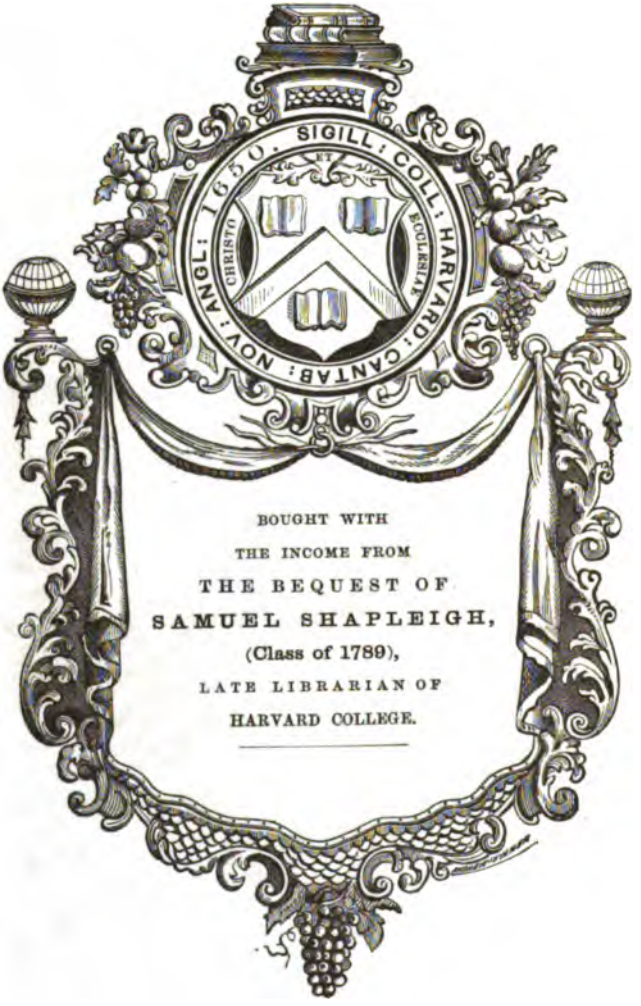


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# THE PORT FOLIO,

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1810.

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# THE

# PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

ASSISTED BY A CONFEDERACY OF GENTLEMEN.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.
COWPER.

VOL. III.

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PUBLISHED BY BRADFORD AND INSKEEP, PHILADELPHIA;
AND INSKEEP AND BRADFORD, NEW-YORK.
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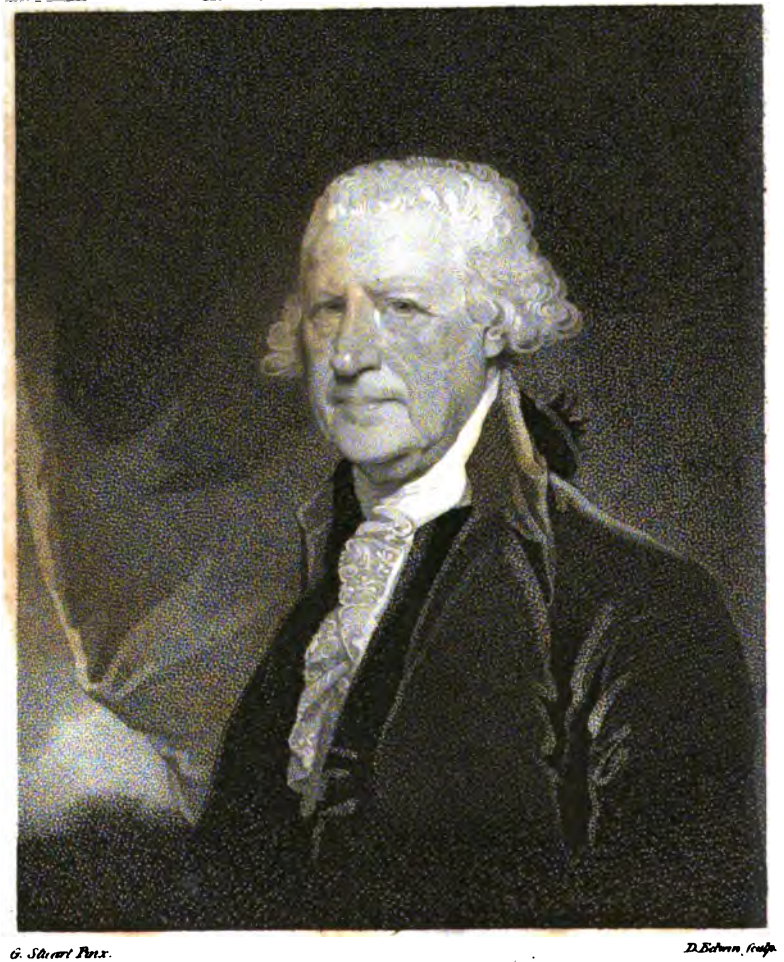

G. Stuart Penx.

D. Edwin, sculp.

EDWARD SHIPPEN, LL.D.

*Chief Justice of Pennsylvania.*

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
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Vol. III. ( 147 ) JANUARY, 1810. No. 1.


FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR
OF
## THE HON. EDWARD SHIPPEN, ESQ.

*Late Chief Justice of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.*

WHEN, in obedience to an irreversible decree of nature, a character of worth and eminence descends to the grave, the duties which devolve on his surviving associates are numerous and important. Of these duties, that is not the least sacred and pressing, which calls for a suitable tribute to the memory of the deceased, with a view to the perpetuation of his virtues and attainments, as honourable to himself and exemplary to others. For, to award the meed of a fair and well-earned posthumous fame, while it is nothing but an act of justice to the dead, operates on the living as one of the strongest incentives to virtue and excellence. It urges on to achievements of usefulness and of honour, from a conviction in the mind of the actor, that such achievements will be publicly passed to his credit, when he shall be slumbering in the silence of the tomb. Impressed by sentiments and actuated by considerations such as these, the writer of the present article has attempted to sketch a biographical memoir of the Honourable Edward Shippen, Esq. late Chief Justice of the Commonwealth of

Pennsylvania. For, though not among the intimate friends and associates of the venerable deceased, he has long been an admirer of his conduct and character.

The subject of this memoir, like most of the distinguished personages of our country, was of British ancestry. He was born in the city of Philadelphia, on the sixteenth of February 1729, the country being then in an infantile and colonial state.

His grandfather, William Shippen, had been a gentleman of fortune and family in the county of York. About the year 1675, his father, Edward Shippen, whose name he bore, emigrated to America, and settled first in Boston, in the (then) province of Massachusetts. Nor was it till about the year 1700 that he removed thence, led by the brightening prosperity and growing importance of Pennsylvania, to become an inhabitant of the city of Philadelphia. Of the general character of that gentleman, and of the sphere of respectability in which he was destined to move, we may form no inaccurate estimate, from the various places of honour, trust, and emolument, which it was shortly afterwards his fortune to fill. Among these places may be mentioned in particular, his successive appointments as a member of the proprietary and governor's council, a commissioner of the board of property, a judge of the provincial or general court, and the first mayor of the city of Philadelphia, in all of which he acquitted himself with fidelity and reputation.

A descent from a parentage so highly respectable, had, no doubt, a material and very auspicious influence on the generous and aspiring mind of a favourite son. For to such a mind nothing can be an object of more darling ambition, than to maintain unsullied and undiminished, and even to swell by fresh acquisitions, the fair inheritance of ancestral fame.

Of the events of the early life of Edward Shippen, the worthy and distinguished subject of the present memoir, we know but little. Nor is this an object in any measure calculated to call forth our regret. To mankind at large the

history of infancy is rarely either instructive or interesting, because the character of the man is but seldom developed in that of the child. About the usual age we find him at the grammar-school, always conspicuous among his fellows for his attention to his studies, his respectful deference and submission to his preceptors, the engaging politeness and affability of his manners, and the propriety and decorum of his general deportment. With these invaluable attributes and qualities, thus early acquired, he could not fail of being regarded as a youth of ample promise. Nor was it his fortune, either now, or at any future period of his life, to fall short of the most flattering anticipations of his friends. For we shall find, as we proceed in his history, that the scholar, the gentleman, and the man of business, refinement, and taste, were most happily blended in the constitution of his character.

His elementary attainments being finished with reputation to himself and satisfaction to his friends, he commenced the study of the law, under the direction of Tench Francis, Esq. then attorney-general of the province of Pennsylvania. Having spent about two years in this situation, where the excellence of his opportunities of improvement was equalled only by the assiduity of his own attention, he, in the year 1748, repaired to London, with a view to the completion of his legal education in the Temple. Being a real American by attachment, no less than by birth, he felt now that the reputation of his native country was, to a certain extent, identified with his own. This consideration, awakening in his bosom the sentiments of a dignified and laudable pride, operated on him as an additional incentive to the acquisition of whatever was honourable, useful, or refined. He, accordingly, availed himself of every opportunity for the cultivation of his mind, his manners, and his taste. Nor did his efforts, as to these various attainments, prove abortive. For, in a short time, he ranked with the most accomplished of his fellow students and associates, as well in matters of exterior elegance, as in those of greater solidity and weight.

Having passed in London two years of industry and enterprise, in pursuit of the knowledge of letters and of law, he was admitted a barrister of the middle temple. On his return to Philadelphia, which took place shortly afterwards, he entered on the practice of his profession with the same application and zeal, that had manifested themselves in all his other pursuits. Here, as on former occasions, he was embosomed in circumstances peculiarly auspicious. The superior standing of his family and connexions gave him weight in society, and the well known excellence of his elementary and legal education, together with the elegance of his address and the popularity of his manners, conferred on him an equal degree of personal distinction.

With these advantages operating in favour of his persevering industry and attention, his professional progress could be neither slow nor doubtful. His prospects of speedy elevation were, perhaps, superior to those of any other young gentleman of his standing at the bar. We accordingly find, that, in a short time, business and reputation seemed to vie with each other in their struggle to approach him. We mean that adamantine reputation which results from a correct and extensive knowledge, united to integrity of principle and solidity of judgment, not that brilliancy of fame, which nothing but the highest order of genius, breaking forth in an overwhelming eloquence, can bestow. For, though a perspicuous, pleasing, and even impressive speaker, he had no pretension to the character of a finished orator.

Mr. Shippen had been but a very short time engaged in the practice of the law, when he received the most flattering testimony of the confidence reposed in his talents and integrity by the British cabinet. He had not yet completed his twenty-fourth year, when he was appointed Prothonotary of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and Judge of the Court of Vice Admiralty for the same province. Besides several other places of honour, trust and emolument, which were conferred on him, he was appointed a member of the proprietary and governor's council, a body of men not for-

tuitously drawn together from the mass of population, but selected with care from among the most respectable characters of the province. These several offices, some of which he held during a term of nearly thirty years, he filled with ability and reputation at the commencement of the revolutionary war.

On the first occurrence of that gigantic struggle, which shook to its basis the whole fabric of civil society, all offices in the American colonies, issuing from the crown of Great Britain, were temporarily suspended, and, on the declaration of independence, they were immediately abolished. This measure, bold in itself, and worthy of a people daring to be free, swept from Mr. Shippen a very liberal income. For, with the abolition of the offices which he had hitherto held, the emoluments appertaining to them necessarily ceased. But his mind was of too firm a texture to be shattered by misfortune, and his spirits too buoyant to ebb into despair. Instead of taking an active part in the contest for freedom, he gave a preference to the walks of private life. Accordingly, while others were engaged in the deliberations of the senate, the arrangements of the cabinet, or the turmoils and dangers of the embattled field, he found content and pleasure in the bosom of retirement, and sufficient employment in the practice of his profession.

Soon after the close of the war of independence, when the wheels of civil society began to move afresh, he was appointed to preside in the Courts of Quarter Sessions for the city and county of Philadelphia. He was also, about the same time, appointed president of the Court of Common Pleas for Philadelphia county. So faithfully and with such ability did he discharge the duties attached to these several stations, that in the year 1791 he received the appointment of a Judge, and, in 1799, that of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. But his descent into the vale of years was already deep, for he had now numbered upwards of three score and ten. Placed in circumstances abundantly affluent, and feeling that the *otium*

*vesperis vitæ* was imperiously called for by his weary and declining faculties, he resigned the office of Chief Justice about the close of the year 1805, a few months previously to his death.

In his character as a Judge, the venerable subject of this memoir never forgot that justice should be tempered with clemency. When seated on the bench, he was patient in his attention, in his perceptions clear and discriminating, in his decisions upright and impartial, and in the delivery of his opinions and charges, concise, perspicuous, and not inelegant. In his official intercourse with the gentlemen of the bar, he maintained a firmness of character and dignity of deportment, mingled with such politeness and suavity of manners, as never failed to command their respect, and to conciliate, in the highest degree, their affections and esteem. If the cause of justice or humanity ever suffered in his presence, his heart and his will were strangers to the transaction. Even the delinquent who received from the JUDGE the chastisement of the law, was forced to acknowledge in the dispensation the mildness of the MAN.

But it was in his private capacity that the virtues and attributes of his character shone with the brightest and most amiable lustre. Possessed of Spartan uprightness and integrity, no species of dishonour ever dared to approach him. Throughout the whole course of a life protracted far beyond the usual span, his personal reputation was unsullied with a stain. Yet were these sterner qualities, the natural safeguards of honour and of virtue, blended in exquisite and delightful harmony, with all the benevolent and social affections.

As a friend and companion, Mr. Shippen had but few equals. His heart was open, manly and sincere, alike free from the meanness of dissimulation and the canker of distrust. A cheerfulness of disposition, which nature seemed to have tempered in one of her happiest moments, a mind enriched with the beauties of polite literature and a spritely playfulness of fancy and of wit, gave to his conversation pe-

culiar charms. His presence was capable of taking from the social circle and the festive board their wonted sensibility to the movements of time.

But other occurrences in the history of Mr. Shippen of a tenderer and more endearing character, are yet to be mentioned. Nor, though altogether of a domestic nature, is any apology deemed necessary to the mind of sensibility, for introducing them into the present memoir. Early in life it was his good fortune to contract an affection for, and afterwards to marry, a daughter of Tench Francis, Esq. his preceptor in law, one of the most amiable and accomplished young ladies of the province. By this marriage he became at once the father and the idol of one of the worthiest and most promising of families—a family possessing every thing calculated to conciliate his affections, rivet his esteem, and even to awaken his paternal pride. But as several members of that family are still living, an ornament to society in this and a neighbouring city, a dread of doing violence to the delicacy of cultivated minds, restrains us from paying the tribute that is due.

In the bosom of that family, on the 16th of April 1806, sunk suddenly but gently into the embraces of death, their venerable father, at the patriarchal age of seventy-seven years and two months.

C.

THE FINE ARTS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM SIR BENJAMIN WEST TO CHARLES W. PEALE, ESQ.

*London, Newman-street, Sept. 19th,* 1809.

DEAR SIR,

I EMBRACE the opportunity by the return of Mr. —— to Philadelphia, to acknowledge the receipt of your friendly letters at various times.

Mr. —— has presented me with the first number of the natural history of the birds of the United States, the production of that ingenious gentleman Mr. Alexander Wilson of your city; it is a work highly creditable to the abilities of that artist; and the world are greatly indebted to Messrs. Bradford and Inskeep for laying it before them.

The information which Mr. —— has given me respecting the academy established in Philadelphia, for cultivating the art of delineation, is highly honourable to those gentlemen who are its promoters, and benefactors; and is gratifying to my feelings as a native of the state of Pennsylvania. Had such an establishment taken place half a century past, when my youthful mind first became enamoured with the beauties of the fine arts, it would have at once enriched my fancy, and matured my judgment at that period of life, when the imagination requires to be stimulated, and directed by examples of excellent models of imitation; and I am persuaded there will be many a latent spark of genius kindled into enthusiasm by such an establishment, which, without such aid, would, like the flower in the wilderness "blush unseen, and waste its sweets in the desert."

When I was in Italy in the year 1760, the stupendous production in the fine arts which are in that country, rushed on my feelings with their impetuous novelty, and grandeur; and their progress through the world from the earliest period, arrested my attention; when I discovered they had accompanied empire, as shade does the body when it is

most illuminated, and that they had declined both in Greece and Italy, as the ancient splendor of those countries passed away. Reflecting thus on their stations when in prosperity, and their movements in decline, it led me to reflect on the civil and religious rights which the several charters had given to the then existing people of North America; and from those circumstances it appeared to me, that country was more likely to possess both empire and the fine arts. What I then anticipated has since been realized in one respect, and is about to be accomplished in the other, by the establishment of the academy at Philadelphia.

When that wise and excellent man, William Penn, planned his infant city of Philadelphia, he established public libraries for the use of the people: the opportunity of reading became habitual to them; this opportunity matured into a habit, gave a philosophical turn to their mind, and a passion which soon distinguished them from other citizens on that continent; and I am of opinion, that those mental endowments in the people will, in time, render that city the seat of refinement in all accomplishments, and make her as the Athens of the western empire; the seed is sown—the soil is fertile—and I am persuaded their growth to excellence will be the result. In this opinion I became more confirmed when I saw the fine arts were degraded in Italy, as well as in France, owing to the decline of that dignified patronage which had raised them to splendor in the two preceding centuries in both countries.

In England I found the fine arts as connected with painting and sculpture, had not taken root; but that there were great exertions making by the artists to prepare the soil, and sow the seeds. It was those artists who invited me to appear among them, with a few essays of my historical compositions in their annual exhibitions of painting, sculpture and architecture. Those exhibitions became an object of attraction to men of taste in the fine arts; the young sovereign was interested in their prosperity; and the artists were by his royal charter raised into the dignity, the independence, and,

as it were, the municipal permanency of a body corporate; in which body I found myself a member, and a director; but party and jealousy in two or three years interrupted the harmony and finally dissolved that society. At this period his majesty was graciously pleased to signify his commands to four artists, to form a plan for a royal academy, in which number I had the honour to be included. His majesty was graciously pleased to approve the plan, and commanded it to be carried into effect. Thus commenced the institution of the Royal Academy of Arts in London. An institution of proud importance to the sovereign; and to this, as a manufacturing country, of more real and solid advantage than would have been the discovery of gold and silver mines within her earth; as it taught delineation to her ingenious men, by which they were instructed to give taste to every species of manufactories, to polish rudeness into elegance, and soften massiveness into grace; and which raised the demand for them to an eminence unknown before in all the markets of civilized nations throughout the world.

At that time the breast of every professional man glowed with the warmth and energy of genius, at the establishment of the royal academy; and at the pleasing prospect it held out in the higher department of art—historical painting. The experiment was then to be made, whether there was genius in the country for that department of art, and patronage to nourish and stimulate it. The sovereign, the artist, and a few gentlemen of distinguished taste were solicitous for its success. With respect to genius, I have to speak from observation, that the distinguished youths who have passed in review before me since the establishment of the academy, in the three departments of art which constitute its views, would have been found equal to attain unrivalled eminence in them: and I know of no people since the Greeks so likely to attain excellence in the arts as the people of England; if the same spirit and love for them were diffused and cherished among them, as it was among the subjects in the Grecian states.

Reflecting on patronage—his majesty, by his regard for the arts, gave a dignity to them unknown before in the country, many of the dignitaries of the church were friendly to them by patronage; the nobility viewed them with a supercilious air of indifference as to patronage; the law showed them no respect; and the monied men saw no charms in any thing but loans and subsidies. In the commercial part of this wealthy nation, the halls of the several companies were places capable of receiving works of art, and massed funds to reward them; however, they felt no complacency to the arts, but as they might bend to commercial views. The navy and the army being made up of the younger branches of established families, are from their infancy compelled to fight their way to elevation, and to fortune; while the general mass of society is engrossed by buying and selling; and the views of the landed interest are too remote from the fine arts, to become acquainted with them. The government has rendered them no aid by patronage—the bitterness of political contention left no room for the more tranquil and domestic pursuits of an enlightened legislation; and thus in the midst of profusion, and in the mouth of those very channels through which the exuberance of national wealth was daily circulating, the arts were slighted and discountenanced, and not suffered to gather up the crumbs of the public board; if the liberality of the government had cooperated with the patronage of his majesty and the professional gentlemen's efforts to maintain the dignity of the arts for the last forty years, England would have by this time yielded her preeminence in the arts, to no nation since their revival in modern Italy. But the experiment has been made—genius has not been wanting, and except some unforeseen change should take place in the minds of the various classes of men in this country which make the aggregate of the nation in favour of the arts, it requires no extraordinary sagacity to predict, that the arts have attained their zenith in the reign of his present majesty.

It affords me great pleasure to find that your efforts to bring the fine arts into notice at Philadelphia, have been countenanced by the legislature of Pennsylvania, in granting you a part of their house of assembly as a repository for your museum. It is a circumstance highly honourable to you, and is a lasting record of the munificence of that respectable body, and satisfies the opinion I had previously entertained of their zeal to cherish useful knowledge among their fellow citizens.

These are, my dear sir, the characteristics of a wise people, and I hope, that the fostering hand, and liberal direction of that wisdom, will be extended to every degree of useful and popular ingenuity. It is by such acts that a nation is transmitted to posterity with an elevation and distinction of glory, that renders its memory honourable to future ages.

Your communication respecting your son being about to embark again for France, and to study painting, and collect the portraits of eminent men in that country as well as in other parts of Europe, gives me sincere pleasure; I honour his enterprise; but I hope he will, when surrounded by the great examples which are now at Paris, of Grecian and Italian art, I hope he will direct his mind to what are their real, and immutable excellencies, and reflect upon the dignity which they give to man, and to the countries where they were produced. Although I am friendly to portraying eminent men, I am not friendly to the indiscriminate waste of genius in portrait painting; and I do hope that your son will ever bear in his mind, that the art of painting has powers to dignify man, by transmitting to posterity his noble actions, and his mental powers, to be viewed in those invaluable lessons of religion, love of country, and morality; such subjects are worthy of the pencil, they are worthy of being placed in view as the most instructive records to a rising generation. And as an artist, I hope he will bear in his mind, that correctness of outline, and the justness of character in the human figure are eternal; all other points are variable, all other points are in a degree subordinate and

indifferent—such as colour, manners and customs: they are the marks of various nations; but the form of man has been fixed by eternal laws, and must therefore be immutable. It was to those points that the philosophical taste of the Greek artists was directed; and their figures produced on those principles have no room for improvement, their excellencies are eternal. All other things form a humble part; to speak with due reverence of that moral fabric which the hand of Almighty Wisdom has designed; and which is destined to be coeval with inanimate nature, so long as years are permitted to the works of man; and so long as the reverential care of posterity can preserve them; such objects in art will ever be held by a wise people, as the ultimatum in art, and of human capacity, and cherished to the latest posterity as such.

The foregoing observations on the importance of patronage to cherish the fine arts—and of their high importance of distinction in civilized nations, I have a satisfaction in laying before you, as my observations on them for the last fifty years. And I am with every mark of respect for your distinguished exertion to promote useful knowledge,

My dear Sir,

Your greatly obliged friend,

Benj'n. West.

Mr. Charles W. Peale.

TRAVELS IN FRANCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## LETTER LXX.

It is fortunate for the dramatic literature of France, that some of their greatest poets have written for the stage, an advantage you will be the more struck with, if you represent to yourself the correct taste and concentrated good sense of Pope, his command of language, and knowledge of the human heart, connected with such other attainments as might have qualified him for writing a play. That tenderness which breathes in the complaints of Eloisa, that experience which could distinguish and appreciate, and that power of words which could express every incident of life, and every form of passion, might have raised a rival to the Phedre of Racine, or the Zaire of Voltaire. It is another fortunate circumstance, that there have always been theatres in Paris of inferior size and less expensive admittance, where such pieces might be represented as the grosser taste of the lower orders of society required, while the principal theatre, called, by way of distinction, the French theatre, was kept free from profanation. The origin of theatrical amusements was probably the same in England and France. The wandering minstrels began, and the clergy, who were jealous of such large audiences, improved upon the plan, as they supposed, of these sons of pleasure, and contrived to instruct and to amuse at the same time, by their exhibition of mysteries, and miracle plays. The drama, however, soon assumed a more worldly appearance, and the poets of both nations borrowed freely from their neighbours the Spaniards, giving into complicated plots and intrigues of difficult comprehension, which those of the one nation have remained too much attached to, and those of the other have perhaps deviated from too widely. Addison has very well explained, in the Spectator, the particular improprieties of the English stage, as contrasted with the decency and decorum of the French; but this very attention to propriety has been also productive of some defects, and perfection might probably, as in most cases, be found in a just medium between the two.

Voltaire, who, without the correctness of Racine, or the Roman soul of Corneille, and who never perhaps reached the depth of tragic horror as successfully as Crebillon, has succeeded more generally than either of them, owes his success in great measure to his acquaintance with English literature, and with the works of Shakspeare in particular. The short dialogue of Edmund and of Edgar, and the preparation for the duel in King Lear, have given rise to one of the finest passages of Tancrede. The closet-scene between Hamlet and his mother

has taught the French poet how to render the character of Clytemnestra infinitely more interesting in his tragedy of Oreste. Mortimer brought forth by his keepers, in Henry the Fourth, with some hints from another English play, has given rise to the pathetic scene of Lusignan recovering his children; nor could he ever have written his favourite play of Zaire, had he never read Othello. He has there ventured to make a lover stab his mistress and afterwards himself upon the stage, and has even ventured in his Semiramis to introduce a ghost, who was very well received, though no ghost ever rose to so little purpose, for he gives no information, and contributes in no degree to the catastrophe. The effect of the apparition is weakened too by its taking place, not in silence and in solitude, as where the shade of the murdered king tells the sad story to his son in Shakspeare, but before great numbers, and in a very public place. There is no sentiment perhaps, no turn of passion, no pathetic situation, which may not have been as well described and expressed in some English as in any French poet; but if a tragedy is to be considered as a production worthy in every sense of being presented to a refined, intelligent audience, the comparison is, I think, very much in favour of the latter nation.

There is more equality perhaps in the comic productions of these great rivals in arts as well as arms. English comedy is, indeed, too often coarse and licentious, and when not deserving those epithets, is yet to be blamed for pictures of human life which convey no good lesson, and for allusions to circumstances which should not be called into view. It is, however, very frequently, a just representation of human nature; while that of the French, in very superior language, with more attention to inculcate decency, and with drollery and wit, gives but an inaccurate view of society, and such, indeed as I believe never existed. Nothing can be more perfect than the delineation is, upon the French stage, of a single character—a miser, a jealous man, a coxcomb, a coquette, or a clown; but their adherence to the unities of time and place renders it unavoidable that individuals should be brought together in a way in which it is impossible they ever could have lived; and the received opinion, that love is a necessary ingredient in every play, introduces a sort of courtship very like seduction, and altogether foreign to French manners. With respect to the unity of place, I cannot conceive why, if we so far get the better of our conviction, as to suppose, for an hour or two, that the actors and actresses are gentlemen and ladies, or heroes and princesses of other countries and of other days, and that the time employed in the representation is equal to four and twenty hours, why we may not, I say, go a step further, and suppose that the personages before us have

time enough to go from one house, or even from one town to another. The Chinese, who are a very wise people, get over the difficulty very ingeniously. The character whom we are soon to figure to ourselves as in a very distant place, gives notice to the audience that he is going a journey, and very gravely getting astride his bamboo, and smacking his whip, he performs it in their presence, by galloping two or three times round the stage, and then gives notice of his arrival. With all the merit of French tragedy, there is sometimes, when the scene is laid in distant times and distant countries, an approximation to modern manners and to French customs which is absurd; and as in their comedy there is always too much stress laid upon the omnipotence of love, Voltaire has ventured, in one or two instances, to write a tragedy in which no part of the distress arises from this universal cause; but he has, on all other occasions, yielded to the general opinion, as Corneille, Racine, and Crebillon had done before him; an opinion which is certainly productive of very great inconsistencies. I can easily conceive that Mithridates, though far in the decline of life, and broken by misfortunes, had still enough of love in his disposition to be jealous of his wives, and we know from Plutarch what barbarous orders he gave respecting them; but I cannot bring myself to admit, that this great king could, in the midst of his magnanimous designs against the Romans, and when their legions were within a day's march of his capital, have been occupied about a Grecian beauty, and practising a trick, like Mr. Lovegold, to find out whether she loved his son or not. Nor can I bear that Sertorius, at the age of sixty, and whom I know to have had but one eye, or Philoctetes, after twenty years of retreat, and in all the anguish of an incurable wound, should be making declarations of love; that Cæsar should make so insipid a speech as to say, that he had fought at Pharsalia for the bright eyes of Cleopatra, or that the gloomy inexorable Electra should mingle her groans of vengeance against the murderer of her father with sighs for the charms and graces of the murderer's son.

I have already mentioned to you the most distinguished writers of tragedy in the French language. Those of comedy are more numerous; and I am sorry that you cannot judge for yourself of the truth and decency of Destouches, the gayety of Regnard, the wit of Lesage, the originality of Dufresny, the lively natural dialogue of Dancourt, and the affecting representations of La Chaussée. This last is considered in France as the inventor of a species of dramatic composition very common in the English language, but unknown before his time to the French; a composition the scenes of which are taken from common life, and which, without being as gay as comedy, or as distressing as tragedy, may be said to partake of the nature of both. In enume-

rating the writers of French comedy I have said nothing of Moliere, whom the consent of mankind has placed at the head of the class he belongs to. His characters are those of human nature itself; but the manner of his pieces is sometimes coarse, and the denoument is frequently improbable, and very hastily made up. Of plot, indeed, there is very little in the best French comedies. Their writers were soon sensible of the absurdity of those surprising turns of fortune, those mistakes by masks and disguises, so common in the Spanish plays, which drew off the attention of the audience from the consideration of character and language, and describe a man as deceived rather by his senses than by his passions and affections. Perhaps, however, they have mistaken the reverse of wrong for right, and they may have wanted that wholesome lesson which an author in England is always exposed to receive from the more noisy and powerful part of the audience, who insist upon being amused in the way they best understand, as they do upon the habeas corpus act and the trial by jury. Their attention must be kept up by the intricacy of plot, and they must have jokes and allusions suited to their ordinary conversation and their pursuits in life. In France it was far otherwise. The dramatic author considered himself as writing for the more enlightened part of the community, and knew no more of the people as a body having certain rights than he did of the habeas corpus act, or than the government did. The public taste, however, in France, whether degenerated or not, or whether affected by the growing fermentation which preceded the revolution, seemed returning to a fondness for the ancient drama, when that great event took place, which gave a new turn to theatrical entertainments as well as to every thing else. The principal promoter of this return to the model of the Spanish drama was Beaumarchais, a man so singular, and so remarkable in various capacities, that I may well devote a few lines to him. Born in obscurity and almost in poverty, and after having exercised with a sort of distinction the trade he was apprenticed to, he very rapidly attracted the attention, and secured to himself the protection of some of the most eminent personages in the kingdom. Rendering himself useful where he had been admitted for his pleasurable talents, and as much admired for his wit and and knowledge, as for the graces of his person and the charms of his conversation on the most trifling subjects, he became immensely rich without ever having filled a lucrative employment, or pursued any object, to appearance, but his pleasure. The fact was, however, that under all the appearance of dissipation, and with the exterior habits of an idle man, he could calculate in his closet, with more than common precision, and could form the most complicated and extensive schemes of commercial speculations. Prosecutions which would forever have

blackened the name of any other person (for there are offences of which an honest man ought not to be for a moment suspected) were to him sources of celebrity and reputation; and the pleadings which he composed in his own defence are as much read by men of taste among the French, as the letters of Junius are in England and America. His comedies, with much less regard to morality than the decency of the French stage admits, are as intricate, and as full of plot and counter-plot as the old English or Spanish plays, and much too long. They were, nevertheless, extremely successful at the time, and are still acted to full houses. It would have been singular that such a man, so noted, and, above all, so rich, should have escaped the cruelty and rapacity of Robespierre, and the fact is, he was imprisoned at the Abbaye, with a number of others, who were devoted to destruction in Septemtember 1793. On the evening, however, before the fatal day, which will always be still more disgraceful to Paris than the St. Barthelemi, he was privately liberated through the influence of Le Gendre, the butcher whom he had personally offended, by that very Le Gendre whose motion in the national assembly, against the person of the king, was so singularly cruel and atrocious. The fear of not being thought hearty in the cause, and the vanity of going beyond others, were, perhaps, the sources of half the atrocities of the revolution. One consequence of the revolutionary government was to diminish the morality of the stage, and to permit, that not only the distinctions of society, but all which the consent of past ages had deemed most venerable, should be held out to public ridicule, while the laws of the drama were treated with as little respect. But the return to former ideas in all matters of taste, and the well-regulated police of the present day, are perceivable at the theatre also, which is rapidly reassuming its ancient habits. Some relaxation, however is still observable, and some liberties are allowed to be taken with those religious establishments which were once deemed so sacred. The Visitandines, for instance, in which a young man gets admittance into a convent under the disguise of a nun, followed by a wicked dog of a valet de chambre, who is dressed as a friar, is still a favourite piece, and some allowance ought to be made, perhaps, for a composition which, though improper, is not, strictly speaking, immoral, accompanied as it is, with so much humour, and such good music. There are others, of the smaller pieces, which are extremely well imagined. In one of them, a young physician, who is represented as on service in Germany, mistakes one town for another, and going to an Austrian post, gives orders to prepare for the general hospital of the French army, with so much confidence, that the commandant is glad to hurry out of it and leave him in possession. This gives rise, as you may suppose, to a great deal of flattery, which is la-

vished upon the emperor and upon his invincible army. Every man in the parterre sits erect upon the occasion, as if he also was a hero, and the piece, which has no great merit in itself, is received with a thunder of applause. In another, two young people of high rank, who had lived miserably together as man and wife, find themselves shut up in a place where the noise of keys and a parade of guards, consisting of servants dressed for the purpose, and the ferocious countenance of the one who passes for the turnkey, are all calculated to make them mistake the antiquated but peaceful mansion of a country gentleman, for a state prison. Their mutual friends it seems had joined in the experiment, and the young people suppose themselves immured in consequence of their complaints against each other, a circumstance which adds not a little to the bitterness of their first conversation in the common room. They soon discover, however, and with a sort of regret, after the first torrent of reproach and recrimination, that they are to be together but for a limited time, and are to be confined, during the remainder of the day, in separate apartments. Their behaviour now changes very rapidly. They soon find means to correspond. They corrupt the guards, who have been directed, as you may suppose, not to be inexorable, and, after a stolen interview, in which vows of eternal love and friendship are mutually made, they are on the point of escaping through a window, at the hazard of their lives, when the master of the house, or the governor of the castle, as they had supposed him, interferes and reveals the truth.* There is a sort of impropriety in some of their late pieces which was never before permitted, and which, though not liable to the censure of immorality, ought certainly to be discouraged. Characters of the last, and even of the present age, and who yet live in the memory of a great part of the audience, are converted into personages of the drama. Voltaire, Rousseau, Richlieu, the great king of Prussia, and even the much-lamented Malesherbes, are brought before the public, and the actors are made to look, to speak, and to dress as like as possible to the persons whose names they assume. Nothing perhaps, can more strongly express how little sensibility there is in a French audience, than its being suffered that M. de Malesherbes, whom every one affects to lament, should be brought forth in this manner, to amuse the populace by singing, by sallies of wit, and by a certain eccentricity of character which

* Nothing, perhaps, could give a better idea of the difference between the French and English stage than the manner in which this little piece of Claire and Adolphe has been adapted to the latter. The turnkey, who is represented as an Irishman, amuses the audience by singing one of his native songs, and by a number of bulls, and makes love to the lady's maid in rather a free manner. In other respects it is well translated.

is said to have distinguished him. Nor does it show much respect for religion, that the story of the chaste Susanna should be converted into a ballad opera. In this last piece the whole story is acted to the life. The chaste Susanna, who is personated by the handsome madame Belmont, is even represented as having made some progress towards preparing for the bath, when the elders surprise her. The rest of the piece is such as you know the original to be, with this addition, that the prophet Daniel, represented by a mademoiselle of no very good character, sings a song, and tells the Jews how much better the great nation will treat them than their law-giver does in the Old Testament. If it surprises you, as indeed it must, that such a piece should be permitted since the reestablishment of the catholic religion, and the restoration of good order in society, you must consider, as the police probably does, that there are seventeen or eighteen theatres open every night in Paris, that the actors can only live by drawing full houses, and that they must some way or other gratify the taste of the audience, who, like the tired glutton whom Pope describes as labouring through a feast, tries all ways to stimulate an appetite,

"and calls for something sweet and something sour."

Strict orders were given, during the revolution, that nothing should be presented to the audience but such pieces as were consistent with the temper of the times, and with the principles that were then avowed; and a whole company of actors have been conducted to prison for daring to give a play in which a king, or other titled person, had appeared to advantage, or when particular passages, which might seem to allude unfavourably to the measures of government, had not been omitted. The present master, however, knows better how to manage the nation; for he is better acquainted with their character, with his own strength, and, perhaps. with human nature. Plays, containing passages which might seem to allude to him and to his usurpation, or to the propriety of cutting off tyrants, and restoring the true heir, or which might, in any way, awaken the slumbering affection of the people to the house of Bourbon, have been those he has particularly ordered. He has made one of the audience at the Death of Cæsar; and it was by his particular order that Athalie was represented. He has more than once been present at the "Partie de chasse de Henri IV," which used to draw tears from the eyes of any good Frenchman; so at least it was pretended: but the fact is, that those tears were all affectation. The French were never attached to any of their monarchs, but as they would claim distinction from belonging to so great a prince. They were like the livery servants of a very rich man, who are proud of being in his suite, and of calling him master. Not having been in

England for many years, I cannot compare the actors of the two nations; but the French appear to me excellent in comedy. Every character has its representative, and the valet de chambre, the prude, the coquette, and the gamester, are represented to the life. They are all perfect in their parts too, and extremely well dressed. The man of fashion of former times may still be seen in Henri; and the countenance, manners, and tone of voice of mademoiselle Mars are all innocence and amiable simplicity. Indeed she acts her part, and looks it so well, that one is almost tempted to regret that such a mein and such a face should appear upon the stage. You may see in Kotzebue's travels an account of the different theatres and principal actors. Talma appeared to me, as to him, one of the best actors in the world; but I can conceive nothing more perfect than mademoiselle Duchenois, whom he disapproves. They have generally, both in comedy and tragedy, the great defect of looking at the audience, rather than at each other; but this, I am told, arises from their little disagreements, and, besides, from their living so much together, it is very natural they should wish to see other faces. The chaste Susanna has long quarrelled with her husband, and, being in great vogue, and very affluent circumstances, she takes the liberty of treating the poor man with great contempt. Unfortunately, however, as he is the lover of the troop, and she what is called the *premiere amoureuse*, for which I leave you to find an English expression, they generally act in the same piece, and are very often obliged to appear smitten with each other. He was, upon one of these occasions, so enraged with her, for having refused, that very morning, to be his security for a gaming debt, that, instead of kissing her hand, or the part required, he bit it, to the no small discomposure of the lady's smiles. The acting in general, with one or two exceptions, is better in comedy than in tragedy, where dignity is made to consist too much in a formal strut, a fierce look, and a certain violent emphatical manner of speaking. When Ulysses, in Racine's Iphigenie, in the language of the true pathetic, tells the unhappy father, that so far from blaming his tears, he is ready himself to weep, the most enlightened of the deaf and dumb, judging only from air and gesture, would suppose, that, shocked at some great offence towards the gods, he was going to immolate Agamemnon upon the spot. In another of Racine's interesting pieces, which he composed for St. Cyr, Haman answers the king's question of how he should reward a faithful servant, the saviour of the state, with so much glaring self-conceit, and such absurd pomposity, that, upon being ordered to carry his advice into execution in favour of Mordecai, the whole audience burst into a fit of laughter. Now certainly Racine, who was tremblingly alive to a sense of decorum, never meant to excite any such emotion. He intended, no doubt, that every honourable mind should

be gratified at the humiliation of an insolent and wicked courtier, but it would have mortified him to have heard the house laugh. Elvion, whom Kotzbue speaks of, is one of the best actors and singers on the stage, and appears to great advantage in some of the smaller pieces; he has also a handsome person, and is consequently in every respect an object of universal admiration. The play-houses are all of them rather commodious than handsome, and a great deal of decorum, descending to some seemingly trifling circumstances, is enforced by the audience, who are the more rigid, perhaps, from its being the only sort of jurisdiction which the revolution has left to any portion of the nation.* But the grand opera is what a Frenchman will tell you is most to be admired in France. It is a medley of music, painting, poetry, and dancing, with a perfection of skill in shifting the scenes which is said to be unrivalled. The French, it seems, excel all people in the dramatic art, the Germans in instrumental performance, and the Italians in music. It was from Italy the opera originally came. But poetry, though aided by the powers of some good writers, soon yielded the precedence to music, and the aid of dancing was called in afterwards. Ariadne, deserted by her lover, whom she had saved, and even Dido, may be supposed, without any great violation of propriety, to pour out her grief in song; and the elevated sentiments of some patriot or warrior might even be enforced by intervals of solemn or warlike music; but I am shocked to hear a hero sing. All the eloquence of Metastasio cannot reconcile me to such a degradation in the persons of Hector and Achilles, and much less so in those of Cicero or Cato; and what think you of Regulus, who, after having urged his countrymen upon the most solemn and important of all occasions, to watch over the dignity and safety of the state, turns round and gives them a song, before he ascends the Carthaginian vessel. In modern operas, however, we are not shocked with such inconsistencies. The story is generally taken from some old romance, or the Arabian Nights Entertainments, or the heathen mythology, and the music, for which a certain number of lines of certain length have been ordered, condescends, as little as possible, to borrow aid from sense. The wonders which we read of in the Dunciad are here to be seen in all the perfection of extravagant absurdity. The angel of dulness here plants his standard, and scatters his magic charms in profusion. Monsters and gods, nymphs, shepherdesses and furies, are seen to dance or to fight, as the case requires. The horrors of the infernal regions are laid open, the damned are even rolling about in flames and sulphur, and over them, at a distance, the mind is consoled with a view of the Elysian fields,

* Nam qui dabant olim.—Juv.

very much in the nature of a Mahometan paradise, and this medley of absurdities, ending, as Pope says, by

"A fire, a jig, a bottle, and a ball,"

is received with as much applause as the victory of Austerlitz. Racine, meanwhile, at the French theatre, hardly commands attention; and Moliere is acted to empty benches, and by the most ordinary actors; and the little ballad opera of former times, in which French music, if they have any, appears to advantage, is rather declining. The dancing of the opera is what chiefly draws a crowd, but the art has, I think, degenerated. It is no longer the expression of gayety, nor is it the serious dance, the school of the graces. It is what Young calls a tempest of agility, a violent exertion of bodily force, a turning round with velocity, and jumping as high as possible to light upon one leg, in imitation of those leaden figures of Mercury you see on houses or on walls, and all this is attended with an exposure of the person in the female dancers which admits of no description. It does now and then happen that the composer of an opera, who has to lull to sleep some vigilant monster, or to charm some guardian of a captive beauty, indulges his genius in strains of simple melody, and that the inventor of a ballad wishes to make his dance emblematical of rural happiness, that they both, in short, return to Nature in their several departments, and to genuine taste, and the performance is then delightful. There is a moment in the Mysteries of Isis when the sister arts of music, poetry, and dancing are thus most happily united; and I was struck with the redoubled attentionof the audience: but such moments pass very rapidly, and one soon returns to the screaming of the great opera, and to the jumping of Duport and Vestris. The establishment of the opera costs a large yearly sum, exclusively of the receipts, and this is defrayed by the government, which fixes the salaries of the performers, and allows them a benefit after twenty years service. The exertions of a dancer are generally fatal to health in a few years, and this is said to be particularly the case with the female dancers, who, after a strange variety of fortune and of situation, very often, if they live to be old, take their station, I am told, as beggars at a church door, and die in an hospital. The demand of the establishment, meanwhile, is kept up by a supply from needy parents, who are satisfied that their children should be taught to dance, without any other education whatever, and, as a great majority of them can rise no higher than to *figurantes*, with salaries of not more than thirty pounds per annum, they inevitably become outcasts of society. One cannot surely but lament that the opera, which affords no very rational amusement after all, should be thus converted into a gulf which swallows up so much youth, innocence, and beauty. The principal dancers and singers are supposed to be al-

ways at the orders of the court, and are sent for by the emperor, whenever he chooses to relax a little from state affairs; nor does he spare reproaches if they arrive a moment too late, or are less well dressed than he thinks they should be, or do not perform entirely to his satisfaction. "*Vous avez chanté comme des cochons*" was the salutation he received the singers with when they came to pay their respects to him after his coronation.

The theatre has afforded us a great deal of amusement during our stay here; but I confess myself to have been disappointed at the representation of some of Moliere and Regnard's pieces; not that the acting was deficient, but from a great deal of stage trick, which is said to have been handed down by tradition, is now as powerful on the stage as it ever was in the church. When I observed to a person I once sat next to, at the representation of Regnard's Joueur, that there was nothing in the play, as it was printed, to justify Hector's endeavouring repeatedly to steal money out of his master's hat, or the extreme familiarity which takes place between them, I was answered, that it was always acted in that manner. And when the *parterre* found fault with Durincourt's squeezing his handkerchief, which was wet with lavender water, into the prompter's seat, he silenced them by stepping forward and observing that Preville had always acted the part in that manner. It was at the theatre I first saw the emperor: but so great a man deserves to be the subject of a separate letter.

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CORRESPONDENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## BRYDONE'S TOUR.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE communication from your intelligent correspondent E. C. respecting Brydone's Tour has placed the doubts which hung over that work in a proper point of view: that it was written by "a Grub-street garetteer" is certainly "an unfounded assertion," but that the author has in many of his

descriptions, and more particularly in his enchanting account of the ascent to the summit of Mount Etna, shaded his picture in a pleasing manner, at the expense of its accuracy, is equally certain.

The probability is that Mr. B. never did ascend Etna, but stopped short at a respectful distance; from those persons who made this attempt, he may have collected a number of facts and observations particularly respecting the heighth of the barometer and thermometer, &c. at the different regions of the mountain; from these materials, assisted with a vivid imagination, he has furnished the glowing description which has occasioned so much doubt and controversy. In support of the assertions which E. C. heard at Catania, Watkins, who was there in the year 1786, in his travels vol. 2, relates an anecdote which I think (although no name is mentioned) very evidently alludes to Brydone, after mentioning that at Catania a good inn is kept by a person named Caca Sangue, an extremely pleasant and communicative fellow. Among other things he told us that "Mr.—— who has published such a minute description of his journey to the crater of Etna, was never there, but sick in Catania when his party ascended, he having been their guide." In a review which I have seen of Watkins' travels the critics observe "this anecdote we formerly heard, not without some surprise, by a different channel."

The Abbe Saint Non after describing the very different appearance this gigantic mountain presented to his view says: "Ainsi l'on peut dire que toutes ces peintures, ces tableaux enchanteurs qui fait M. Brydone dans ses descriptions de l'Etna, ces trois zones qui entourent la montagne et en désignent de loin les différentes élévations n'ont pu être apperçues que dans son imagination. *Ce n'est pas qu'elles n'existent réelment* sur les lieux, mais il est impossible même avec les meilleures lunettes de les suivre et de les distinguer dans aucune distance qui ce puisse être, parceque si l'on est assez voisin de la montagne pour appercevoir quelque détail, l'œil non peut plus alors saisir ni réunir l'ensemble." In a note on the above passage the Abbe gives a translation in French

of " ces tableaux enchanteurs" and observes " Tout cela existe mais ne peut s'appercevoir ni se distinguer *clairement* à cause de l'éloignment immense, et des vapeurs dont la montagne est entourée," and again, page 99, " M. Brydone dans sa description *vraiement poetique* de l'Etna rend compte" &c.—Voyage Pittoresque de Naples et de Sicile, vol. 4.

I shall refer to one more traveller and will occupy a few more lines with an extract as much to the point as the preceding. The Abbe Spallanzani in his travels in the two Sicilies, vol. 1, in note, after showing that Brydone had perverted several observations from Borelli for the purpose of rendering them more marvellous, says, " Mr. Brydone through his whole journey to Etna has sufficiently shown his attachment to the marvellous and where that has failed him has had recourse to the aid of his playful fancy to furnish him with extravagant though ingenious inventions of the ridiculous kind." The whole note is extremely interesting, but is too long to transcribe.

Brydone has also attempted to show that the present chronology of the world is extremely inaccurate, and by comparing the vegetation on the different layers of lava to prove that our globe has existed many centuries longer than our present computation; in this he finds a very able opponent in Spallanzani, as well as in the Rev. Brian Hill in his Tour to Sicily and Calabria. Yours, &c.

INDAGATOR.

CORRESPONDENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THAT slaves formed an article of internal and external commerce in Britain, as well during the Roman government, as during the domination of the Saxons, is a fact of historical notoriety. The means, by which these slaves were acquired was various; a great part of the Anglo-Saxon population, as well as the other nations of Britain, were in a state of the most abject slavery, with all the horrors of that servile condition descending on the posterity of the subject individuals. This unfortunate class of beings were without any political existence, or social consideration, they were bought and sold with the land and conveyed in the grants of it promiscuously with the cattle and other property upon it, they were bequeathed by will as we now dispose of plate, furniture, &c. and indeed by the Welsh laws it was expressly enacted that "a man had as much right to his slaves as to his cattle." Besides those who were thus slaves by birth many became so by gaming, as a punishment for their crimes, and even by contracting debts they were unable to pay. The prisoners taken in the long wars between the Saxons and the British, between the several kingdoms of the heptarchy, and between the English and Danes, no doubt furnished a constant and plentiful supply to those merchants who engaged in this disgraceful traffic. When any person had more domestic slaves (and even children) than he chose to keep, he sold them without the least compunction to a merchant, who disposed of them either at home or abroad as he found would be most profitable.

It is not a little remarkable that this *humane* branch of commerce should have continued, to so late a period after the introduction of Christianity, into Britain. It was however probably on the decline from the time of the Norman conquest; the Normans, says Blackstone (b. 2, c. 6,) admitted those wretched persons who fell to their share to the

oath of fealty, which raised them in some degree from the abject condition in which they were previously; the later laws also expressly enjoined that "no Christian or innocent man should be sold from the land." The custom of emancipation also began and the bishops and clergy by recommending it as a charitable and meritorious act and as a religious duty, encreased the prevalence of this practice, and there were not unfrequent instances of a slave purchasing his own freedom and that of his whole family. As therefore this degraded state of slavery was by these various means mitigated and finally abolished, this ignominious traffic necessarily fell with it; it continued however until the fourteenth century. Dr. Henry in his history of Great Britain vol. 4th, p. 544, observes " I have not met with any evidence that slaves formed an article of export from England in this period"(1216 to 1399) though he gives an extract from the records of the Priory of Dunstable dated 1283, in which it is stated that they had then sold their slave William Pike for one mark (13*s.* 4*d.*) In the subsequent volume, page 507, he states " slaves were no longer exported from England;" real bondmen however continued in England as late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth.—Millar on Ranks, p. 278.

I will conclude this tedious article, by referring those who wish fuller information on this subject to the valuable history abovementioned, vol. 1, p. 341, vol. 2, p. 479, 480, vol. 3, p. 5, 20. Blackstone's Commentaries book 2, ch. 6. Turner's history of the Anglo-Saxons vol. 2, p. 96. Russel's Mod. Europe vol. 1. p. 60 and 198, and Millar on Ranks ch. 6, sec. 3, where the gradual decline of domestic servitude in Europe is traced by the hand of that liberal and enlightened scholar.

CORRESPONDENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THE CASSADA TREE.

THAT the Cassada or Cassava tree (*jatropha manihot*) possesses the contradictory qualities ascribed to it by the Inquirer, is a fact which is most satisfactorily established by the concurrent testimony of a number of respectable authors and travellers. It is a native of the West Indies and also of Guiana, and is also called the Manioc.

Sir Hans Sloan in his voyage to Jamaica, &c. says it is a general substitute for bread, and that in the process for rendering it eatable, a whitish juice is expressed which is a deadly poison, "but that if left to settle a very wholesome farina will be deposited;" he also expresses his surprise that so many people should venture to eat bread made by only baking the Cassada root "which is one of the rankest poisons in the world when raw;" he also gives an engraving of it, (Int. vol. 1. p. 18 and 25.)

The above statement is also confirmed by Bancroft in his natural history of Guiana p. 39, 40. Edward's Hist. of the W. I. vol. 1, p. 104. Bolingbroke's voyage to Demarara p. 268. Thompson's Chemistry vol. 4th, 264. Nicholson's Encyclopedia article Sago. Pinckard's notes on the W. I. vol. 2, 427, 8, where it is called the *staff of life* to the Indians of Guiana.

Yours, &c.

INDAGATOR.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## ORIGIN OF THE FAMILY OF VERGENNES.

M. De Chavigni, whose services in the diplomatic line were so conspicuous during the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV, and particularly at Gertrudenberg, being worn out in public business and tired of the world, spent the evening of his life at a retired castle in Burgundy, and there died, at a very advanced age, without leaving any relations that the world knew of.

Chevignar, his steward, a man of talents, who had rendered himself very useful to him, and frequently acted as his amanuensis, leaving the estate to go as it had been willed, determined to avail himself of the facility with which he could counterfeit his late employer's signature, in a way more safe, and of equal importance to his own family. He composed a letter as if dictated and signed by M. de Chavigni, to the king, imploring his protection in favour of an old and faithful servant, now in his last illness, for two youths, who bore his name, and were his only relations: these were the sons of Chevignar himself, who, being properly tutored for the purpose, appeared soon after at court under the name of Chavigni. The letter had been well composed, and calculated to operate upon the sensibility of the monarch, now himself very rapidly approaching his dissolution, and as the youths looked their parts well, they were soon handsomely provided for: one was made a cornet of horse in the gendarmerie, and the other, who had been originally intended for the church, and who was the younger of the two, was gratified with a good abbey: it happened however, unfortunately for the brothers, that a person whose claim to the same abbey had been passed over in favour of the younger Chavigni, being of the same province, and having learnt something of this pretended relationship which had been set up, took pains to inform himself, and discovered and made public the whole affair: as it was impossible

that the king should be long ignorant of the imposition which had been put upon him, and as it was known, that he was not very likely to forgive it, the brothers were very expeditious in making their escape out of the kingdom. They fled to Holland, and there the abbe died, and the elder, who had been affected by the tender solicitude of a young woman, a servant maid of the inn, where they lodged, for his sick brother, attached himself to her, and passed some hours of every day in her company. It so happened, that they were one day conversing and exchanging mutual vows, perhaps in an unfrequented room of an upper story of the inn, when the footsteps of the landlady were heard upon the stairs, and the lover had barely time to get into an empty press, when she entered, followed by two strangers, who requested to be left undisturbed, and having seen the landlady and her maid fairly out of hearing, drew a table into the middle of the room, spread several papers upon it, and proceeded to busines: they were two Frenchmen, it seems, in the interests of the duchess of Maine, who was at that time carrying on a plot to overset the regency of the duke of Orleans, an event on which very important consequences depended; and among others, the succession of the house of Hanover to the throne of England. The affairs treated of by the stranger related entirely to the secret history of that business of which Chavigni, for he still retained the name, lost not a word, nor did he neglect to be ready in his press against the next meeting which the strangers appointed at the same place. They here went on with the business they had discussed before, and communicated to each other, and read aloud the letters which they had received from France; they enabled the listener in short, to become perfectly well acquainted with all their schemes, their hopes, their fears, and their wishes, and had hardly left the house, when he was already on his way with post-horses to Paris.

His first care there was to address himself to the regent by letter, and to solicit an interview in order to disclose a cir-

cumstance of the highest importance, which he had learned, he said, by means of certain connexions in foreign courts; but the prince, who relied upon his own means of information, and could with difficulty spare a moment from his pleasures, was not easily prevailed on to grant him an audience; he did so, however, at length, but seemed not disposed to pay the least credit to what was communicated, till Chavigni offered to be immediately confined in the Bastile, there to remain for life, if his information should prove unfounded, and trusting to the prince altogether for his reward, in case it should be verified.

In the space of the three weeks afterwards happened the event which Voltaire has so well related in his Siècle de Louis XIV; the papers of the Spanish ambassador were seized; the duchess of Maine was exiled; and the persons who were considered as having been most in her confidence were shut up in the Bastile whence Chavigni was liberated with honour, to be handsomely rewarded, and employed in a way, which, as the regent supposed, would be most suitable to the genius of one who had proved himself so capable of discovering the most secret intrigues of foreign powers. He was not long after appointed ambassador to Portugal, and being allowed, as is usual, to recommend a proper person as secretary of legation, he reminded him of an obscure youth, a nephew of his whom he sent for, together with another nephew, a younger brother of the first; the one was afterwards minister of France at Constantinople and in Switzerland, and the other became in process of time secretary of state for foreign affairs, under the name of Monsieur de Vergennes, than whom no person perhaps contributed more to the establishment of American Independence.

N.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Historical and philosophical Papers, left by the late Cadwallader Colden, lieut. governor of New-York, announced in a letter from his grandson Cadwallader D. Colden Esq. to Dr. Mitchill; dated New-York, 25th September, 1809.

SIR,

I am happy to have it in my power to send you the enclosed piece on fevers, written by my grandfather, about which you made some inquiries of me a short time since.

In my search for this paper I have been led to examine the manuscripts left by my grandfather, which are now in my possession, with more attention than I have before done. There are many of them which appear to me to be curious and valuable. I subjoin a description of some of them; and should you think that any of them are worth preserving, I should be happy to find that such were rescued from oblivion by being transferred to the pages of the Medical Repository.

1. Plantæ Coldenhamiæ in Provincia Noveboracenci spontanea crecentes, quas ad methodum Linnæi sexulem, anno 1742. Observavit Cadwallader Colden.
2. Observations on Smith's History of New-York, in a series of letters to his son, Alexander Colden.
3. An Introduction to the study of Philosophy.
4. An Inquiry into the principles of Vital Motion.
5. A Translation of the letters of Cicero, with an introduction by Cadwallader Colden.
6. A Correspondence with Doctor Benjamin Franklin from the year 1743 to 1757.
7. Correspondence with Linnæus—1747 to 1751.
8. Correspondence with Gronovious of Leyden—1743 to 1755.
9. Correspondence with Doctor Alexander Garden of South Carolina—1748 to 1768.
10. Correspondence with Doctor William Douglass of Boston—1720 to 1747.
11. Correspondence with Mr. John Bartram of Pennsylvania—1742 to 1747.

12. Correspondence with Mr. Peter Collinson of London, F. R. S.—1740 to 1769.
13. Sundry letters from Mr. Samuel Pike, Doctor Fothergill, and Doctor Poterfield of London.
14. Correspondence with the Reverend Samuel Johnson of Connecticut—1743 to 1747.
15. Correspondence with Doctor Whytt of Edinburgh—1758 to 1763.
16. Letters to Doctor John Bard of New-York on the small pox—1747 to 1764.
17. Correspondence with James Alexander, Esquire, of New-York, on the King's Council—1747 to 1764.
18. Correspondence with the earl of Macklesfield on astronomical subjects.

Almost all the letters of this correspondence are on medical, philosophical, or literary subjects. Besides these there are the manuscripts of the works he has published, and innumerable letters to and from very celebrated persons as well of Europe as America. These carry his correspondence back as far as the year 1710, and bring it down, almost uninterruptedly, till the time of his death, in the year 1776. There are also a great variety of papers on public affairs, which I have not yet examined.

I am, sir, with great respect,

Your obedient humble servant,

CADWALLADER D. COLDEN.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## DESTOUCHES, A CELEBRATED DRAMATIC AUTHOR.

DESTOUCHES, the author of several plays, two of which are among the most admired of the French stage, was originally intended by his parents for the profession of the law, and had already made, or was supposed to have made some

progress in his studies, when, falling into bad company, he absented himself so long as to be fearful of returning home, and entered into a company of strolling players: finding, however, that his friends had heard where he was, and that without making him any offer of reconciliation they were taking measures to get him arrested, and confined, he enlisted as a soldier, and was marched to the frontiers of Spain. It was during the war of the succession, and his company was soon ordered upon duty in the seige of some town, which was making a very desperate resistance. An assault was to be given to one of the enemy's advanced bastions, but they sprung a mine in the very moment of attack, and blew up a considerable number of the assailants, and among them the whole of the company Destouches belonged to, except an old sergeant, and himself: "*A moi la compagnie*," said the old serjeant, as soon as the shock was over, "rally round me," and gravely giving his orders to the only remaining soldier, joined another party in the attack, and then as gravely marched his command back to their quarters. Destouches had now seen enough of a soldier's life, and became a player again, then a writer of plays, and finally the manager of a company in some large provincial town, where he soon acquired a considerable fortune, considerable, for one who had begun the world with nothing, and who had been always more called upon to guard against the persecutions of his relations, than benefited by their assistance. It amounted to thirty thousand livres. In this situation he learned that his parents had lost the whole of their property by the failure of some commercial house, and hurrying away immediately to Paris, implored their forgiveness for his past conduct, and laid his fortune at their feet. It is for the honour of human nature, that actions of such exalted benevolence are sure to command the good will, and approbation of all who hear of them: a generous concern for the interests of others, and particularly for the interests of an aged parent, and still more particularly, if the parent's kindness

had been forfeited, and his protection withheld at an early period, awakens a tender sympathy in every bosom, and Destouches now experienced in all companies the effects of those affectionate sentiments which he had so handsomely exerted. France was then governed by the regent duke of Orleans, a prince of very dissolute manners, but a man of abilities, and a judge of merit, and it was by his particular desire, that Destouches, who had acquitted himself with credit in some inferior diplomatic agency, which his friends had procured for him, was appointed minister plenipotentiary to England. It was here that he contracted a marriage with a lady of great merit, but of no very distinguished family, and of no fortune, and thinking it best to conceal the step he had rashly taken, found himself exposed to a great many awkward circumstances and embarrassments, which had ultimately, however, no other effect than to enable him to write his very excellent play of the "Philosophe Marié."

AMERICAN SCENERY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## DR. HOSACK'S BOTANIC GARDEN.

We have the pleasure of presenting in this number a view of the Botanic Garden of Dr. David Hosack, the professor of Botany in the medical school of New-York. It is engraved from a drawing of Louis Simond, Esq. of that city, a gentleman who, with a mind highly cultivated and alive to the beauties of Nature, possesses the talent of portraying her charms on canvas with taste and precision.

The establishment, of which we have given a view, is distant three and a half miles from the city of New-York, and consists of about twenty acres of land. The ground was purchased by Dr. Hosack in 1801, with the patriotic view of supplying to his native city, what had long been a desideratum in a course of medical education, a botanic garden. At the

View of the BOTANIC GARDEN at FLATBUSH, on Long Island, near the City of NEW YORK.

time of the purchase, the land was exceedingly rough and broken; but by its present possessor it has been brought to a state of the highest cultivation and embellishment. Verbal description, in general, conveys but an imperfect idea of the objects intended to be described, but more particularly so when those are connected with scenes in what may be termed the *rural department of Nature.* To the eye alone

"The pomp of groves and garniture of fields"

must be presented. In our description, therefore, of this delightful spot, we shall confine ourselves solely to those arrangements in it, which have utility for their object.

This establishment is enclosed by a well-constructed stone wall, and within this enclosure is a belt of forest trees and shrubs with which the whole is surrounded. The interior is divided into various compartments well calculated to instruct the student in the science of botany by exhibiting to his view not only the plants which are used in medicine, but those which are cultivated by the agriculturist, and which are em-employed in the arts and in manufactures.

A nursery is also now forming by which our tables may be furnished with the choicest fruits of the earth, and a department is devoted to experiments upon the culture of such plants as may be advantageously introduced into this country but which are now annually imported from abroad. Elegant and extensive conservatories and hothouses have been erected, which experience has already shown are well constructed for the cultivation of plants from every quarter of the globe. Here already may be seen an assemblage of Nature's choicest productions from every climate and from every country. The language of a celebrated poet may with justice be here applied:

One cultivated spot there was that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,
Where many a rosebud rears its blushing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the public spirited founder of this institution. With a patriotism which many feign but few can feel, he engaged in an undertaking of high importance to his country and his profession, and has brought it to a state of perfection which may cause it to vie with institutions of a similar nature in the old world, and which the wealth of princes and the labour of ages have been employed in rearing. For ourselves, we consider the cause of science as the cause of our country; we are therefore happy to learn that its present proprietor, with the view of perpetuating the benefits of this establishment to his profession has made an offer of it to the State of New-York upon liberal terms. From the many inducements which that opulent and enlightened State has already made for the improvement of their schools, colleges, and other public seminaries of learning, they will, doubtless, gladly avail themselves of an opportunity of adding this to their former benefactions for the promotion of science. Under the direction of those to whom the interests of learning are entrusted it cannot fail to exalt still more the reputation of that State for its wise and magnanimous policy, and add celebrity to our national character.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## MEMOIRS OF HAYTI—LETTER IX.

*The Cape, Island of Hayti, April 13th*, 1804.

PRIOR to the commencement of March the English were upon terms of close friendship with Dessalines. Their officers arriving in the different ports of the island, were received with the most flattering attention and respect. There was nobody like "*les Anglois*," and during their stay, an American was scarcely noticed. This fervency, however, soon disappeared, and a coolness ensued. The cause of it was the refusal, on the part of Dessalines, to enter into negotia-

tions, with an agent sent by the British, for the exclusive trade of the island. The governor-general stated as one of his objections that there were many species of merchandise, such as *claret* and some other products of France, that were absolutely necessary for his people, with which the English could not supply him. This supposition was no doubt founded upon the knowledge that the produce and manufactures of France could not be imported into Great Britain, without, however, reflecting that supplies of that kind might be furnished through the United States. But Dessalines must have had a more powerful motive for his refusal. He had sense enough to perceive that he would be rendering himself dependent upon Great Britain, and that from the nature of the monopoly, he should be compelled to pay for American produce, a much higher price than if his commerce was without restrictions.

I believe I have yet made no mention of the *navy* of Hayti. Being yet in its infancy it is but small, consisting of some gun barges, and several small schooners and sloops which carry perhaps two to six small pieces of cannon. Their occupation is principally to convoy boats laden with produce and foreign merchandise, in their expeditions along the coast to and from the large towns. The only officer of any magnitude whom I have seen, is commodore Dublin, an *English* negro, who commands a schooner of about sixty tons burthen, the largest vessel in the service. This great naval character wears an appropriate uniform, though not by any means a splendid one, and swaggers through the street as big as though he were commander of a ship of the line. Besides him, I am led to believe, from the following circumstance, that there are some other officers who have claim to rank. One day when Dublin was riding commodore in the harbour with his pennant at the maintopmast head, there comes a small sail into port, of about twenty tons, who fires a salute and displays also a commodore's pennant. On coming to an anchor, Dublin's first lieutenant, the commodore being ashore, orders him to douse his flag, and send his boat on board. The captain, with a "*diable*," refused to do either, when the other, in an equal tone of anger, said "he would make him, *foutre!*" The captain then got into his *gig* which was manned with *two hands*, for the purpose of going to shore, bidding defiance to the threats of "the first lieutenant of the Thunder-bomb." The lieutenant again hailed him, drew up a guard of marines on his quarter deck, and ordered them to take aim at the gig. At the sight of the muskets pointed at them, the boat's crew were struck motionless. The captain violently enraged at this cowardly conduct, drew his dirk, and presenting it alternately at the breasts of his men, swore that if they did not proceed, he would plunge it into them, whilst the

marines as loudly declared, that if they did not immediately bring the captain on board the commodore, they would fire upon them. The boat's crew were in great distress. Threatened with death on all sides, they did not move, until a shot brought them to a determination. They turned about and safely lodged their captain on board the commodore, where he was placed under arrest. A court martial, composed of the officers of the fleet, was immediately convened, and the captain's flag was instantly struck. The sentence of the court I did not hear. In speaking of this transaction to the commodore a few days after, he expressed great indignation at the conduct of the captain, and assured me that " had he been on board he would most certainly have sunk the scoundrel."

A few days since a proclamation was issued by the governor-general directing all Frenchmen who had been naturalized by foreign nations in friendship with Hayti to come forward and produce their cirtificates, informing them that, upon so doing, they should have liberty to leave the island. This notification created considerable alarm among the whites, for very few, perhaps, had been so naturalized, and scarcely any had their certificates. It was received by all as another link in that chain of horrors which was designedly intended to keep them in torment until the fatal period appointed for their destruction.

Yesterday was truly a deplorable day to these unfortunate people. A report was in circulation through the town, that during the two preceding nights there had been a massacre in the north suburb, called *Carénage*. I took some pains to inquire into the nature of this rumour, and found it, unhappily, to be too true. Guards were stationed in that neighbourhood, and no American was permitted to visit there. One of the sailors, however, as he passed in his boat near that part of the town, saw several dead bodies lying on the beach, and the steward of our vessel, who is a French negro in disguise, assured me that one of the soldiers who was upon the expedition had stated to him in confidence, that they had destroyed sixty white men, women, and children, and that *Colonel Joysin*, with the *Administrator Ferrier*, accompanied them for the purpose of plundering the property of the wretched victims.

The deceitful flattery of Hope has never been so strongly depicted to my mind, as in the case arising out of the situation of the French now in the Cape. On the first promulgation of the original decree of Dessalines, by which these ill-fated people were prohibited to leave the island, suspicions were entertained that all was not well, and there was scarcely one but doubted some foul play. The destruction of the dogs in February, which presented very much the appearance of a rehearsal of some bloody tragedy, strengthened these apprehensions,

and the almost daily repetition of proclamations, by a public crier, at the corners of the streets, have been sufficient to prove to a moral certainty, the wicked intentions of Dessalines. Besides this, in all the public documents and addresses to the people there is breathed a spirit of hatred against the French, and a determination to take, at some day, deliberate vengeance upon those who are in their power, for all the cruelties inflicted upon the Haytians by the French nation, is evident from the tenor of their language. But Hope has still deluded and blinded these people to a sense of their real situation, and approaching fate. Some have endeavoured to pave the way for their safety by associating with the black officers and professing friendship for them, under the impression that, should a massacre take place, they would be preserved by them. But still they all flattered themselves that their fears were groundless. At length, however, an account is received of a general massacre having actually taken place at Port au Prince, and a few days after, they see that sixty people have been murdered in the very suburbs of the Cape. Yet all this has not been sufficient to satisfy their minds that the vengeance of Dessalines has doomed them to destruction, or to arouse in their breasts a spirit of heroism to make some bold effort for their escape.

The wonderful state of irresolution into which these people have fallen has, indeed, been, with the Americans and Englishmen here, a frequent subject of conversation. The idea of six hundred or more men, in complete possession of their personal liberty, threatened with a destruction of the most horrible nature, with an attack by which their wives and children must inevitably perish in the most barbarous and inhuman manner, without the least attempt, on their part, to avert the blow, is scarcely to be conceived. And yet such a case actually exists.

Prodigies have been performed by valour, and in the present instance ordinary human courage and resolution would enable these people to escape. I will appeal for the correctness of this observation to every American who has lately been here, and when I state to you the facts upon a knowledge of which my assertion is founded, you will yourself allow its justice.

Six hundred white men, particularly when in a state of desperation, and where no quarters can be expected, are equal to nearly double that number of Haytian soldiers. The work constantly carried on at the fortifications in the interior, has required the labour of nearly all the troops, insomuch that it has very seldom happened that more that two to three hundred soldiers, if as many, have been in or near the town at any one time. The magazine, in which there has always been plenty of arms and ammunition, has been guarded by a mere

handful of men, suppose from thirty to fifty, and the battery near to it has been so badly supplied and defended, that in a few minutes all its guns might have been overturned into the sea. Fort Picolet, which commands the passage from the harbour has scarcely ever contained any considerable garrison, perhaps not more than five and twenty men, and there has been no effective body of troops which could have been called in as a reinforcement, within twelve or fifteen miles of the town. Now, under these circumstances, it would have been a very easy matter to have seized upon the magazine, to have taken possession of some of the vessels in the harbour, and all the boats, and to have embarked all the women and children, while their retreat would have been covered by the armed men. A very small detachment could have taken Picolet and destroyed its garrison, the possession of which would have completely secured the outward passage of the vessels. But suppose me to be too sanguine, as regards the favourable result of such an undertaking, one thing is beyond a doubt, that had the time at which captain Whitby quarrelled with the general, and threatened to blow down the town, as related in my last, been seized upon for the attempt, success must indisputably have attended it. The British officers would have assisted them, as is evident from their previous conduct; the frigate would have effectually covered their retreat; and a safe convoy would have been found in her to protect the vessels seized upon by the fugitives when passing the fort. Some, indeed, would, in all probability, have lost their lives; but with what satisfaction would their dying moments have been attended, when they reflected that their wives, children, and friends were safe, that they had performed their duty like men, and had fallen like heroes.

Last evening I left the shore for the last time, and came on board the vessel in which I have taken my passage for the United States, and whence I now address you.

About nine o'clock last night, while some of us were in bed, one of the sailors entered the cabin, and informed us that there was a boat full of armed men along side, who were coming on board. He had scarcely spoken when we were surprised by the entrance of four black soldiers with their muskets. Their appearance was in the highest degree savage. They were ragged, wore frightful mustachios, and had the *tout ensemble* of regular bred assassins. They informed us that they had been sent on board to search for Frenchmen, and obliged me, with the others who were in bed, to turn out and show ourselves. After they had recognised us as Americans, we were permitted to lie down again. We were too much alarmed to treat these villains in any other than a civil manner, and, in return, they conducted themselves very orderly. But a taste of our liquor made them so well

pleased with our company, that we began to feel uneasy at their sociability; and it was with some difficulty, after presenting them with some bread and meat and a bottle of gin, we could get rid of them. They then left us, and went on board another vessel, where was an American woman with several children, who had resided some time in the Cape, with her husband, a Frenchman, and who had received a passport to leave the country. Notwithstanding she stated to them that she was an American, and produced her passport, the inhuman wretches dragged her into their boat, and conveyed her to a barge, where she was chained down to the deck. During the night there was a severe storm, accompanied by a most violent rain, but still she was compelled to remain in that situation all night. In the morning, the commandant happening to pass that way in his boat, ordered her to be set at liberty, and carried back to the American vessel.

During my stay in Hayti, no instance has occurred of an American being put to death, though some were very roughly treated, of which I shall relate a few instances. A captain one day employed a negro to work for him. In consequence of some insolence from the fellow, the captain struck him, and a battle ensued. Two soldiers from a neighbouring guard-house ran, with charged bayonets, at the American, and, had he not expertly jumped on one side out of the way, he would certainly have been run through. The bayonets entered a coffee-hogshead. The soldiers then seized and marched him, at the point of their bayonets, to the guard-house, where he was detained, until the general, by the interposition of some friends, permitted him to be liberated.

At the time orders were issued to prohibit American boats from leaving the shore after six o'clock in the evening, one of the captains, who was not acquainted with the order, and who was entirely ignorant of the French or Creole language, was severely beaten by a mulatto officer, and turned back from the wharf. Complaints were made to Christophe, who was so condescending as to say, "he was sorry for it." Two or three instances have also occurred of Americans being imprisoned on suspicion of coming on shore after night for the purpose of conveying Frenchmen on board their vessels. One supercargo, I recollect, was confined in a dungeon three or four days. One gentleman was one night attacked in the street, by a negro soldier, who aimed a blow at his head with a sabre, and would inevitably have been killed, had it not been for his umbrella, by which he warded it off.

We have found it advisable here to be extremely circumspect in our conduct and conversation, lest we might perchance share the fate of some of the unfortunate Frenchmen. Instances have formerly oc-

curred in the island, wherein Americans have been killed; one particularly memorable. Dessalines ordered all the white inhabitants, including Americans, of the town of St. Marc, to be massacred. Mr. D. was the only one who escaped. Being upon terms of friendship with some of the officers, he received a private intimation from one, of what was about to take place, and profited by it to leave the town.

P. S. I do not recollect of ever having experienced such true happiness as I do at this moment. We are now nearly out of sight of the island, whence I have so frequently addressed you. The appearance of political affairs has seemed lately to indicate some horrible event, and our time has been so miserably spent under melancholy anticipations, that we have occasion to rejoice at our change of situation.

Early this morning, as is customary, the commandant of the place visited our vessel. We entertained him as we sailed gently along with a moderate land breeze, with the usual treat of a glass of cordial, a slice of ham, and a buiscuit, and after having seen his soldiers examine into every part of the vessel, wherein persons could be concealed, and even into the chests, to see if we had any Frenchmen on board, he left us.

A short distance outside of the harbour, when we were congratulating each other upon the pleasure of being completely removed out of the power of the inhuman Dessalines, we were pursued by a barge, the officer of which, in a very insolent tone, ordered us to heave to. We did so, and found the crew to be composed of a gang of negro and mulatto ruffians similar to those above described, but more brutal in their conduct. They were scarcely a minute on board our vessel before they stole a musket and a sailor's coat. The sailor discovered the theft, and insisted upon having his property restored. He complained to the officer, who pretended to be in a passion, and threatened to stab the thief with his dirk. The coat was at length given up, but the musket they refused to return, as they said they had orders from the commandant to seize all the arms they met with. After examining the vessel, they insisted upon being furnished with a supply of provisions and liquor, which we, to avoid any further detention and insolence, found it our interest to grant them, after which they left us, informing us that we might proceed. This barge was one of those which are constantly stationed near the mouth of the harbour, to search vessels which are on their way out. Their bloodthirsty crews board a vessel under the pleasing expectation of coming by surprise upon some poor unfortunate Frenchman, who has been so snugly concealed on board as to have eluded the scrutiny of the commandant, and who might be just at that moment creeping from his hiding place. What a disgusting sight is it, and with what horrible reflections is that sight accompanied

to behold men hunting and, as it were, smelling after the blood of their fellow-creatures, like a pack of hounds after game, or the wild beasts of the forest in search of their prey. I have seen it so repeatedly, that I always associate in my mind, with the idea of a Haytian soldier, that of a bloodhound. The former feels no more compunction in killing a Frenchman than the latter does in tearing to pieces a negro. Both delight in that species of employment. It is a recreation and a feast to them.

## NOTES MADE IN 1809.

The first great naval character of the republic of Hayti deserved a better fate than the one which awaited the poor commodore. In 1806 Dublin was ordered by the emperor from Port-de-Paix to Gonaives. This order was received at the time that some vessels were about sailing for the Cape, which the commodore had engaged to convoy. Notwithstanding his orders, he accompanied them; but, unfortunately, on his return to Port-de-Paix, he struck his vessel upon some rocks, and totally lost her. The crew was saved. Upon receiving information of this occurrence, his majesty sentenced Dublin to be shot, and he was accordingly executed.

On my second visit to the island the account of the massacre at the Carénage was confirmed to me upon the most satisfactory authority, with the additional circumstance, which was also fully corroborated, that citizen A——, a white Frenchman, noticed in some of the preceding letters, with Richard, commandant of the place, was actually of this party of nocturnal assassins, and a sharer of the pillage.

## SATIRE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Rapidus montano flumine torrens,
Sternit agros, sternit sata læta boumque labores,
Præcipitasque trahit sylvas.

We often smile at the pomp, with which the simplest occurrence is introduced to public notice. Newspaper eulogy is pretty nearly as well understood, as newspaper abuse, and both the one and the other have been so often misap-

plied as no longer to gratify the praiseworthy or make the vitious feel. The rapid advance of our own country carries with it a glowing style, which sometimes magnifies molehills into mountains, and a hard shower of rain into a second flood. To the east, this oriental swell of language, and pomp of metaphor peculiarly prevail. If a blacksmith's shop is burned, all the figures of speech are enlisted to describe the conflagration, and the *proximus urdet Ucalegon* becomes a feeble picture. If a worm-fence or a cow-stable happen to be blown down, the war of Milton's angels is tranquil to the fury of the winds. These things have often been remarked, and in a country so far from maturity as this, a little effervescence may be excused; it exhibits indeed an exuberance of thought, which may produce in time solid and substantial elegance of language. America, however, does not monopolize the art of magnifying in communicating intelligence. In older countries descriptions no less turgid are often to be found.

In a late English gazette I was much struck with a communication, which, in lack of perspicuity as well as pomp of language it would puzzle our cisatlantic writers to exceed. This brilliant effusion purports to describe an *inundation the most destructive*, near Carlisle: and it would appear that all the powers of fancy, the illustrations of poetry, and the ornaments of fiction had been conjured up to ennoble and embellish it. After proceeding through the regular gradations of an epic song, in which the only error, like that of Paradise Lost, is the want of a definite hero; after throwing rocks, woods, and waters into the most interesting chaos, and omitting to bring order out of confusion to wind up the plot, a most enchanting and picturesque incident is introduced *sub finem*, to complete the tale and leave a forcible and lasting and agreeable impression upon the reader. As this last sentence, for it is but a single sentence, marks strongly the character of the whole piece, I will take the liberty of copying it entire, and illustrate some of its striking beauties:

"On Monday night, near the same place, the driver of a post-chaise belonging to an innkeeper in Wigton, missing his road from the darkness of the night and the severity of the weather, the horses plunged into the foaming deep, where they were drowned, and the chaise dashed to pieces, which fortunately contained no passengers. Miraculously the driver regained the shore."

This, it will be observed, is an episode of the happiest kind, which, every one knows, is a minor poem, introduced or woven into the great plot to diversify the story and beguile the reader, that he may not be fatigued by too long a continuance of the same train of thought. As such, the above is perfect. The story of Melibœus and even the admired allegory of Sin and Death are nothing to it. At one view in a pair of lines, we are put in possession of every thing necessary to enable us to proceed hand in hand with the author in his story. The expression is short but comprehensive; it is like the ladies' gloves—of perfect utility—yet of so convenient a littleness as to be confined in a nut-shell. The time, *on Monday night*, the place, *near the same*, and the hero, *the driver of a post-chaise belonging to an innkeeper in Wigton*. Then follow the alarming incidents.

*Missing his road.* The most energetic writers often adopt the present tense in describing past events, and our author's taste is displayed in the judicious use of it here; he does not coldly speak of what has happened long ago, but brings the events actually before us, and makes them pass in review like Macbeth's kings, thus arousing the slumbering attention and keeping it widely awake. The driver is actually missing his road not only from the *darkness of the night*, which any reasonable man would think adequate cause for his aberrations; but *from the severity of the weather*. Now whether the severity of the weather has *frosted* off the right road, or frozen the driver's recollection, does not appear; but *the severity of the weather* has effected a wonder, it has made a man familiar with the roads *near Wigton*, *the driver of a post-chaise*, and that too *belonging to an innkeeper*, it has made him miss his road! What extreme severity! the cold of

Nova Zembla is temperate to this; the Alps are close stoves when compared with the roads near Wigton; for they are absolutely missed from the severity of the weather.

The reader's attention is now wound up to the highest pitch; he is all anxiety for his favourite hero. Who does not see the unfortunate driver groping in the dark, and holding the reins in one hand while he blows the other to keep in almost expiring animation? Who does not see Thomson's imaginary traveller done to the life, and the hapless driver buried under mountains of accumulated snow? In this situation the author leaves his hero; forgets him altogether, disdains to subjoin a verb to the solitary nominative, and flies with the rapidity of lightning to a minor episode—a wheel within a wheel. While the charioteer is actually missing his road, off prance the fiery coursers to the stream, (which is no doubt called Xanthus or Scamander) and without any definite cause they *plunge into the foaming deep.* They are not forced or driven, nor do they fall in; but exhaling fire from their capacious nostrils they boldly plunge, like Cassius and Cæsar, side by side, into the angry flood. A second Phæton loses his path among the stars and falls into a second Po.

In the foaming deep the foaming horses were drowned. But it would be repressing the ardour of curiosity to stop here and pronounce a tedious though deserved eulogium on their respective virtues; the chaise demands attention. The chaise was *dashed to pieces* by the stream; and not only did the post-chaise itself contain no passengers, but every little piece, on examination held not a soul. *It was dashed to pieces* which (pieces) contained no passengers. There is an energy in this analytical mode of relation which the best authors often adopt. Every one will recollect *Shylock's* trebly strong assertion:

> "If every ducat in six thousand ducats,
> Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
> I would not draw them. I would have my bond."

Shylock limits his number; he moderately confines himself to thirty-six thousand parts, but this little chaise is dashed into pieces numberless; the imagination is left to wander without control, and in every minute part, after being cut up like Romeo into little stars, not one passenger can be found.

Now comes the end. The reader has seen the driver groping in the dark, frozen out of his senses, and finally plunging into the foaming stream. He is now to fall like Lucifer, or else "to pluck up drowning honour by the locks." The perils of Ulysses have been passed; by land and water dangers have environed him; and after losing sight of him for a season, the story is at length wound up by his re-appearance on the stage. If he had been introduced before, the conclusion had been foolishly anticipated, and all anxiety had been destroyed; but at the end a god interposes to save the suffering driver. A miracle rescues him, and he regains the shore. The god Frost (who by the by has been but lately introduced into the American mythology, and it is presumed crossed the ocean for the occasion) had essayed in vain to destroy the hero of the chaise, a more powerful engine saves him for future exploits.

Of this episode it may be said, no one can commence it without reading it through; the attention is rivetted, and unlike Homer, the writer never nods.

The moral of the tale is perfect. Virtue may suffer for a time; but the elements will war in vain to interrupt its final happiness—miracles will intervene, and the reward sooner or later will arrive.

I.

## THE SENTENTIOUS WORLD.

We call that a *contrary wind* which is not favourable to ourselves; forgetting that it is blowing a favourable gale for somebody else.

The sight of a distressed beggar has its use. It awakens our humanity, and makes us contented with our condition.

Use yourself to thinking, and you will find that you have more in your head than you thought of.

A man, who does not examine his own conduct, will be sure to find some good natured friends ready enough to do it for him.

In some countries, if your purse be as long as your neck, you will never be hanged.

It is observed that those men succeed well, who, leaving their original employment, take to another more agreeable to their genius. Quintin Matsys, from a blacksmith, at Antwerp, became an eminent painter.

A secret is no where so safe, as in your own bosom.

An Alderman, after a turtle feast, does not sleep half so sound as a day labourer, after a mess of oat meal porridge.

Very young people generally dream in courtship, and wake in wedlock.

The harder you fare, when you are young, the better you will fare when you are old.

If an injury were not to be resented, you would have a demand made upon your coat, and perhaps on your waistcoat, a short time after.

If an idle man knew the value of time he would not be so desirous of killing it.

A pack of hounds is more easily managed than a pack of idle servants.

The farther a story travels, the worse it grows, till at last it becomes a downright lie.

Were the Book of Fate laid open to view, no man would enjoy a moment's peace from the day he looked into it.

We err, when we say that rambling in the woods is the state of nature. Man is a social animal, and his natural state is civilization.

Animals only regard their young during their defenceless state.

Man continues his affection down to his great grand children.

Cleanliness promotes health of body and delicacy of mind.

A firm belief in a future state is a great consolation to a good man.

It is the balsam, that cures all his miseries in this life.'

There is a laudable virtue in wishing to leave behind us some memorial of our having lived.

A family that is disunited, seldom thrives.

Men, when sitting, have great difficulty in managing their hands.

Women's difficulty lies in the management of their feet.

When you have any thing to do, let your head and hands always go together.

Intense thinking is nearly as bad for the constitution as intense labour.

It is a great accomplishment to be able to tell a story well.

When blessed with health and prosperity, cultivate a compassionate disposition.

Think of the distresses of human life; of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan.

If, when engaged in a literary pursuit, you find your genius begins to flag, lay your work aside till your genius returns; and do not persist in writing what you must certainly blot hereafter.

Nothing is so easy for a gentleman as to enter a lady's drawing room, and nothing is so difficult as to do it gracefully.

A suspicious man resembles a traveller in the wilderness, who sees no objects around him but such as are dreary and uncomfortable.

Whoever considers the nature of human society, must know that, from necessity, there must be a subordination.

Equality is theoretical nonsense.

A mistress of arts is generally an overmatch for a master of arts.

Those, who extravantly extol the superiority of the ancients, should consider that among them they had not a linen shirt or knew the benefit of a pair of spectacles.

If you are a studious man, be regular in the times of your studious employments.

A regular division of time prevents one hour from encroaching upon another.

A handsome man is often vainer than a handsome woman.

When asked to dinner, either promptly accept the invitation, or give a reason for declining it; but do not make any hesitation, as if you made your acceptance a matter of favour.

In a mixed company let your conversation be very guarded, for, without intending it, you may say something, which a person present may consider as personal, and for which you may be obliged to make an apology.

Send your son into the world with good principles, and a good education, and he will find his way in the dark.

A guinea found in the street will not do a man so much good as one earned by industry.

Those bear disappointments best, who have been the most used to them.

If you were born a gentleman, take care to live and die like one.

Give a man work, and he will find money.

Unless you are perfectly well informed, do not venture to give your opinion upon a work of art. It may injure the artist, and probably will occasion your judgment to be brought into question.

To attend to a long story ill told, requires more than mortal patience.

To suffer your judgment to be always regulated by other people is worse than selling it for a mess of pottage.

A fine woman ought to add annually to her accomplishments, as much as her beauty loses in the time.

A man of bright parts has generally more indiscretions to answer for than a blockhead.

A rich man often dares to do a mean thing that would be reprobated in a man of small fortune.

It is a stern rule of life to care for nobody that does not care for you.

When your husband desires you to do a thing, that is not of material moment, do it cheerfully and do not refuse from an ill bred and impolitic spirit of opposition. Nothing can be lost by this condescension, but something may be gained.

If you wish to have a clean crop of corn, weed the field with great care. Do the same by your mind.

As the constitution of man, both in body and mind, is constantly changing, self examination becomes a frequent and a necessary duty.

If you and your husband take a journey of pleasure, never disagree about which road you are to take, or which place to look at. Remember you are partners and must not have separate views.

No man can be a good school-master, who does not love his profession.

When we are young, we enjoy the pleasures of youth, and never think that those pleasures may bring on the mortifications of age.

Blame no man for what he cannot help. We must not expect of the dial to tell us the hour after the sun is set.

If you wish to be well with a peevish relation, eat what he eats, drink what he drinks, and let his pleasures and amusements be yours.

Be not continually chiding your servants. It can answer no purpose beyond giving exercise to your lungs at the expense of your servants' patience.

Never make a verbal agreement, when it can be reduced to writing.

A good politican keeps his own secrets and steals yours.

Without corresponding acts of goodness faith is of no avail.

An author deserves pity whose poverty obliges him to write, when his genius has fled.

Learn to fence with both hands; as when the sword is used you will have a great superiority, whether you fight with a right, or a left handed man.

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AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

I HAVE often wished, for the sake of the reputation of the learned, that, after a lapse of years, when local, crude, or hasty productions had lost all the gloss of novelty, and all the favour that popularity could bestow, some rigid critic, with plenary powers, should arise, and boldly expunge from the most favourite author such passages in his works as not only dishonour his memory, but are disgraceful or injurious to the commonwealth of learning. Whereas the ordinary practice of publishing the *whole* works, even of a man of genius, is become such an established custom, that the most slovenly and the most stupid of an author's pages are preserved with a sort of religious care, merely because they are *his*. For example; and, as a strong case, we will take a standard writer. I have before me a magnificent and a *complete* edition of Thomson. I am delighted with his "Seasons." His "Castle of Indolence" I survey with rapture. The loves of "Tancred

and Sigismunda" are not forgotten, and even "Agamemnon" is not without his applause. But, to the disgrace of the genius and the principles of the poet, he must needs go wildly out of his way, to *play* the *patriot* forsooth, and produce, to the confusion of his readers, a dull and most despicable declamation in honour of "*Liberty.*" Between this woful stuff and the imperishable "Castle of Indolence" a greater contrast can scarcely be imagined.

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In the desultory book of an eccentric writer we find a familiar phrase well illustrated by a classical quotation.

*Naked truth:* a story told without ornament, and unattended with remarks or reflections. Horace describes the goddess in the same manner: *nudaque veritas.*

—

Mr. Thicknesse remarks that physicians are but lightly esteemed in France, which, probably, may be owing, in part, to the satirical strokes of their comic poet, Moliere. It is likewise a memorable fact, that all the writings of Le Sage teem with sarcasms against the medical tribe, and that sneering author, whenever he describes any of his heroes as *ill*, always makes Death and the doctor inseparable companions. Hence the profession of physic has been exceedingly low in Spain, and the name of *Sangrado* is a sort of hereditary bugbear. From these two examples, operating with such force in countries, by no means unilluminated, we may learn not to undervalue the votaries of Esculapius, whom we love and honour, but to perceive the terrible energy of a man of genius, when roused to exercise all his lampooning power.

(*From Ackermann's Repository.*)

## ACCOUNT OF THE MERINO SHEEP, AND OF THEIR TREATMENT IN SPAIN.

THE following observations on the management of Merino sheep, the breeding of which has, within these few years, occupied the attention of the most distinguished agriculturists in the British empire, were originally written in Spanish, by an English gentleman many years resident in Spain, for his own private use. Having recently returned to his native country, he translated them, in compliance with the wishes of some of his friends, and they are here presented to the public in his own language. The value of such a communication, derived from so authentic a source, will be duly appreciated by every practical farmer.

There are two sorts of sheep in Spain: some have coarse wool, and are never removed out of the province to which they belong; the others, after spending the summer in the northern mountains, descend in winter to the milder regions of Estremadura and Andalusia, and are distributed into districts therein. These are the Merino sheep, of which there are computed to be about four or five millions, as stated underneath:

| | |
|---|---|
| The Duke of Infantado's flocks contain about | 40,000 |
| The Countess del Campo de Alonse Negretti | 30,000 |
| The Paular Convent | 30,000 |
| The Escurial Convent | 30,000 |
| The Convent of Guadalupe | 30,000 |
| The Marquis Perales | 30,000 |
| The Duke of Bejar | 30,000 |
| Ten flocks, containing about 20,000 each, belonging to sundry persons | 200,000 |
| All the other flocks in the kingdom taken collectively, about | 3,800,000 |
| | 4,220,000 |

The word *Merino* is Spanish; it signifies governor of a small province, and likewise him who has the care of the pasture or cattle in general. The Merino mayor is always a person of rank, and appointed by the king: the Duke of Infantado is the present Merino mayor. The mayors have a separate jurisdiction over the flocks in Estremadura, which is called the *Mesta*; and there the king is the Merino mayor. Each flock generally consists of 10,000 sheep, with a mayoral or head shepherd, who must be an active man, well versed in the nature of pasture, as well as in the diseases incident to his flock. Under this person there are 50 inferior shepherds, with 50 dogs; five of these to a tribe. The principal shepherd receives about 75*l.* English money for his annual wages, and has a fresh horse every year: the inferior

servants are paid small annual wages, with an allowance of two pounds of good bread per day for each dog. The places where these sheep are to be seen in the greatest numbers, are in the Motana and in the Molina de Arrogan, in the summer; and in the province of Estremadura in the winter. The Molina is to the east, and the Montana to the north of Estremadura, the most elevated part of Spain. Estremadura abounds with aromatic plants, but the Montana is entirely without them. The first care of the shepherd in coming to the spot where the sheep are to spend the summer, is to give the ewes as much salt as they will eat: for this purpose they are provided with 25 quintals of salt (a Spanish quintal contains 110 pounds weight Spanish, 104 Spanish pounds are equal to 112 English) for every thousand sheep, which is all consumed in less than five months; but they do not eat any salt while on their journey, or during the winter. The method of giving the salt to them is as follows: the shepherd places fifty or sixty flat stones, about five steps distant from each other; he strews some salt on each stone, then leads his flock slowly by them, and every sheep eats at pleasure: this practice is frequently repeated, observing not to let them feed, on those days, on any spot where there is limestone. When they have eaten up all the salt, then they are led to some argillaceous spots, where, from the craving they have acquired by eating the salt, they devour every thing they meet with, and return to the salt with redoubled ardour. At the end of July, each shepherd distributes the lambs among the ewes, five or six rams being sufficient for one hundred ewes: these rams are taken from the flocks and kept apart, and after a proper time are again separated from the ewes. The rams give a greater quantity of wool, though not so fine as the ewes; for the fleeces of the rams will weigh 25 pounds, and it requires five fleeces of the ewes to produce the same. The disproportion of their age is known by their teeth; those of the rams not falling before their eighth year, while the ewes, from delicacy of frame, or other causes, lose their teeth after five years. About the middle of September they are marked, which is done by rubbing their loins which ochre (these earths are of various colours, such as red, yellow, blue, green, and black). It is said that the earth incorporates with the grease of the wool, and forms a kind of varnish, which protects the sheep from the inclemency of the weather: others pretend that the pressure of the ochre keeps the wool short, and prevents its being of an ordinary quality: others again imagine that the ochre acts as an absorbent, and sucks up the excess of transpiration, which would render the wool ordinary and short.

Towards the end of September these Merino flocks begin their march to a warmer climate; the whole of their rout has been regulated by laws and customs from time immemorial: they have a free

passage through pastures and commons belonging to villages; but as they must go over such cultivated lands as lie in their way, the inhabitants are obliged to leave them an opening ninety paces wide, through which these flocks must pass rapidly, going sometimes six or seven leagues a day, in order to reach open and less inconvenient places, where they may find good pasture, and enjoy some repose. In such open places they seldom exceed two leagues a day, following the shepherd, and grazing as they go along. Their whole journey, from the Montana to the interior parts of Estremadura, may be about 155 leagues, which they perform in about forty days, being equal to eleven or twelve English miles per day.

The first care of the shepherd is to lead them to the same pasture in which they have lived the winter before, and in which the greatest part of them were brought forth: this is no difficult task; for if they were not to conduct them, they would discover the grounds exactly, by the sensibility of their olfactory organs, to be different from the contiguous places; or, were the shepherds so inclined, they would find it no easy matter to make them go farther.

The next business is to order and regulate the folds, which are made by fixing stakes, fastened with ropes one to the other, to prevent their escape and being devoured by the wolves, for which also the dogs are stationed without as guards. The shepherds build themselves huts with stakes and boughs; for the raising of which huts, as well as to supply them with fuel, they are allowed to lop or cut off a branch from every tree that grows convenient to them: this law in their favour, is the real cause of so many trees being rotten and hollow in the places frequented by these flocks of sheep.

A little before the ewes arrive at their winter quarters, is the time of their yeaning or bringing forth their young, when the shepherd must be particularly careful of them. The barren ewes are separated from breeders, and placed in a less advantageous spot, reserving the best pasture for the most fruitful, removing them in proportion to their forwardness; the last lambs are put into the richest pasture, that they may improve the sooner, and acquire sufficient strength to perform their journey along with the early lambs.

In March, the shepherds have four different operations to perform with the lambs that were yeaned in the winter: the first is, to cut off their tails, five fingers breadth below the rump, for cleanliness; the second is, to mark them on the nose with a hot iron; the third is, to saw off the tips of their horns, in order that they may not hurt one another in their frolics; fourthly, and finally, they castrate such lambs as are doomed for bell-wethers to walk at the head of the tribe; which

operation is not executed by incision, but merely by squeezing the scrotum until the spermatic vessels are twisted and decayed.

In April, the time comes for their return to the Montana, which the flock expresses with great eagerness, and shows by various movements and restlessness; for which reasons the shepherds must be very watchful, lest they make their escape, whole flocks having sometimes strayed two or three leagues while the shepherd was asleep; and on these occasions they generally take the straightest road back to the place whence they came.

On the first of May they begin to shear, unless the weather is unfavourable; for the fleeces being usually piled one above the other, would ferment in case of dampness and rot; to avoid which injury, the sheep are kept in covered places, in order to shear them the more conveniently: for this purpose they have buildings that will hold 20,000 sheep at one and the same time; which is the more necessary, as the ewes are so very delicate, that if, immediately after shearing, they were exposed to the chilling air of the night, they would most certainly perish.

One hundred and fifty men are employed to shear 1000 sheep: each man is computed to shear eight per day; but if rams, only five: not merely on account of their bulk, and the greater quantity of wool on them, but from their extreme fickleness of temper and the great difficulty to keep them quiet; the ram being so exasperated, that he is ready to strangle himself when he finds that he is tied fast. To prevent his hurting himself, they endeavour, by fair means and caresses, to keep him in temper; and with much soothing, and having ewes placed near him so that he can plainly see them, they at last engage him to stand quiet, and voluntarily suffer them to proceed and shear him. On the shearing day, the ewes are shut up in a large court, and thence conducted into a sudatory, which is a narrow place constructed for the purpose, where they are kept as close as possible, to make them perspire freely, in order to soften their wool and make it yield with more ease to the shears. This management is peculiarly useful with respect to the ram, whose wool is more stubborn and more difficult to be cut. The fleece is divided into three sorts and qualities:

The back and belly produce superfine wool.

The neck and sides produce fine wool.

The breast, shoulders, and thighs, produce the coarse wool.

The sheep are then brought into another place and marked; those sheep which are without teeth being destined for the slaughter-house, and the healthy sheep are led out to feed and graze, if the weather permit; if not, they are kept within doors until they are gradually accustomed to the open air. When they are permitted to graze quietly,

without being hurried or disturbed, they select and prefer the finest grass, never touching the aromatic plants, although they may find them in great plenty; and in case the wild thyme is entangled with the grass, they separate it with great dexterity, moving on eagerly to such spots as they find to be without it. When the shepherd thinks there is a likelihood of rain, he makes proper signals to the dogs to collect the flock and lead them to a place of shelter; on these occasions the sheep (not having time given them to choose their pasture) pick up every herb indiscriminately: were they in feeding, to give a preference to aromatic plants, it would be a great misfortune to the owners of beehives, as they would destroy the food of the bees, and occasion a decrease and disappointment in the honey and in the crops. The sheep are never suffered to move out of their folds until the beams of the sun have exhaled and evaporated the night-dews; nor do the shepherds suffer them to drink out of brooks, or out of standing waters, wherein hail has fallen, experience having taught them, that on such occasions they are in danger of losing them all. The wool of Andalusia is coarse, because the sheep never change their place, as is practised by the Merino flocks, whose wool would likewise degenerate if they were always kept on the same spot; and the wool of Audalusia would improve in quality, were their sheep accustomed to emigrate as the Merino sheep do.

Between 60 and 70,000 bags of washed wool are exported annually out of Spain.

A bag generally weighs eight Spanish arrobas, of 25 Spanish pounds each arroba, which are equal so 214 English pounds.

Upwards of 30,000 bags of Spanish wool are sent annually to London and to Bristol, which are worth 35*l.* to 50*l.* each bag; so that England purchases and manufactures into goods, about one-half the quantity of this produce of Spanish wool, and her imports in general are of the best and of the finest quality.

This wool when warehoused in England, is worth from 3*s.* per pound to 6*s.* 9*d.* per pound, ready money; and from 45*l.* to 55*l.* per bag.

The wool of Páular, which is the largest fleeces, though not the best in quality, is reserved for the royal manufactures which belong to the king of Spain.

The common dresses, as well as the shooting dresses of the royal family of Spain, and the dresses of their attendants, are made of the cloth of Segovia, which is an ancient populous city in Old Castile, where the best woolen cloths made in Spain are all manufactured.

The crown of Spain receives annually, by all the duties, when added together, paid on wool exported, upwards of sixty millions of *reales de vellon*, which are equal to 600,000*l.* sterling (English money).

Statement of Spanish wool imported into London and into Bristol during the years 1804, 1805, 1806, 1807, averaging the year from September to September in each respective year:

| Imported into | Bags. |
|---|---|
| London—from September, 1804 to September 1805, | 12,372 |
| Bristol — from Sept. 1804 to Sept. 1805, | 23,954 |
| Total number of bags imported in one year, | 36,326 |
| London—from September 1805 to September 1806, | 10,847 |
| Bristol —from Sept. 1805 to Sept. 1806, | 25,807 |
| Total number of bags imported in one year, | 36,654 |
| London—from September 1806 to September 1807 | 8,124 |
| Bristol —from Sept. 1806 to Sept. 1807 | 25,793 |
| Total number of bags imported in one year, | 33,917 |

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THE TABLE D'HOTE.—NO. I.

"Hail, sweet *Variety*, hail!"

To those readers whose knowledge of the French language does not extend to the import of the title which I have prefixed to my lucubrations, I shall merely state, that its meaning is very nearly the same as that of our coarse term "an ordinary," a table prepared in hotels, for guests assembled indiscriminately. In some of the hotels in the European capitals, which are conducted on a grand scale, persons sometimes sit down together from each of the quarters of the globe, and often from twenty or thirty different nations. For such a variety of tastes, as the cravings of appetite assemble thus together, it is obviously necessary to make a most diversified provision.

I regard The Port Folio as the hotel—the Editor as *the Monsieur Dessein*—and the different departments of literature as *les chambres garnies*, for each description of readers. To my *table d'hote*, I invite

the attention of such of these different descriptions as may be fond of light literary food; and shall attempt to compensate for any deficiency in point of importance or solidity in the fare I shall offer, by the variety of my dishes. As soon as the *maitre d'hotel* finds my entertainment begins to cloy his customers, I request he will give me due notice, and I shall then close the scene, make my bow, and retire.

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### *Horace.*

THERE is hardly an author of Greece or Rome, whose opinions are more generally correct, than those of Horace—none, of the poets at least, who furnishes more sound and just maxims for the regulation of human life. But notwithstanding this general soundness of opinion, there are errors, and some of them of considerable magnitude, to be found in his writings. Among those errors, I have always regarded the opinion intended to be conveyed in the following lines:

Fortes creantur fortibus. Et bonis
Est in juvenis, est in equis, patrum
Virtus. Nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.

Which Francis renders thus:

"The brave and good are copies of their kind.
In steers laborious, and in generous steeds
We trace their sires. Nor can the bird of Jove,
Intrepid, fierce, beget th' unwarlike dove."

Horace here intimates that illustrious sons may as surely be expected from illustrious sires, as that the "fierce, intrepid" eagle shall not produce the "unwarlike dove," or that the "generous steed" shall perpetuate an equally "generous race." At the first glance the philosophy of this appears somewhat plausible. But it will not stand the test of even a moderate degree of examination. To its unsoundness the aching hearts of many parents, who contemplate the degeneracy of their children, bear ample testimony. Let us look through the world, and we shall immediately see numberless instances, in full proof, that neither the virtues of the parental head or heart are entailed upon the children. There is hardly a street in our cities that does not evince this truth, and furnish instances which the reader will recollect, and which it would be invidious to enumerate.

History is full of similar cases. The cruel, the dastardly, the narrow-minded Philip II, was son of the daring, the courageous, the aspiring Charles V, the arbiter of the fate of Europe. The mild, the unaspiring, the estimable Richard Cromwell had not a single trait of

the character of his hypocritical, enthusiastic, and ambitious father, Oliver. And not to swell the subject too far, who would ever recognize any affinity between the awkward, the unpolished, the mediocre Stanhope, and the dissembling, refined, and enlightened Chesterfield?

—

### *Junius.*

"Curs'd be the verse, how smooth soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one honest man my foe."

WITH the fame of Junius the world has resounded. This fame, acquired in a period of turbulence and faction, still gives currency, after a lapse of forty years, to a work, the basis of which is a malignity of the most detestable kind—a work the objects and topics whereof have, with few exceptions, ceased to interest mankind.

After the lapse of time which I have mentioned, Junius is still unknown. Respecting no writer whatever has public curiosity ever been more highly excited. The most unceasing and laboured efforts have been made to discover him. All have been totally ineffectual. He still eludes, and, for a reason which I shall suggest, will probably forever elude, the utmost endeavours of the curious. Numbers of persons, probably twenty at least, have been at different times named as the author. Those who have brought forward Single Speech Hamilton, Lord Sackville, Boyd, Lord Chatham, &c. &c. as the writers of Junius, have, in support of their respective hypotheses, adduced various secret anecdotes, and mysterious circumstances, some of them sufficiently plausible to acquire credit for a time. Each tale has had its day and its partisans, but finally sunk with the others into one common cave of oblivion. The uncertainty is at this moment no less than when the officers of justice beset Woodfall's doors in quest of the author or publisher.

Surprise has been expressed at this concealment. It has been regarded as wonderful, that "the love of Fame," which, according to Young, is "the universal passion," has not induced the writer to come forward, and claim the laurels that have so long courted his acceptance. Junius has been regarded as a most marked exception to the position of the author of the Night Thoughts.

This idea is incorrect. Junius appears to have had a much more accurate idea of the intrinsic merits of his productions than his cotemporaries generally. He well knew, what must be obvious to every person who reads these celebrated letters with impartiality, and free from the bias of prejudice—He well knew, I say, that their chief, almost their only merit, consists in a style most elaborately refined and elegant; and that whatever laurels he might acquire for his

brows, would but poorly compensate for the execration which the blackness of his heart would attract. Perhaps, further, a discovery of his name would enhance the public opinion of his malignity. Perhaps it might shed strong light upon some circumstance which would more fully evince the baseness of the writer—some sacred confidences infamously violated, some important favours perfidiously repaid with outrageous malice. He did not choose to sacrifice his heart to his head. This, I trust, plausibly enough accounts for his long concealment. His prudence is as much the object of my admiration as his virulence is of my abhorrence.

"A word at parting" on the subject of his talents. I believe they have had more than their due share of veneration. I have never seen or heard any remarks on the length of time which was spent upon the letters of Junius. Yet this appears a proper subject of consideration, and must, to a certain degree, affect a just estimate of the abilities of the writer. Suppose two works of exactly equal merit to be produced by A and B. Suppose A to employ three hours upon his, and B to require three weeks for exactly the same quantity. I think it can hardly be doubted, that in a distribution of the palm for intellectual powers, the claim of A would very far outweigh that of B.

Let us try Junius's claims with a little reference to this position, and I think it cannot fail to sink him considerably in public estimation.

There are in the collection sixty-nine letters. Five are signed by William Draper, three by John Horne, sixteen by Philo Junius, and forty-four by Junius. The time embraced in the publication is exactly three years, as will appear by the annexed statement.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| I. | Jan. 21, 1769 | Junius. | XXIII. | Sept. 19, 1769, | Junius. |
| II. | 26, | W. Draper. | XXIV. | 14, | W. Draper. |
| III. | Feb. 7, | Junius. | XXV. | 25, | Junius. |
| IV. | 17, | W. Draper. | XXVI. | Oct. 7, | W. Draper. |
| V. | 21, | Junius. | XXVII. | 13, | Junius. |
| VI. | 27, | W. Draper. | XXVIII. | 20, | Junius. |
| VII. | March 3, | Junius. | XXIX. | 19, | Philo Junius. |
| VIII. | 18, | Junius. | XXX. | 17, | Junius. |
| IX. | April 10, | Junius. | XXXI. | Nov. 14, | Philo Junius. |
| X. | 21, | Junius. | XXXII. | 15, | Junius. |
| XI. | 24, | Junius. | XXXIII. | 29, | Junius. |
| XII. | May 30, | Junius. | XXXIV. | Dec. 12, | Junius. |
| XIII. | June 12, | Philo Junius. | XXXV. | 19, | Junius. |
| XIV. | 22, | Philo Junius | XXXVI. | Feb. 14, 1770, | Junius, |
| XV. | July 8, | Junius. | XXXVII. | March 19, | Junius |
| XVI. | 19, | Junius. | XXXVIII. | April 3, | Junius. |
| XVII. | Aug. 1, | Philo Junius. | XXXIX. | May 28, | Junius. |
| XVIII. | July 29, | Junius. | XL. | Aug. 22, | Junius. |
| XIX. | Aug. 14, | Philo Junius. | XLI. | Nov. 14, | Junius. |
| XX. | 8, | Junius. | XLII. | Jan. 30, 1771, | Junius. |
| XXI. | 22, | Junius. | XLIII. | Feb. 6, | Philo Junius. |
| XXII. | Sept. 4, | Philo Junius. | XLIV. | April 22, | Junius. |

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| XLV. | May 1,1771, | Philo Junius. | LVIII. | Sept. 30, 1771, | Junius. |
| XLVI. | 22, | Philo Junius. | LVIX | Oct. 5, | Junius. |
| XLVII. | 25, | Philo Junius. | LX. | 15, | Philo Junius. |
| XLVIII. | 28, | Philo Junius. | LXI. | 17, | Philo Junius. |
| XLIX. | June 22, | Junius. | LXII. | 18, | Philo Junius. |
| L. | July 9, | Junius. | LXIII. | 20, | Friend of Junius. |
| LI. | 13, | Horne. | LXIV. | Nov. 2, | Junius. |
| LII. | 24, | Junius. | LXV. | 2, | Junius. |
| LIII. | 31, | Horne. | LXVI. | 9, | Junius. |
| LIV. | Aug. 15, | Junius. | LXVII. | 27, | Junius. |
| LV. | 26, | Philo Junius. | LXVIII. | Jan. 21, 1772, | Junius. |
| LVI. | 17, | Horne. | LXIX. | No date, | Junius. |
| LVII. | Sept. 28, | Junius. | | | |

To those even moderately conversant with literary labours, it is unnecessary to state how elegantly a writer of even mediocre talents may polish and refine his productions, when he devotes to a column or two of a newspaper the labour of one, two, three, or four weeks. It is not to be wondered at, that with so much of the *limæ labor* as Junius bestowed upon them, they remain models of the elegance, force, and refinement of the English language.

I have the less diffidence in writing thus of Junius, because I am happy to find that one of the most elegant of the modern English historians, Belsham, a most unequivocal advocate and friend of Liberty, has pronounced sentence upon this writer in these words: "When a man brings forward anonymous accusations of this nature, and basely shrinks from the subsequent investigation, he stands recorded, to all future times a liar, an assassin, and a coward."—*History of Great Britain, vol. v. p.* 290.

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## *Theophrastus.*

A STORY is told of Theophrastus, from which an inference has been drawn, that it does not appear to me to warrant. I submit my objections to the reader.

The story is, that Theophrastus, who imagined he spoke the Attic dialect in its utmost purity, went into a market place in Athens, and accosting one of the women there stationed, mispronounced some word, whereby she directly, to his surprise, pronounced him a foreigner. It has always been thence presumed that even the lowest of the Athenian populace were so well educated as to be minutely acquainted with all the niceties of the language.

This, like thousands of other ancient stories, is entirely fallacious. Let us test it by our own market women. Suppose a Cockney was to ask a market woman for a peck of *happles*, an Irishman for a pound of *buthther*, a Scotchman for a *pund* or *twa* of beef, a New Englander for some *keeow's* milk, or a Virginian to *hollor* for some *tobaccor*, she would directly pronounce them all foreigners; nor would it be fair to deduce from her accurate knowledge on this point, that she had received a refined education, or even ever gone to school.

ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

# MEPHITIS; OR CITY POLICE.

IN TWO CANTOS.

"The green mantle of the standing pool."—*Shak.*

BY PHYSIGNATHUS, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In the following piece, some of the gasses of modern chymistry have been personified; with what effect it is left to the reader to determine. The author believes that such a machinery is novel, but the science from which it is taken not being generally understood, he does not expect that it will be much relished. The neglect of police, in some of the towns of that State where he resides, first suggested to him the idea of writing poetry.

CANTO I.—*A city evening.*

CONTENTS.

The Muse invoked in the old style. She instructs the bard. The stagnant pool. Exhalations. Hydrogen and Mephitis. The air balloon. Curious insects. Limnades, or nymphs of the pool. City evening recreations. The caution. The frog concert.

The earth bedew'd with vernal showers,
The verdant woods, the blooming flowers,
The budding oak, the fragrant pine,
The jasmine sweet, and eglantine:
The mock-bird with his mimic note
That near the mansion strains his throat,
The turtle cooing, in the shade,
The partridge whistling, on the glade:
All nature gay, invites to sing,
O Muse! the sweets of rising spring.
"Tempt not, she cries, such idle things,
Twitching my ear, as Maro sings,
To stagnant pools attune thy lyre,
On foul docks pour poetic ire;
At city police, in thy sweep,
And city pastimes take a peep;
But what is written never blot,
So few will read it matters not."
Now first admitted to thy school
Propitious Muse! I sing the pool
Which here on city common seen,
Is always "mantled o'er with green."

The Mantuan swain close by my side,
Reclin'd beneath the India pride
Fast by the pool! not Arethuse
Shall henceforth so delight the Muse.
Let poets sing their grots and shades,
Their crystal fountains, smooth cascades,
Harmonious let their numbers clink
Of flowers lolling on their brink,
And let them dive into the stream
To praise the trout, the perch, and bream.
In stagnant waters we shall find
Such beings of a novel kind,
That poets on Parnassus fixt
Have never dreamt that they exist.
Here, HYDROGEN* of airy form
Is rais'd in clouds to brew the storm;
MEPHITIS† too! oft hovers here,
Dank, foul, and low in atmosphere.
The Muse foretels, that these, ere long,
Will be the theme of modern song,
And Truth and Nature thus combin'd
With Fancy, shall improve the mind;
Some bard their wonders shall unfold,
As Homer did his gods of old,
And raise a name, as yet, unknown
That Fame shall proudly call her own.
On Hydrogen, the air balloon
Shall pry into all secrets soon,
Be they aloft in climes of snow,
Or in the chamber down below.
Thus convalescents shall repair
Towards the clouds for change of air,
And wholesome climates quickly find
By easy journies on the wind.
Thus shall the Soph on tempest tost,
Seek Wisdom in the realms of frost;
And warriors thus shall never fail
O'er cannon, city walls to scale.

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* *Hydrogen.* Inflammable air. "It is lighter than common air. The theory of balloons is founded upon this levity." Chaptal's Chymistry. Am. Ed. 91, 93, 94.

† *Mephitis,* or *Azot.* Foul air; that which deprives of life. Its proportion to atmospheric air is as 73 to 27: nearly three fourths. When fire is placed in it, it is instantly extinguished without noise. Rees's Cyclopædia, title Azot.

Thus belles, their coaches laid aside,
Like sylphs upon the wind shall glide,
Nor dust, nor prancing horses fear
While lightly flitting on the air.
Bucks too shall thus through windows creep
To gaze at Beauty when asleep,
And in her balmy slumbers scare
The trembling, but unyielding fair.
Such are thy wonders, stagnant flood!
Where others see but filth and mud;
And poets too, in passing by,
Have view'd thee with disdainful eye.
Sure never yet did running stream,
As pools with curious insects teem,
That ever at the close of day,
In airy circles round you play,
And make approaches without fear,
To whisper music in your ear.
Yet half their beauties none descry,
Unless with microscopic eye,
Wings aptly form'd, by Nature's laws,
More fine than Brussel's lace or gauze;
Bills too with points more sharp and burnish'd
Than cambric needle ever furnish'd.
Can Birmingham, or Soho vend
A work so fitted to its end.
Can Watt and Boulton by their skill,
Form one musquito's wing or bill?
Can Art with Nature e'er contend
The meanest of her works to mend?
In genial spring when songs of love
Echo alike from house and grove,
When Nature loose from winter's seen,
To gad abroad in robes of green;
Then nymphs of pools, for nymphs be there,
Through all the night love-ditties hear;
Green Limnades there with sparkling eyes,*
Are wont to raise their lover's sighs;
Now love can teaze beyond belief,
While song alone affords relief.

* *Sparkling eyes.*

"'Tis said the lark and loathed toad change eyes."—*Shak.*

Each lover's ear for music's made,
We soon shall hear a serenade,
Eke too perchance, for 'tis at hand,
They'll treat their Limnades with a band.
To wond'ring cits, this strange may seem,
Anon they'll find it is no dream.
'Tis twilight gray, and Sol his car
Hath driven to the westward far,
To stony mountains shapes his course,
Whence great Missouri has his source:
Dame Luna fain would take his place,
But clouds of dust besmirch her face.
Nor would thy beauties, queen of night,
Be priz'd although disclos'd to sight,
Where he is thought a silly elf
Who studies nature more than pelf.
Now city lamps in order lit,
Cast a faint glimmer o'er the street;
The watchman's station'd for the night,
To bawl the hour with all his might,
That rogues his place may nicely mark,
And fix their object in the dark.
Now chariots to the playhouse fly,
And amateur's to concerts hie,
Cooper to night will play Macbeth,
So horses may be driv'n to death.
When he's to play, you know, one must
Abide the heat, the crowd, and dust.
Thus in the spring you venture out
With safety to a play or rout;
But if banicula appear,
Or sickly autumn rule the year;
Beware! Mephitis, dank and foul
Will view your pleasures with a scowl,
And fevers waiting at her beck,
Should ev'ry ev'ning frolic check.
Your pastimes freely I permit,
Though mine your fancies may not hit.
*Frog concerts** then that would affright
Sleep from your eyes, are my delight.

* *Frog concerts.* See Miss Edgeworth's popular tale Tomorrow, 2 vol. p. 277. Also Priest's Travels.

If amateurs! you blame in haste,
I'll pray the gods to mend your taste;
And any bet with you I'll hold,
That mine is new and yours is old;
For bets, you know, if logic fail,
In knotty points will oft prevail.
Come listen, if you'll not believe,
And pleasure by your ears receive.
The leader now, on his bassoon,
At proper pitch has set the tune;
The smaller fry to treble rise,
To counter, tenor, second size;
The third assume a lower note,
Full tenor they have got by rote:
While *rana boans*, in deep base,
A stranger from the pool might chase.
O city! may the frogs prolong
In all thy pools their pleasing song;
Nor let disturbance e'er be made,
By sound of either hoe or spade;
Until Mephitis! at thy nod,
I'm doom'd to lie beneath the sod.

CANTO II.—*A city morning.*

CONTENTS.

A new goddess invoked. City morning scenes. Scavengers The pool befouled. Grief of the bard. Iris. Aroma. Foul docks. Dialogue with the reader. Sinks and sewers. Yellow fever. Speech of Mephitis.

COME, Oxygen!* around me fling,
Thy breezes pure as breath of Spring;
Perch'd on a zephyr fresh and fleet,
From buds bedew'd my senses greet.
Bring in thy train each vernal flower,
That blooms in garden, or the bower;
Bring roses, honey-suckle bring,
And violets, where'er they spring;
Accession to thy power gain,
From ev'ry tree upon the plain;

* *Oxygen.* Pure vital air. That which is fit for respiration. On land it is chiefly supplied by vegetables. Chaptal.

Thy breath benign from these will flow,
Whether on hill, or dale they grow;
Spread pine and poplar in my way,
As onward with the Muse I stray;
Thy vital fluid round me spread,
Secur'd through damps and murk to tread;
From foul Mephitis me defend,
Lest here my life and song should end.
Now in the morn, the sun has broke
Through all the maze of city smoke;
On steeple tops has cast his eyes,
While scarce a soul has mark'd his rise;
How can the morn afford delight
To those, who only live at night?
Or who the rising sun would view,
When guineas have a milder hue?
Of chimney-sweepers loud's the yell,
Ill natur'd folks wish them at hell,
Which wicked wish, could they obtain,
They might be neighbours *there* again.
Of social clubs, some members snore,
Till nine they fail to open store;
But who last ev'ning could refrain
From such madeira and champagne?
Champagne's the nectar god's did sip,
What mortal shoves it from his lip.
Some hungry to the market fly,
While scavengers their carts supply;
Of these, the int'rest is allied,
As learned counsel will decide,
On *use* will settle in the first,
*Remainder* to the last in trust:
The office can be no disgrace,
Epaminondas fill'd the place;
But nuisances from cities mov'd,
In suburbs pests have often prov'd.
Their load remov'd, 'gainst city rule,
Is carted straightway to the pool;
Half there immerg'd, I'll not rehearse,
The Muse would blush to own my verse.
Alas, frog concerts! late my *gust*,
And must I bid you now adieu?
Must treble, counter, tenor, base,
To silence dismal now give place?

Ah pool! how chang'd is now thy face,
Can'st thou survive this foul disgrace?
See how! upon thy speckled flood,
Urg'd by the winds, a lifeless brood
Of kids and kittens drift along,
Whose lives fond dams could not prolong.
But since most ills bring something good;
Around the margin of the flood,
Nourish'd by soil and air impure,
Fair flowers my optics still allure.
Sweet Iris blue! it was thy fate
'Mong scents intense to have thy seat,
In fragrance though thou might'st have vied
With pink, or rose, the garden's pride;
Yet mix'd with such a crowd of scents,
Thy fragrant sweets are lost to sense;
While carrion stirr'd, by carrion crows,
Stops ev'ry av'nue to the nose,
And thus becomes a vast *depot*,
Whence deadly *Aroma** doth flow.
So, if two bullets in their course
Each other strike with equal force,
Momentum, neither having most,
Together both will take their post;
But add to one more speed and weight,
Suppose, *e. g.* as ten to eight,
The weighty forward moves a length
Proportion'd to its compound strength;
And as it onward runs its race,
The light at angles will displace.
Just so, the great all lesser smells,
By aromatic force repels.
Strange Aroma! you quickly ape
Proteus like, each form and shape;
So varied, that you can with ease
Send fragrance, or a dire disease;
From the parterre you can assume
Of mingled flowers the rich perfume,
Or from a vault, or vapour kill,
Despite of Rush and human skill.

* *Aroma.* A subtle principle, in which the smell of all odoriferous bodies is supposed to reside. Rees's Cyc. title Aroma. "The aroma appears to be of the nature of gas, and to vary prodigiously. Some have a poisonous effect. Chaptal.

Some citizens, 'tis said, have noses,
To which foul docks are sweet as roses,
Who through the day still range in sight,
To snuff their essence with delight;
While others distant and content,
To cleanse them would not pay a cent;
Nor would they stir a leg to drain
One pool that ornaments the plain.
If, reader! you're a stranger here,
You then have reason much to fear;
The very breath you here inhale,
To cause disease can scarcely fail;
'Tis better now this scene to leave,
Lest friends and kindred for you grieve.
You linger still! it is not meet,
Your spirit soon, you thus may greet.
" Pleasing soul! no more at rest,
Long of this frame the friend and guest;
That late in mirth had'st such delight,
Now whither would'st thou take thy flight?
What region gloomy, scorch'd, or bleak,
Far distant hence, would'st thou go seek."*
But to return! 'tis poets' right,
From theme to ramble out of sight.
Accumulated air mephitic,
Will plague produce, if I'm prophetic;
'Tis all *exotic* doctor's state,
While cities think they wisely prate;
Yet ever from foul docks expect,
As from foul ships the like effect;
Neglected sewers will aid the work,
Contagions dire within them lurk;
But to foul sinks that cities stifle,
Pandora's box is but a trifle.
Hail Yellow Fever! here 'tis meet,
On murky wing, come take thy seat;
Through darkness float on air azotic,
Here is thy throne! come, rule despotic.
In midst of all those birds of prey,
Thou'lt come and make a three months' stay,

* See Adrian's address to his departing soul.

With crows and buzzards in thy *suite ;*
Contagion spread through ev'ry street,
For men, though taught thy power to fear
Sit still, neglecting common care ;
Till urg'd, by thy destroying sword,
No care can safety then afford.
Ah stay, frail mortal ! stay thy hand !
Would'st thou " deal judgments round the land ?"
If heaven such evils doth permit,
For thee to sentence is it fit ?
But cease, vain bard, thy useless lay ;
Did not I hear Mephitis say :
" Amphion,* once, by sound of lyre
A city built, 'tis said, entire ;
The trees came running at his call,
And stones hopt pat, upon the wall ;
But never yet that bard was seen,
Whose song could keep a city clean.
Should bards their powers all combine,
My kingdom they shall ne'er confine ;
Whose vast extension doth embrace,
Three fourths of atmospheric space,
Diffus'd, or fix'd, I'm also found,
In depths of sea, and solid ground.
When plac'd in me, devouring fire,
In silence quickly shall expire ;
And suddenly I doom to death,
All creatures that inhale my breath.
Great cities to my sov'reign sway,
Like eastern tribes, dread homage pay,
Nor where in noisome damps I reign,
Do they presume my floods to drain ?"

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

**The following lines appeared, two or three years since, in a little village newspaper in New-England, but have probably met the eye of few readers of the Port Folio.**

Had Nature, ere Eliza's birth,
Her soul to homelier clay consigned,
And placed her lovely form on earth,
With some inferior mind,

* Dictus et Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis,
Saxa movere sono testudinis, et prece blandâ
Ducere quò vellet. *Hor. de Arte Poet.* 394.

We still had loved the heart that virtue warms,
Nor mourn'd the absence of external charms.

When Beauty strikes our ravished eyes,
And Reason seems no longer free;
When all the powers of sense arise
In wildering mutiny,
'Tis Fancy then exerts her witching power.
A triumph, but the triumph of an hour.

When intellectual graces shine,
Though in the plainest person drest,
When Virtue, Truth, and Sweetness join
T'enrich the female breast,
Though Fancy frown, our better thoughts approve,
And Reason's suasive voice confirms our love.

But when to each external grace,
True excellence of heart is joined;
When in the sweet expressive face
We read the lovelier mind,
Each social passion kindles as we gaze,
Till stoic souls "grow wanton in their praise."

No borrowed graces dress the smile
Which Nature bade Eliza wear.
The artful glance, the studied wile
Are more than strangers there.
She fascinates by native charms alone,
And Art might blush to see herself outdone.

Soft, mantling o'er her cheek, is seen
The vermil tint of Modesty;
While the pure soul that reigns within
Speaks in her melting eye.
Why was so sweet a spirit sent below,
And made to animate an angel too!

Sweet maid! forgive the artless lay;
Sincerity may plead desert.
Then let the passing *stranger* pay
The "tribute of the heart."
The honest sigh should never meet disdain,
Nor Friendship's blessing e'er be breathed in vain.

May Heaven its choicest gifts bestow,
Nor leave you, lovely maid, to prove
The loss of happiness below,
Till called to bliss above.
Live blest, the child of Heaven's distinguished care,
And kindly hope to meet your stranger there.

W.

---

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile *Fatum*
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.—*Vir.*

Happy the man whose active mind can trace
Each tortuous path through Nature's wildering maze,
Whose stedfast soul the stroke of Fate can brave,
Can smile on Death and triumph o'er the grave.

---

## IRONY.

When a stranger enters a public room, whisper to your friends in order to know who he is, and where he came from, with your eyes fixed full in his face. Such behaviour, well applied, will raise a blush even on the cheeks of a brazier.

Rush into your friend's room, without giving the smallest previous notice, exclaiming, D——n it, Jack, how goes it. Here am I as fresh as a four year old, &c.

Good breeding and ceremony may be carried on with the happiest effect in every class of society; for instance, in a gentleman's family, the cook, with the greatest politeness, acquaints the neighbouring butcher, that himself and a friend or two intend doing themselves the honour, in a few days of calling to crack a marrow-bone with him. The kitchen-maid informs the baker's journeyman, that she shall be at home from six till nine in the evening, but before that time it will be impossible for her to see company. The coachman may give a most gracious invitation to the stable-keeper, telling him that he shall expect to see him at a *pity sooshay* he intends to give his friends; but that he will give him a few day's notice, so that business may not prevent him from having the pleasure of his company.

It is pleasant to hear a man who, by mere chance, has amassed together a considerable sum of money, talk of the dignity of his family, together with wonderful relations of most marvellous circumstances which happened during his progress through life. Like the Irishman who, happening to arrive in England on a rejoicing day, always felt a pride in informing his companions that the bells rang all the way from his landing at Chester to his arrival in London.

On the other hand, it is equally entertaining to hear a man of present prosperity boast of his former poverty, particularly to a friend, who, for obvious reasons, would rather dispense with such observations as, Ah Jack! times are changed for the better since you and I tramped up to *Lunnon* town with four-pence halfpenny between us. You remember nicking the old woman at Highgate out of a pot of porter, *I dares to say*; but never mind, my hearty, we have got hold of the shiners now, and let's keep them; nothing like scraping and raking; every little makes a mickle, as little Joe Thompson used to say.

If you have any desire to shine in politics, particularly if you should have any trifling place in any office under government, assume a proper pomposity, and carefully observe two rules that will always carry you through with eclat. The first is, if you receive information from a stranger of the earliest intelligence of the day, pay no attention to his communication, informing him that you received the intelligence at least a fortnight prior to his detail of the events, from one of your numerous continental correspondents. On the contrary, if he ask you for political intelligence, put on a grave privy-council face, and observe that things of that serious nature are not to be drawn from you on every trifling occasion; but give broad hints that you are in possession of very extraordinary intelligence though you do not think proper to divulge it.

## THE LAUGHING WORLD.

Philadelphia, it is said, is *most potent in punning*; and, indeed, many of our wags are not much inferior to Swift or Sheridan in this minor species of wit. Some arch jester, in a letter addressed to one of the London magazines, has indulged himself in a strain of what he calls *classical quibbles*. This idle play of words will cause the good-natured reader either to laugh at, or laugh with, our author; and if innocent mirth be the result of his labour, who shall say that the witling has been absurdly employed.—*Editor*.

I AM not one of those, who in conversation smother common sense under a pillow-case of old puns. No, sir, I scorn to walk in such a broken track to the temple of Fame. But I must own, that, having fre-

quently observed the fat sides and double chins of reverend divines shake with convulsive merriment at stale jokes, merely because Terence happened to be the gentleman usher who introduced them, I have lately aimed to distinguish myself by classical quibbles. My success has been highly flattering, and I shall now proceed to relate the occasions that gave them birth, giving you, at the same time, to understand that I have a large store bottled up for future use.

Quæ mox depromere possim.

If ever I attempt to see the young Roscius again, said my friend Brittle, in a rage, strait-waistcoat me.—What! to be *jammed* and knocked about, and, after all, kicked out in a state of high perspiration, on a *damp night*, without seeing him. Alas! answered I, it even fared thus with the son of Anchises:

Et *jam nox humida* cœlo
Præcipitat.

The umbrella you lent us last night, said the two Miss Simpers, with a courtesy, was a most opportune favour. Ay, said I,

Tu Tityre *lent-us* in *umbra*.

Really, sir, said alderman Thickscull to me at the dinner given to the Spanish patriots, the night riots in London are abominable. A fellow last night, in St. Paul's church yard, struck me a horrid blow on the belly with a cane. Indeed! answered I, Virgil seems to have anticipated that assault:

Horrida bella cano

The same worthy personage harrangued the company on the virtues of a deceased premier, observing, in the course of his oration, "he was indeed a moral character. No man ever saw Pitt running after all the harlots in town." No, cried I, echoing his eulogium,

Nemo *omnibus horis sesquipit*.

I called last Wednesday on a gentleman who had just received a present of a *quail*, and who was balancing in his mind whether he should send it to his two sisters at Doncaster. Do so, said I, and fol- Ovid's advice,

*Qualem* decet esse sororum.

The anecdote of the quail reminds me of more of the feathered tribe. A very worthy lady expressed her doubts to me whether ducks were fit food for females. Ay, said I, for queens. Dido eat ducks.

Speluncam Dido *dux et* Trojanus.

I called one Sunday evening on Dr. Cavil, a Presbyterian clergyman, who was congratulating himself on the completion of an elegant meeting-house, capable of containing a thousand sectaries. Engrave this motto, said I, over the door:

Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.

I met Tom Vigil, last Monday morning, under the piazzas, swearing and scratching his elbow. What's the matter, Tom, said I. Matter! said he. Why, I lay last night at the Hummums, and could not sleep for the fleas. 'Pon my soul it is too bad, I'll tell it to the whole town. Do so, said I. Horace advises it:

Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.

Now, Mr. Editor, the advantage of these *classical* quibbles over common English puns I take to be twofold. In the first place you secure a laugh from those who understand them, and in the second place from those who would fain be supposed to understand them. This comprehends about nineteen persons in twenty in all polite assemblies.

## ANECDOTE.

THE proud Duke of Somerset employed Seymour, the celebrated painter to make some portraits of his running horses: one day at dinner, he drank to him with a disdainful sneer, Cousin Seymour, your health. The artist modestly replied, I really believe that I have the honour to be of your Grace's family. The *fiery Duke* immediately rose from table and sent his steward to pay and dismiss Seymour. Another painter was then sent for, who, finding himself unworthy to finish Seymour's work, honestly told the Duke so. On this the haughty Peer condescended once more to summon his cousin. The high-minded and independent artist answered his mandate in these words. My Lord, I shall now prove that I am of your Grace's family, for I WILL NOT COME.

HULL, the player, who is well known to have been the apologist general at Covent Garden Theatre for about five and twenty years,

took it into his head at the time of the dispute between Keppel and Palliser, to distinguish himself as a lad of liberty. On the night when all London was illuminated, on Keppel's acquittal, he undertook not only to light up his house, but to treat the populace with small beer. They had drank all but one barrel which, from mere wantonness, they had left running. The door was now shut lest some of these *liberty* boys should take a fancy to the silver spoons. At this they grew clamorous, and bawled out very outrageously for more beer. Hull, agreeably to his custom, thinking it high time he should now make his appearance, popped his red night capped head out of the window, and there was immediately a cry of hear him, hear him. When he thus began, Ladies and Gentlemen, I have the misfortune to tell you that the spiggot is out of the faucet, and the small beer is running about the cellar, and we humbly hope for your usual indulgence.

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The subsequent anecdotes are authentic and interesting. The manner in which this wretched victim of despotic power passed his prison hours is a noble proof of the elasticity of the human mind, and that fortunate power, which some men possess of complying, with the best possible grace, with the sternest mandates of relentless Adversity.

At the time of the first war between the king of Prussia and the house of Austria, Trenck being young and enterprizing, offered himself with a small band of determined men, to carry off the king of Prussia when he went out from his camp to reconnoitre the position of the Austrians. In fact he did attempt the enterprize; but succeeded so ill, that he was taken prisoner himself, and condemned to perpetual confinement in the castle of Magdebourg. The treatment he received was equally singular and cruel. He was chained standing against the wall; so that, for several years, he could neither sit, nor lie down. His guards had orders not to let him sleep more than a certain time; very short, but long enough to prevent his strength from being entirely exhausted. He remained four or five years in this dreadful situation, after which there being reason to fear he could not live long in that state, he was chained in such a manner that he might sit down, which appeared to him to be a great alleviation of his sufferings. He told me himself that after having suffered severe illness, during the first years of his imprisonment his constitution, which was strong and robust, was so unbroken that he recovered his health; and though he received no sustenance but bread and water, yet he *was remarkably well and resumed his former gayety.* In this state of mind he found means to sooth the tedium of so long an imprisonment by *making verses*, which he *set to music, as well as he could*, and *sung for half the day.* As he had nothing worse to dread, the king of Prussia was frequently the subject of his songs, and was not spared in them. He also *had recourse*

*to the power of imagination*, to sooth the horrors of his cell; and the whole time that he did not spend in singing, was *passed in turning his ideas to all the agreeable conditions which it was possible for him to conceive.* He was almost brought to consider these wanderings of his imagination *as realities*, and to regard his *misfortunes as mere dreams.* At last the empress queen, who for a long time had believed that he was dead, being informed of his miserable existence, solicited his liberty from the king of Prussia with so much earnestness, that she obtained his release. I saw him at Aix-la-Chapelle, enjoying very good health, having married a handsome woman, the daughter of one of the principal inhabitants of that imperial city, to which he had retired, that he might not be exposed to the power of any arbitrary government. He has published several German works, some of which are the fruits of the reflections he made, during his imprisonment; some poetry against the king of Prussia; and some details, relative to the manner in which he passed his time at Magdebourg. He gave them to me himself; and though his works had no great merit in the style, yet the singularity of his thoughts, and the extraordinary fate of the author, rendered them interesting. What astonished me most in him, was the force of mind, the courage and the constancy which had supported him in a situation, in which there was no hope of his seeing better days. He appeared now to have forgotten the whole; or recalled the remembrance of his past sufferings, only that he might the better enjoy the happiness of his present condition. He was very gay; and there were even moments, when one might have supposed, without doing him great injustice, that his reason had been, in some degree, affected by his long confinement; but it was only surprising that this did not appear in a more eminent degree.*

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the violent indisposition of one of our most valued correspondents, the conclusion of the interesting biography of general Gates is unavoidably postponed, together with a great mass of valuable matter; for which temporary delay we crave the indulgence of our liberal friends.

* Poor Trenck, *wishing to take a part in the French Revolution*, went to Paris in the year 1793, and was *guillotined*, on the 28th of July, 1794, two days before the execution of Robespierre.

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PHILIP SCHUYLER ESQ.R

*Maj.r Gen.l in the American Service*

# THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.—*Cowper.*

Vol. III. FEBRUARY, 1810. No. 2.


FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF THE LATE GENERAL SCHUYLER.

IN the decease of major general Schuyler both America and the state, which had the honour of giving him birth, have sustained a great and an irreparable loss. So high and so broad a place has he filled in community, so blended with all the great concerns and interests of the nation have been his life and his distinguished name; such an impression of his agency and character has been left on our affairs, and so extensively has the social system, for a long course of years, felt the influence of his genius and his labours, that it may not be too much to say, that in his removal that system has experienced a profound sensation of vacuity never to be supplied.

Although in the gradual decay which marked the last period of the general's life, bodily infirmity, disease, and pain restrained activity and repressed exertion; although the state of parties, for a time, was calculated to render useless the suggestions of his fertile mind, and his rich experience; yet a quick retrospect of past times and past events

cannot fail to awaken all our regrets, heighten the impression of our loss, and communicate a shock to every patriotic bosom.

The history of our country, of its institutions, its policy, its jurisprudence, is full of monuments of this great man's usefulness and fame. They are extant or latent in the whole of our system; and excursive Memory, from the wide and various field of civil, political, and military affairs, returns loaded with these memorials. Of the rare public spirit, indefatigable activity, persevering resolution, profound penetration, and commanding talents of this eminent citizen, the last half century has been a steady witness. Few are the transactions, events, and places, in the several departments of public life and public business; for the last forty years, in which he has not borne some part, or contributed some aid or influence.

In his early military career, his activity, zeal, and skill gave facility to every operation. In the more important and interesting scenes of our revolution, in times which required great resources and great energies, he was among the first in the confidence of his country; the man on whose spirit and abilities the most serious reliance was placed for providing those resources, and for repelling public dangers. And while others shared with him the toil of war, he, whether in or out of active and immediate service, was justly considered as a main-spring of every patriotic movement, and the soul of the northern department.

During that short period which followed the termination of the war, and which, though our independence was conquered and secured, might properly be termed the gloomy night of the confederation, general Schuyler found less occasion for the exertion of talents, but enough for the exercise of a vigilance and firmness then so necessary. Not discouraged by the existing state of things, and looking forward with assurance to the glorious morning of the constitution, when public spirit and public virtue were to awake from their slumbers, he continued to devote himself to the public ser-

vice in the state legislature, the only theatre where he could act efficiently. With views always liberal and extensive he contemplated, with a steady aim, the consolidation of our union as the first of political blessings, and laboured in the very front of the enlightened men of that day in appeasing local jealousies and state pride, then the greatest obstacles to political reform.

The commencement of our new era opened wide the field for the exercise of those abilities, which long experience and much study had brought to full maturity. A better system of state politics, which followed the reformation of the national system, presented fair objects and full scope for the execution of useful plans. To legislation in all its views, to public improvement in its various branches, he brought those stores of useful and practical science, those original powers and that chastened judgment produced or perfected by the research and labour of forty years. From that period to the resignation of his employments, his public life was one uninterrupted scene of interesting engagement and active pursuit. A prime agent in all important affairs, a natural leader in public business, he never disdained or declined the task of personal labour, or minute detail, in arranging or executing the plans originating in his own conceptions. The journals and the history of the public bodies, in which he so sedulously and conspicuously acted, afford a mere outline of the services he performed and the character he sustained. They remain faint memorials of his inventive genius, his intense labours, and his matchless facility. His parts and his powers were equally vigorous and versatile. Accustomed to military scenes, he was equally familiar with the civil code, with the policy of states, with the financial and economical systems, and with the useful arts. Without the benefits of an early education strictly classical, he was yet as extensively acquainted with books as with men, and without professional habits or practice, a legislator, without the study of the law, our statute book, in every part, bears the impression of his hand.

To draw a full and complete portrait of this eminent man would be an arduous task, and far above the feeble pen now employed in sketching a few of its lineaments. Considered in various points of view, his image assumes various forms, each equally interesting and striking. Connected with all, he stood distinct from all. Original as was his character, and nervous as were his individual faculties, both are best to be seen, read, and appreciated in their effects and their diffusible influence. History can alone with truth portray the entire man; since history collects from remote sources, decends into the detail of things, and combines out of the scattered materials of particular acts and exploits those general, and, withal, those luminous views which alone are adapted to the portraiture of eminent characters. Even in history something will be lost or defective, because genius often acts by foreign instruments, moves by an imperceptible line, pervades a system unseen, gives to a train its first spark, and communicates an influence which cannot be traced.

General Schuyler united in himself a rare assemblage of striking qualities. In him, to great quickness and strength of intellect was added an uncommon, perhaps an unequalled, spirit of industry and command of detail. It was his general habit to narrow the interval between the conception and performance of things, by descending, from the highest mental research to the most patient actual labour. By this he attained exactness, and secured fidelity of execution. Though so much accustomed, and so well qualified, to manage affairs of state and of civil policy, he never abstracted himself from the concerns of agriculture and the useful arts. Familiar with the science of cultivation, and deep in the knowledge of nature, he was the projector, promoter, and patron of improvements, both general and local, in every branch of rural and domestic economy. But in improvements projected on a larger scale, and for general accommodation, his views and efforts were more particularly keen and conspicuous. Here his zeal arose to a patriotic fervor and public spirit, that spirit which is now, alas! almost extinct with him,

presided over his plans, animated his steps, and gave to his most comprehensive and systematic views the warmth and energy of a single exertion. He was attentive to the most remote interests, while the vitals of our system felt his reforming influence; and, while with one hand he healed the disorders in the treasury, with the other he opened the field, and conducted the progress of internal commerce.

In contemplating the character of this veteran and worthy, the mind is forcibly struck with that happy union of intuitive powers combined with the most sedate and correct judgment. To a careless observer, indeed, viewing him in opposite lights, a fervid imagination, at one time, seems to preside over his character. At another common sense appears to hold the sway. In the texture of this character, however, as in that of the changeable silk, the colours that cast so various a shade were intimately blended. The general was a practical man in his whole life; and though he pursued the execution of well digested plans with the enthusiasm of a projector, he never suffered soaring Fancy to disturb the balance of sober Reason. A similar remark may be applied to his private life. His temper was ardent; but his general estimate of merit was just and liberal; and, if ever urged too far by the heat of the moment, his kindness was sure to return, and with it Generosity resumed its habitual sway. To fraud and imposture of every species, public or private, he never relaxed his frown; and even impertinence, absurdity, and folly sometimes moved his impatience. Thus in the movement of his passions was exhibited the standard of his principles and taste. In his opinions, attached to an energetic administration, a friend to strict political discipline, as the best preservative of liberty, too proudly honest to be indiscriminately popular, and holding in utter abhorrence the intrigues of Democracy and the spirit of a mob government, he found many among the interested, the envious, the ambitious, and factious, who ventured to question his patriotism: but a long life devoted to the

welfare of the people, and public services without number, refuted the charge, and repelled the aspersion.

A fellow-citizen, connected by no personal tie, incited by no personal prejudice, but who spontaneously unites in lamenting the final exit of a public actor of great worth and eminence, ventures this effusion of respect and veneration. In estimating the weight of this loss, he cannot but cast his eye over the present face of political society, and indulge a momentary and melancholy reflection on the small, reduced, attenuated list of illustrious men who are now in active life, engaged in the service, and enjoying the gratitude of the people! How few of the patriots of the revolution, how few of the fathers of the constitution, how few of all those who, by their counsels or achievements, acquired liberty, prosperity, and glory to their country, now participate in her employments and public functions! Many have descended to the tomb; many has party spirit, more cruel than the grave, consigned to exile! In a constellation so reduced, so thinly scattered, the extinction of a single star seems to create an immense void.

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TRAVELS IN FRANCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## LETTER LXXI.

NANTES, *March.*

You will not be surprised to see my letter dated from Nantes, after what I mentioned to you in my last. We were beginning to like Paris extremely. We had been at several private parties, and were invited to others; but it was necessary to break the spell, and we resolutely did so early in March, and took the road to Orleans in rather bad weather. From Orleans we followed the course of the Loire to Nantes, and have already engaged our passage on board of an Ameri-

can ship at Paimbeuf. I will now return to my journal, and, having my notes before me, it will still be as if I had continued to write to you every day. We were at the play one evening, and seated near the stage, when, in consequence of some preparations in the box appropriated to the emperor, it was perceived that he was expected. The play was already begun, but the actors no longer commanded the attention of the audience, who remained with their eyes fixed upon the imperial box, and were expressing a sort of tumultuous expectation, when the emperor entered. He was received with shouts and applause. These he answered by a slight bow, and then seated himself in an elbow chair, while three chamberlains, who are in the nature of the lords in waiting of the English courts, remained standing behind. I had, upon this and upon some other occasions, an opportunity of examining his person and countenance, at my leisure, and the impression left upon my mind is that of a muscular man, of about five feet four inches, with very broad shoulders, and short legs. He cannot be very unlike what historians describe Pepin to have been, whom he certainly resembles in fortune; nor is he unlike a description which I have somewhere read, of Robert, eldest son of William the conqueror, who was surnamed *Courte hose*. He has small, piercing, deeply sunk, dark gray eyes, a prominent nose, a chin out of proportion large, a good mouth, short coal-black hair, a forehead that would have satisfied Lavater, a countenance which denotes a man not too well pleased at any time, and easily made angry, and outrageously violent when he is so, with a complexion of bilious, sun-burnt, cadaverous sallowness, which baffles all description. I am told that he sometimes condescends to joke with those about him, but I saw nothing like it in his face, and I will be sworn that no man ventures to joke with him. His manner appears harsh and sudden; his voice is hoarse and unmusical, and I have been informed that he never looks those in the face to whom he speaks. He was dressed with the utmost simplicity; was attentive to the play; took a vast deal of snuff; spoke once or twice to the chamberlain nearest him; stole a sidelong look or two at the audience; started up at the end of the piece; advanced rapidly to the edge of the box; made a hasty bow, and withdrew.

I endeavoured, every time that I saw this great personage, to consider him attentively, and as much without the effect of prejudice to his disadvantage as I was conscious of feeling none in his favour, and certain of not being dazzled by his high rank and great achievements; and I tried to determine within myself what would have been my opinion of such a looking person, had I met him in private life. No flatterer will ever be found imprudent enough to apply to him those lines

of Racine which seemed made for Louis XIV.* His air and mein are those of a singular rather than of a distinguished individual. On a race-ground in our country, where all sorts of people collect, I should probably, if asked my opinion of such a person, have said, there goes no common man. I presume, by that dismal complexion of his, that he lives in some sickly place, but he seems alert and active, and is, I could lay a wager, a bold rider through the woods, a skilful card-player, and a good shot. There is nothing mean in his countenance, but there is nothing inviting. His manners appear rough. I suspect that he is far from happy at home, and rather disposed to quarrel when abroad; and the Lord have mercy upon his negroes. In France I should have supposed him a foreign subaltern, living chiefly by his ingenuity at cards, and ready to defend his winnings by his sword; and in Italy, where the police is very defective, I should have been uneasy to have met him at the corner of a wood.

With all that mankind has seen and suffered, it was yet to be experienced what an individual is capable of effecting, who, with good natural abilities, and a good education, with health, personal courage, and that degree of temperance which leaves him at all times the full command of all his faculties, is restrained by no sense of propriety, and checked by no feeling of remorse; who, moving forward in the execution of his designs with incalculable rapidity, spares neither bribes, nor threats, nor violence, nor injustice; who, with habits which bespeak extreme impatience, has a slow regular pulse, and never loses his recollection a moment; who acts deliberately with all the energy and impetuosity of passion; who forms the plan of a campaign as he would form the plan of a game at chess, thinking no more of the thousands who would be left upon the field of battle than of the pieces which are to be taken off the board; who, supposing himself born to rule over the herd of mankind, will brook no contradiction, and thinks nothing impossible; who is artful, selfish, arrogant, unfeeling, and inexorably vindictive. Future ages will speak with admiration of his successful campaigns and brilliant victories, of his passage of the Alps, of his inroad into Germany, and his battle of Austerlitz. They will admire all the extraordinary designs that he has had the courage to attempt, and the abilities to execute; overcoming, as it was said of Cromwell, all his enemies by arms, and all his friends by artifice. But they will apply to him many passages of Cicero's address to Cæsar, in behalf of Marcellus. They will regret that no such arguments as those of the Roman orator found way to his mind, and that, favoured by Fortune in

* Dans quelle obscurité que le Ciel l'eut fait naitre,
Le monde, en le voyant, eût reconnu son maitre.

war, and by that general disposition throughout the nation, of submitting to any authority that could ensure their internal tranquillity, he should not have been animated by a far more dignified ambition and have availed himself of so glorious an opportunity to establish the best of all reputations. But he has made to himself a scheme of happiness of his own, and, looking down with contempt upon the puny efforts and grovelling prejudices of mankind, he cares not at whose expense it is accomplished.

He was born, in the year 1769, at Ajacio in Corsica, in a country where, unfortunately, as it should seem at present for a large portion of mankind, the worst tendencies of the Italian character had been long nourished by all the evils of an oppressive government and all the horrors of civil war. Every parish and district of the island was divided into parties, who fostered some hereditary cause of hatred, and this gave rise to quarrels at every moment, and frequently to assassinations. There were villages from which it was necessary to have two roads to the next market town, that individuals of the hostile parties might meet as seldom as possible.

From the situation and profession of his father, who was a lawyer, and from the description I have heard of the appearance and furniture of the house they lived in, the circumstances of the family must have been far from brilliant. The business of a lawyer, indeed, on an island where there was no law out of the reach of cannon shot from the batteries of the different forts, must have been a poor one, and we may conceive how readily they embraced the proposal made to them by the French general commanding in the island, of having one of their sons educated at the military school in Paris.

The son thus to be provided for was the present emperor, who seems to have been considered, by all his relations, and from an early period of his life, as a very superior being to themselves. He is said to have been soon distinguished for the austere regularity of his manners, for his application to books, and for a degree of impatience under the authority of his superiors, and a repugnance to all arbitrary power, a sentiment which, though it naturally belongs to a liberal mind, is yet not unfrequently connected with the love of power in those who cherish it.

The mathematics, and particularly as they are connected with the military sciences, formed his principal object of study; and his friends found no difficulty in procuring a commission for him, at a proper time, in a regiment of artillery. He afterwards quitted the corps for a few months, and retired to Corsica, but returned to France in 1793. His mother and sisters now accompanied him, and established themselves at Marseilles, where they kept a house which was by no means

frequented by the best company; and where one of the sisters thought herself fortunate in contracting a marriage with an obscure Italian, who, having been originally the marker at a billiard table, and then a musician in a regimental band, had got together a little money as an under commissary in the army; and this is the couple who are now prince and princess of Lucca and Piombino.

While the ladies remained at Marseilles, the brother joined his regiment and distinguished himself at Toulon, but was so offended at having been put under arrest, for a few days, after the siege, on account, it is said, of his extreme severity towards the remaining inhabitants, that, though now a brigadier, he was desirous of quitting the service, and trying his fortune in some distant country. He was prevented by the government, however, as Hampden and Cromwell were prevented, in the last century, from going to America, and remained to fulfil a much more brilliant destiny.

Barras, who had known him at Toulon, who knew his courage and skill, and how little likely he was to be moved by scenes of distress, pointed him out as a proper person to command the armed force in 1795, which repelled a remnant of Jacobins, whose numbers were swelled by thousands of concealed royalists, and was so well satisfied with his behaviour, as to propose to him a very advantageous marriage with the present empress.

There is something in this part of his history which must embarrass his flatterers not a little: for it is difficult to comprehend, how a person of his sober and abstemious life, and austere deportment, could have been brought, by avarice or by ambition, to form a connexion which, even at that low stage of morality, was thought discreditable. Had he then cherished some distant expectation of what he has since attained to, I should have supposed him under the same sort of persuasion that the emperor Severus was, who, in uniting himself in marriage, had preferred a lady not altogether unlike the present empress, for *she*, as well as the wife of Severus, is said to have had a brilliant fortune promised her by a soothsayer, or to have been, what the astrologers said of Julia Domna, of royal nativity. You will see the story of this last in Gibbon. She possessed, it appears, many good qualities, and many charms and allurements, and was admired, upon all occasions, for her gentleness and humanity; but the irregularity of her conduct in private life afforded ample subject to the pen of Scandal, nor was it possible, says the historian, for the most extravagant panegyrist to rank chastity among her virtues.

His success in Italy, and his bold approach towards Vienna in 1797, are well known; but it is not, perhaps, sufficiently remembered, that, carrying, as it were, the sword in one hand, and poison in the other,

he weakened the defence of the states he attacked, by deluding their subjects into dreams of liberty and independence which it could never have been his intention to realize,* and that he artfully seized the moment of proposing those terms, which led to the peace of Leoben, when the Austrians had gained his rear, and rendered retreat, in case of misfortune, impossible. The glorious peace by which so successful a war was terminated, rendered Bonaparte the idol of the whole nation. The directory, who were now oppressed with the greatness of their own general, became desirous of giving employment to his energy and resolute character at a distance, and readily consented to a plan which he proposed, of annexing Egypt to the republic, even though Switzerland, the ancient and faithful ally of France, was to be ravaged, and the independence of Malta annihilated, in order to furnish the funds necessary for the expedition.

His success in Egypt, if we consider the great disparity of force, has been, I think, exaggerated. It was frequently attended with circumstances of unnecessary rigor, and unprovoked cruelty; and I am told, that those who mean to pay their court to him, and who know him, never speak of Egypt in his presence: but it is impossible not to admire the firmness with which he bore his repulse before Acre, and the proud ascendency over the minds of others by which he silenced all complaints, and prevented all reflections. The gallant remnant of his army, who might with justice have upbraided him for the waste which had been made of their strength, and the distress they had been so unprofitably exposed to, seemed rather disposed to solicit his forgiveness for not having done more.

His last exploit in Egypt was the attack of the Turkish post at Aboukir, and here Fortune, whom he has almost converted into a goddess, seems indeed to have befriended him. Miot, one of his warmest admirers, asserts, that if the Turks, who were able to repulse the first assault upon their principal redoubt, had not sallied out, in the moment of success, in order to cut off the heads of the dead and wounded, according to their barbarous custom, and thus exposed themselves, in disorder, to the attack of a fresh column, the attempt would, in all probability, have been as fruitless as at Acre.

But one of the most singular events in the life of Bonaparte is his return to France in the year 1799. He had left it with forty thousand chosen troops, with twelve sail of the line, and all the means of esta-

* Nations of Italy, says the proclamation, the French army is come to break your chains. The French are the friends of the people in every country. Your religion, your customs, your property shall be respected. The nations of Italy may consider the French as their brothers, &c.

blishing a great and flourishing colony. The losses of the republic in the West-Indies were to be thus splendidly repaired; the sacred land of Egypt, the cradle of the arts and sciences, was to be rescued from the barbarians, who had so long oppressed its wretched inhabitants; commerce was to assume the direction which the hero of a former age had given it; and a mortal blow was to be inflicted upon England, in the destruction of its Indian empire. But how were these splendid prospects realized? He lost the whole of his fleet; he deserted the poor remains of his army, and returned, like Xerxes, after the battle of Salamis,* a poor fugitive in a single frigate. But the weakness and profligacy of the directory, and the extreme bad conduct of their agents and officers had so reduced the power of the republic, that the losses and disgraces of the East were overlooked and forgotten, and the geral, who might, in other circumstances, have been made amenable to a court martial, was received as a deliverer. The military hoped for an end to that disgrace which had lately obscured the glory of the French arms; and a party in the government were desirous to avail themselves of his resolute mind, and of his influence with the soldiers, in the execution of a plan which was to place the power of the republic in their hands, at the expense of their colleagues; but Napoleon and his brother Lucien were too cunning for the abbe Sieyes and the director Barras.

In violating the constitution, and destroying, by an armed force, that government which they had sworn to obey, they chose that the profit should be for themselves and followers; nor were the feelings of the nation such as might have been expected upon the occasion. They perhaps considered the conduct of their general as irregular, but they saw with pleasure power wrested from the grasp of unprincipled unqualified men, and hoped for a more equitable and lenient government in the hands of a gallant soldier, misled, to a certain degree, indeed, by ambition, but with none of those petty enmities to satisfy, or those vitious habits to indulge, which had marked the conduct of that race of inferior lawyers who, under the mask of republicanism, had so long oppressed them. His education, and the tenor of his earlier life, it was supposed, would have induced him to follow the example of Monk, in England. All ranks were gratified, meanwhile, by the splendid and decided success of the French arms, as soon as they were restored to his direction.

The changes which have since taken place are such as he could not possibly have foreseen or intended; but he has skilfully availed himself of every opportunity that offered to enlarge his power, and his

* Sed qualis rediit? nempe unâ nave, &c.

views having gradually expanded, and every caprice almost of his ambition having been successful, it is not improbable that he now considers Providence as having thrown the right, as well as the power of government into his hands.

It has been his policy to keep the nation engaged in war. This has gratified their military genius, and afforded them the sort of satisfaction they are most sensible of, while it has enabled him to provide for many needy followers and relations: for he makes as free in the distribution of the kingdoms and principalities of Europe as if they had descended to him from a long line of ancestors. He would have done better, I am persuaded, to have restored the ancient royal family (the establishment of a republican government was out of the question); but not having thought proper to do so, it is probable that he could no otherwise have preserved the nation from scenes of internal discord than by the assumption of sovereignty. Arbitrary power was become a necessary evil, and, every thing considered, it could not, perhaps, have been better placed. His domestic administration is, in many respects, deserving of praise, and his code, though liable to the charge of inconsistency, in retaining some ill-placed vestiges of democracy, is in general well adapted to the situation of the nation, and to the administration of justice; but the trial by jury has been abolished in all criminal cases, and the law which ordains that the prisoner should be examined in a certain time after his arrest, was forgotten as soon as made. Torture, too, though contrary to law, is said to be applied in private to enforce confession, and the agents of the government leave no means unessayed to blacken the reputation of those who are to be brought to trial. I have seen Moreau's name published in the Moniteur, at the head of a long list of traitors, who were in the pay of England to assassinate the first consul, the week before he was to be tried. The present code has put an end to the scandalous abuses of the republican law of divorce, and religion is again protected and encouraged; but neither the clergy nor the judges are sufficiently paid to render them respectable and independent.

His foreign enterprises, though seldom the result of any fair and liberal policy, are conducted with great ability; and when he deviates from generally received opinions in military affairs, he never fails, by his success, to remind one, if we may compare war to poetry, of those writers who, according to Pope,

> "Can snatch a grace beyond the reach of art."

Such too is the brilliancy of his name, and the overruling influence of a great reputation, that if he fails, if the event should even be disastrous in the extreme, as in Egypt, or at St. Domingo, if he violates his engagements, as in the case of Italy and Switzerland, his losses and

disappointments make no impression to his disadvantage. His want of good faith seems hardly noticed, and the world speaks only of his triumphs.

His guards are numerous and in the highest state of discipline, and his court the most brilliant, I am told, in Europe. Those who are permitted to appear at it, for there is by no means the indiscriminate crowd of former times, are most splendidly dressed, nor is he, with all his cares, indifferent to that circumstance. A lady, whose appearance he was not satisfied with, was, upon one occasion, ordered to withdraw; and it was owing to the humanity of the chamberlain in waiting, who ventured for once to deviate from a strict interpretation of the orders he had received, that she was not forced out in a contemptuous and disgraceful manner. A printed paper, more in the nature of a mandate than of an invitation, is sent to those whom he means to see at court upon great occasions. It was thus, after the battle of Austerlitz, and when great numbers were collected in the antichamber, they were instructed, by a sort of master of the ceremonies, how they were to conduct themselves. A bow or a courtesy was to be made at the door, on entering, another when opposite the throne, where sat the emperor and empress, in all the dignity of empire, and a third at the door of exit. Not a word was to be said, and, having been discharged, they were left to go round through the open space before the palace, and find their carriages as they could.

He eats and sleeps less than most men, and looks into every thing himself. It would be better, perhaps, for the prosperityof the empire, if he suffered certain sorts of business to devolve upon others, for there are subjects upon which he is universally allowed to be uninformed. He is said to understand neither finance nor trade, nor how best to encourage those manufactories he would wish most to promote. It was a considerable time before he could comprehend why his flotilla might not get to England, and he is at times singularly deficient in matters of general policy, and extremely impolitic in his conduct towards neutral nations.

He sometimes plays at cards for a moment, and now and then, in small family parties, is seen to dance; but then it is without any sort of pretension to fine steps, and like a man who dances for exercise and to promote digestion.

To his relations and followers he is liberal of that which does not belong to him, it is true; but of that which he might keep for himself, he does not, however, seem at all ambitious of acquiring a reputation for generosity.

I travelled into Italy, last year, a few weeks after him, and was desirous, as you may suppose, of listening to the multitude of little anecdotes his journey and passage of the Alps, previous to his Italian

coronation, had given rise to. The servants of the household always preceded, and prepared his meals; but the use of the rooms he occupied was sufficiently well paid for by a steward who attended. To the postillions and guides, however, many of whom had provided new clothes for the occasion, not a sixpence was given at the time, nor to the postmasters who furnished the horses; but a month or five weeks after there came a commissioner who settled all their demands, very justly indeed, but not in a way to abolish the unfavourable impression which had been already made, and from the funds of the department. It had been the same on his journey to Marengo and back again, nor did he ever deviate into any thing like generosity but in one instance, when a guide, having saved him from falling down a pricipice, was presented with a purse of fifty Louis d'ors. I ought in justice, however, to mention an anecdote of him upon this occasion, and the more so, as I can vouch for the truth of it. A lady of Geneva being upon a visit to her friends at Lyons, a little before the revolution, was told of a young Corsican who was confined by sickness in an upper room of the hotel Garni, where she lodged. All that the people of the house knew of him was, that he was an officer of artillery, that his name was Bonaparte, and that his purse was very slenderly furnished. Her charity, for charity is a virtue proper to Geneva, soon carried her to the sick man's bed side, and she had at length the satisfaction to see him so far restored as to set out for his regiment, with many expressions of gratitude for her maternal care, and many wishes that Fortune might ever enable him to testify his gratitude. On his coronation she wrote to him, and took occasion to mingle with her felicitations some account of her own situation, which the casualties of the times had rendered less prosperous than formerly, nor was she long without an answer. She received a very handsome letter, containing bank notes to the amount of four hundred pounds sterling, and very friendly assurances of immediate attention to any application which it might be convenient to her to make hereafter.

In his intended journeys from place to place he is always very secret, and, when once in motion, extremely expeditious, rather, I believe from peevishness and impatience than from any solicitude for the safety of his person, which is always sufficiently well guarded.

If his servants should suppose, from what they may have heard him say, that he was going to take an airing, and should make preparations for the purpose, he reprimands them, and orders his carriages put up, and perhaps orders them out again the moment after. He has even been known, upon such an occasion, to have invitations sent out, if they can be called invitations, for a ball, or a concert at court, and to set out on an excursion to the sea coast, and sometimes to a very dis-

tant part of his dominions, half an hour before the guests are expected. Those who accompany him upon such occasions know nothing of what is to be done, till they are told to get their hats and swords, and that the emperor is ready. On his return from a campaign or an excursion, no man presumes to know which of the imperial palaces he will drive to; but the keepers of all, from St. Cloud to Fontainbleau, must be ready for his reception. It offends him that any one should guess at his meaning, even in trifles, and he is extremely impatient of what in the least approaches an appearance of contradiction, and so suspicious of seeming to be governed, that those who wish to bring him over to any change of opinion, must use great circumspection. Mounier, a distinguished name in the earlier part of the revolution, who died the other day, was almost the only one of his counsellors who dared to differ from him, and this would render him at times outrageous and even abusive; but I find by the Moniteur, that he has provided very handsomely for Mounier's children.

In speaking of this extraordinary man, we ought always to bear in mind his singular elevation from so low an origin. No degree of good sense, perhaps, which heaven ever blessed an individual with, could have withstood so much flattery, so much success, so much of what the world call prosperity, such abject servility in those who were but a few years ago his equals, and such mean compliances in the neighbouring princes. We cannot be surprised, therefore, if Bonaparte should be among men, and with sovereigns, even what a bold and fractious child, who has never known restraint, is with other children. Had he lived some centuries ago, his flatterers might easily have persuaded him, that the name he had borne before his exaltation was by no means that which belonged to him. They would have traced his lineage to a much higher source, and have made him the son of Hercules or of Jupiter Ammon.

Notwithstanding his long established habits of dissimulation, for there are cases in which he condescends to dissemble, his prudence has sometimes so far forsaken him, that he has spoken contemptuously of the nation over whom he rules, and ridiculed their frequent changes of government. On its being once mentioned to him, as a reason for patronising the first production of an author, and for its having been thought proper to speak more favourably of him in a review, than his work, perhaps, intrinsically deserved, that the young man was of a family long distinguished in the annals of literature, "Why you would not surely," said the emperor, "carry your ideas of hereditary right so far! no, no, whatever we lose, let us, at least, preserve the republic of letters."

He is not a member of this more than of any other republic; he writes incorrectly, and in a very bad style,* and is far from being eloquent in speech. His sentences hang awkwardly together, and are produced by starts; there is something, nevertheless, which Plutarch might have quoted as worthy of a Spartan, in his answer to marshal Soult, at the battle of Austerlitz. "The marshal is embarrassed, sire," said the aid de camp, "at the superior force of Russians which is moving to attack him, and foresees that he may be obliged to shift his ground." "Tell Soult *I* foresee no such thing" was the answer. "He must die where he is."

He has no respect for the nation, as I have observed, nor have they any affection for him. Even his victories and acquisitions of territory and influence no longer flatter them. They seem to fear, and perhaps with reason, that France may sink at last to be a mere province in some great western empire, the plan of which appears every day to be more and more unfolded. Of the parties which divide the nation, the royalists cannot like, and the republicans and jacobins must hate him, while many others who are indifferent to the form of government, and would sacrifice a great deal for domestic security, complain bitterly of taxes, and groan under the loss of their children by the conscription. Others, again, feel hurt and offended at the elevation of several individuals whom they remember as equals, or perhaps inferiors, and they must all agree in deploring those measures which have led to the arbitrary and despotic government of a single person who was no way entitled to any such elevation.

A great deal more has been published of him than could well be known. Great allowances, too, ought to be made for the resentment of those whom he has injured, and the jealousy and malignity of others. I believe, however, that, like the emperor Valentinian, whom he is not unlike in fortune and character, he is frequently more apt to indulge the furious emotions of temper, than to consult the dictates of reason and magnanimity. The expressions which he gives vent to on those occasions are not, indeed, quite as fatal to the object of his anger as those of Valentinian. He does not call out "Strike off his head; burn

* I have seen several productions of his which would not bear criticism; but the following letter, which was addressed to the widow of admiral B—— after the battle of Aboukir, gives a very good idea of his style: Je sens vivement votre douleur. Le moment qui nous separe de l'objet que nous aimons est terrible. Il nous isole de la terre; il fait éprouver au corps les convulsions de l'agonie; les facultés de l'ame sont aneanties; elle ne conserve de relation avec l'univers qu'au travers d'un cauchemar qui altere tout. Les hommes paroissent plus froids, plus egoistes, plus méchants, plus odieux qu'ils ne le sont réellement. L'on sent dans cette situation que si rien ne nous obligeoit a la vie il vaudroit beaucoup mieux mourir. Mais lorsque apres cette premiere pensée l' on presse ses enfans contre son cœur, des larmes, des sentimens tendres raniment la Nature, et l'on vit pour ses enfans, &c. See Pieces officielles de l'armée d'Egypte.

him to death; beat him with a club till he expires;" but he is passionate, and, in such moments, he spares no opprobrious epithet which a life for the most part spent in camps has brought him acquainted with, and his ministers are said sometimes to bear the marks of his displeasure, as in the good old times of the czar Peter. There is a humble civility of demeanor, too, in his menial servants which indicates a strict and regular master; but he has been singularly attentive to all his relations, and respectful towards his mother. He had a great deal of trouble with them all when he was first forming his court, and spared no pains to have them instructed in every sort of regal etiquette, the memory of which had been retained by a few old attendants of the exiled family, who had survived the revolution. His sisters are said to have provoked him extremely, upon these occasions, by their indocility, and by their sometimes laughing when they should have gravely taken their lessons; but the empress, who had formerly lived at court, has more easily assumed the manners proper to her high station, and plays her part to perfection. She is said to be always affable and generous where she can, and as she dresses to advantage, there are times when she is still a pretty woman; being no longer exposed to the temptation of gaming and to various sorts of extravagance, she is much better spoken of than during the consular government, when her custom was one of the greatest misfortunes that could befal a milliner or shopkeeper of any sort, and her stopping at a house in travelling a very serious calamity to the owners of it. Scandal, which, for a time, made so very free with her name, now leaves her unmolested; nor is it very busy with the emperor, who, in deviating into some irregularities, has been merely biassed, I am persuaded, by the desire of appearing what the world had been accustomed to in persons of his rank, like Mr. Jourdain, in the Bourgeoise Gentilhomme, who, wishing it to be forgotten that he had ever kept a shop, was desirous of giving concerts on a Wednesday, as he was told all the nobility did.

I have seen two of his brothers: Joseph, whom he is endeavouring to make king of Naples, and Louis, for whom he is looking about for a settlement. They are said to be, both of them, men of unambitious tempers and domestic habits. Joseph lives with great magnificence in the country, but has not showed himself much in Paris this winter, and has never been as happy, perhaps, as when his hopes of fortune were built upon a contract for supplying the cavalry with saddles. He is said to be a man of sound judgment, and very much relied upon by his brother; the other is a slender sickly-looking man, with a solemn and thoughtful countenance. He has been deprived of the use of his right arm by a stroke of the palsy, is unfit for any active pursuits, and would gladly, I believe, lead a life of retirement. Lucien, who has acted a

distinguished part in the revolution, I have never seen. Having amassed vast sums of money when in power, he has lived for some time at a distance from court, but in the style of a prince. He has never, it is said, approved of Napoleon's usurpation, nor would he consent to be divorced from his wife, to whom the other had taken an objection, on the score of character, or of former connexions. When pressed upon this subject, he not only resolutely refused, but threw out some reflections upon the choice which his brother had made of a companion for life, adding, that he believed the emperor took him for a Frenchman. There are several sisters of the family; but the only one I have seen is madame Murat, who is handsome, with a great deal of the Napoleon character, however, in her face. The princess Louis has nothing distinguished in her appearance; but seems good natured. It was at a meeting of the corps legislatif that I saw these ladies together with the empress. They were seated in a box immediately in front of the emperor, and at the foot of his statue, which, with less observance of propriety than is usual in this land of taste, is placed opposite to the throne, and in a costume that partakes more of the gladiator than of the emperor.

The hall has the air of a handsome theatre, with what might be the pit and boxes thrown into one, for the accommodation of the senate, the legislative body, and the tribunate. Above is a gallery for spectators, and in the centre, facing it, is a small recess, in the nature of a stage, where the throne was placed, with room for a dozen or more persons about it.

The speech which the emperor delivered was such as you have seen it in the papers. It was replete with eulogiums on the army, nor was it less expressive of his high sense of the proofs of affection given him by the whole French nation. It contained also a wish for peace, even with England, and breathed a dreadful spirit of enmity against the queen of Naples, whom he threatened with the full weight of his implacable vengeance. He added, for the information of his faithful subjects, that a few ships had been lost in consequence of a tempest at the conclusion of an action, which had been very imprudently hazarded against superior numbers. This speech, though short, he read, and, to appearance, with some difficulty, without once removing his eyes from the paper, and without any action, except a motion of the hand when he spoke of the queen of Naples. He seemed, in short, far otherwise than I am told he is upon the field of battle. He was agitated, I observed, and he breathed with difficulty, and, whether oppressed with the splendor which surrounded him, or out of patience at the tediousness of the ceremony, there was a mixed expression of anger and of sorrow very strongly marked upon his countenance. I do

not think that in the whole course of my life I ever saw a countenance which held out less encouragement to any one who might be disposed to ask a favour from, or throw himself upon the mercy of another. I now felt more forcibly than I had yet done in France, the blessing of being born in a free country, and as we looked down upon the plumes which waved below, it had the appearance of some splendid exhibition at the opera, while the emperor, in his Spanish dress, received with shouts of applause and the clapping of hands, and saluted again in the same manner when he had finished speaking, instead of conveying to my mind any idea of regal dignity, made me think rather of some favourite actor in Richard III, nor would the expressions which Smollet applies to this valiant usurper of the crown of England, be inapplicable on the present occasion.—" If one could forget the danger of the precedent in so flagrant a usurpation, it might be confessed that Richard was, in many respects most eminently qualified to reign. He had courage, capacity, and knowledge; and he enacted wise laws and salutary regulations: but he was dark, silent, reserved, selfish, and cruel, a stranger to every soft emotion, and perfect in the arts of dissimulation. His ruling passion was ambition, and, in the gratification of this, he could trample upon any law, either human or divine; or commit any crime which, even at a hasty view, seemed necessary for his purpose."

I had liked his appearance much better a few days before, on the parade at the Carousel, where his horse, as Comines says of Charles VIII, gave a dignity to his air not unworthy the conqueror of Marengo and Austerlitz. These parades occur very frequently when he is in Paris, and draw an immense crowd, as if it were a novelty to see five or six thousand men under arms. The troops perform no evolutions, on these occasions, but remain in their ranks, while the emperor either rides or walks about, inspecting every thing, from the harnessing of the flying artillery to the cravat of a conscript. The soldiers are, for the most part, young men and very much of a size. There was nothing to be admired in their marching; but I was struck with their silence and their general air of obedience. The officers, on the contrary, make an appearance in which more of the national character is perceivable. They are frequently handsome, but seem to put on as fierce a look as possible, and have a certain semi-barbarian smartness in the size of their hats, in the manner of wearing their sash, and in the display of their whole person. This may do very well in the field, but it seems to unfit them for society, which has so far gained by the change, if half what we have heard be true, of the dissolute lives and seducing arts of their predecessors. A French officer is now dangerous only on the frontiers and to the enemy. At home he forms one of

a class apart, which does not aspire to be ever seen in good company. The pay of the common men is still only five sous a day, with a ration of bread and wine. They are allowed no meat, except when in active service.

What surprised me most, at the only review I was present, was to perceive the numbers of people who burst through the guards, in order to present their petitions. The emperor received them very graciously, and gave the petitions to a person who followed him with a large bag for that purpose.

Heaven alone knows what will be the end of this extraordinary man. He has great abilities unquestionably, nor are his talents for war unaccompanied by many such as could best fit him for the arts of peace. "Rising from a private station, and covering his designs under seeming obedience to a government which he has trampled upon, when it ceased to promote his views, he has served all parties patiently for a while, and commanded them all victoriously at last. He has overrun every corner of Europe, and subdued, with equal ease, the poverty of the north and the riches of the south. He has made for himself a station among princes, and is not only adopted as a brother, but counted as a superior by these gods of the earth."*

But how has mankind been benefited by these phenomena which have risen up from among them? The pride of a great and gallant nation is humbled by the ascendency which their own servant has proudly assumed over them. Those barriers which separated one kingdom from another, and which served to secure the repose of the other nations of Europe, have been broken down; a wider field is now opened for the range of Ambition at the expense of the human race; and a death-stroke has been given to Liberty in every corner of the continent. Neither morality, meanwhile, nor religion, nor science, nor any useful art, has been promoted by those victories and that success which have been so much extolled; and *that* name which might have been transmitted to future ages with the blessings of a grateful posterity, will serve only, as Johnson says of Charles XII,

"To point a moral and adorn a tale."

* Hume of Cromwell.

BIOGRAPHY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF GENERAL HORATIO GATES.

*Concluded from page 484, vol. II.*

GATES was in a private station, residing on his farm in Virginia, in June, seventeen hundred and eighty. The low state of their affairs in the southern districts induced congress, on the thirteenth of that month, to call him to the chief command in that quarter. The state of affairs in Pennsylvania, Jersey, and New-York, afforded sufficient employment for Washington, and Gates being the next in rank and reputation, was resorted to as the last refuge of his suffering country.

The efforts of the British in the southern states had been very strenuous and successful. Charleston, the chief city, had been taken. All the American detachments, collected with great difficulty, easily dissolved by their own fears, ill furnished with arms, and unqualified for war, by inexperience and want of discipline, were instantly overwhelmed and dispersed by the well-equipped cavalry of Tarleton, and the veterans of Rawdon and Cornwallis. The American leaders were famous for their valour, perseverance, and activity; but these qualities would not supply the place of guns, and of hands to manage them. At this crisis Gates took the command of that miserable remnant which bore the name of the southern army, and which mustered about fifteen hundred men. A very numerous and formidable force existed in the promises of North-Carolina and Virginia. The paper armies of the new states always made a noble appearance. All the muniments of war overflowed the skirts of these armies; but, alas! the field was as desolate as the paper estimate was full. The promised army proved to be only one tenth of the stipulated number, and assembled at the scene of action long after the fixed time. The men were destitute of arms and ammunition, and scantily supplied both with the patriotism and courage of true soldiers.

Two modes of immediate action were proposed. One was to advance into the country possessed by the enemy, by a road somewhat circuitous, but which would supply the army with accommodations and provisions. Gates was averse to dilatory measures. He was, perhaps, somewhat misled by the splendid success which had hitherto attended him. He was anxious to come to action immediately, and to terminate the war by a few bold and energetic efforts. He therefore resolved to collect all the troops into one body, and to meet the enemy as soon as possible. Two days after his arrival in camp he began his march by the most direct road. This road, unfortunately, led through a barren country, in the hottest and most unwholesome season of the year.

During this march all the forebodings of those who preferred a different track were amply fulfilled. A scanty supply of cattle, found nearly wild in the woods, was their principal sustenance, while bread or flour was almost wholly wanting, and when we add to a scarcity of food the malignity of the climate and the season, we shall not wonder that the work of the enemy was anticipated in the destruction of considerable numbers by disease. The perseverance of Gates, in surmounting the obstacles presented by piny thickets and dismal swamps, deserves praise, however injudicious the original choice of such a road may be thought by some. In this course he effected a junction with some militia of North-Carolina, and with a detachment under Porterfield.

He finally took possession of Clermont, whence the British commander, lord Rawdon, had previously withdrawn. That general prepared, by collecting and centering his forces in one body, to overwhelm him in a single battle. Lord Rawdon was posted with his forces at Camden. After some deliberation, the American leader determined to approach the English, and expose himself to the chance of a battle.

Rumour had made the numbers of the Americans much greater than they really were in the imagination of the British. Cornwallis himself hastened to the scene of action,

and, though mustering all his strength for this arduous occasion, could not bring above two thousand effective men into the field. Nineteen, however, out of twenty of these were veterans of the most formidable qualifications. With the reenforcement of seven hundred Virginian militia and some other detachments, Gates's army did not fall short of four thousand men. A very small portion of these were regular troops, while the rest were a wavering and undisciplined militia, whose presence was rather injurious than beneficial.

Notwithstanding his inferiority of numbers, Cornwallis found that a retreat would be more pernicious than a battle under the worst auspices; and he himself, on the sixteenth of August, prepared to attack his enemy. General Gates had taken the same resolution at the same time; and the adverse forces came to an engagement in which the Americans suffered a defeat. The loss of the battle was ascribed with reason to the cowardice and unskilfulness of the militia. Among these the rout and confusion was absolute and irretrievable, and Gates had the singular fortune of conducting the most prosperous and the most disastrous of the military enterprises in this war.

Here was a dismal reverse in the life of Gates. His prosperous scale sunk at Camden as fast as it had mounted at Saratoga. There had been a difference of opinion as to the best road to the theatre of action, and the hardships and diseases which one party had foretold would infest the road which he took, actually exceeded what was menaced. A battle lost against half the number, in circumstances where the vanquished army was taken, in some degree, by surprise, would not fail to suggest suspicions as to the caution or discernment of the general.

Gates continued in command till October the fifth in the same year, about fifty days after the disaster at Camden. In this interval he had been busily employed in repairing the consequences of that defeat, and was now reposing for the winter. He was, on that day, however, displaced, and subjected to the inquiry of a special court. This inquiry was a

a tedious one, but terminated finally in the acquittal of the general. He was reinstated in his military command in the year seventeen hundred and eighty-two. In the meantime, however, the great scenes of the southern war, especially the capture of Cornwallis, had past. Little room was afforded to a new general to gather either laurels or henbane. A particular detail of those transactions in which he was concerned exceeds the limits prescribed to this hasty sketch. In like manner we are unable to digest that voluminous mass of letters, evidences, and documents by which the resolution of congress, in favour of his conduct at Camden, was dictated.

The capture of Cornwallis, which produced such grand and immediate consequences, swallowed up the memory of all former exploits, and whatever sentence the impartial historian may pronounce on the comparative importance of the capture of Burgoyne, and the surrender of Cornwallis, to the national welfare, or to the merit of the leaders, the people of that time could not hearken to any such parallel. They swam in joy and exultation, and the hero of York-town was alike with congress and with people the only saviour of his country.

If Cornwallis was encompassed with insuperable obstacles to retreat when his situation became desperate, and all sources of new supply of provision were exhausted; if he was surrounded by enemies more numerous than his own troops, such likewise were the circumstances of Burgoyne, and which ensured the assailants a victory in both cases. In Burgoyne's case these obstacles to retreat were partly forest and morass, but chiefly consisted in the caution and labour of Schuyler and of Gates. The mounds which enclosed Cornwallis consisted entirely of a formidable fleet of a foreign power, and the greater part of his assailants were foreign auxiliaries. Gates completed the destruction of his adversary, already half executed by his own folly, and by the skill and diligence of Gates's predecessors; but that plan by which Cornwallis was plunged into a desperate situation,

was wholly digested by the wisdom of Washington. Cornwallis's surrender was the signal for peace, which every one recognised as soon as it was displayed; but the event at Saratoga, as to its influence on the event of the war, might be a topic of endless dispute.

A second mysterious and delicate transaction of this war, was the conduct of the officers at the close of it. They demanded payment of their wages in arrear, but this being quite impossible, they threatened that vengeance which their military union had put in their power. Thus the thoughtful observer, who foresaw in this revolution nothing but the usual course, from a well regulated government to a military usurpation, imagined the next step in such a progress was already at hand. He overlooked, however, the character of the great leader, who added to the perseverance of Cromwell and the magnanimity of Cæsar the integrity of the wisest and best of men.

The secret history of this conspiracy would be very curious, and either the enemies or friends of Gates would find something of importance to his character. Yet nice and arduous indeed would be the task of exhibiting that something to the public. The author must be silent on this subject, from a sense of justice, which will not suffer him to act upon his own imperfect knowledge, in a case where any decision must be of the utmost consequence to the fame of a *great* man, *dead*.*

* I have often been surprised to observe that in an age where the facilities of writing and publishing are so great, there should be so few books of the most valuable kind. The memoirs of great men, written by themselves. In times of revolution the number of such men multiply, and in other cases they write and publish by thousands; but in our revolution where can such a performance be found? Excepting slight and contemptible specimens of *self-written* memoirs, I recollect none. The letters of Washington are precious relics indeed, and the letters of all official characters would be valuable beyond estimation. These, indeed, will become of popular value in time; and immense collections of letters will be rescued from the bottoms of moul-

When the revolution was completed Gates retired to his plantation in Virginia. We are unacquainted with the particulars of his domestic economy; but have reason to infer that it was eminently mild and liberal, since seven years afterwards, when he took up his final residence in New-York, he gave freedom to his slaves. Instead of turning these miserable wretches to the highest profit, he made provision for the old and infirm, while several of them testified their attachment to him by remaining in his family. In the characteristic virtue of planters, hospitality, Gates had no competitor, and his reputation may well be supposed to put that virtue to a hard test. He purchased, in the neighbourhood of New-York, a spacious house, with valuable ground, for the life of himself and his wife, and here, with few exceptions, he remained for the rest of his life.

No wonder that the military leaders in the revolution should aspire to the enjoyment of its civil honours afterwards. The war was too short to create a race of mere soldiers. The merchants and lawyers who entered the army became merchants and lawyers again, and had lost none of their primitive qualifications for administering the civil government. Gates, however, was a singular example among the officers of high rank. His original profession was a soldier, and disabled him from acquiring the capacity suitable to the mere magistrate and senator. During twenty-three years he was only for a short time in a public body. In the year 1800 he was elected to the New-York legislature in consequence of a critical balance of the parties in that state,

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dy trunks, and make their journey to public libraries. Even manuscript memoirs of that period must start into life in the course of centuries; but in the meantime what havoc will be made among them by the policy, carelessness, or ignorance of families! Thirty years have not been sufficient to give this value to the records of the revolution, and the hand of Time is brushing fast into oblivion the only documents connected with the revolution which are of most value. The only genuine testimonies to the truth of events.

and withdrew again into private life as soon as the purpose for which he was elected was gained.

Gates was a zealous partizan; but he was, as a man of ambition, so far unfortunate, that his party was a minor part of the nation, and consequently excluded from office and emolument. When the national government was formed, a grand schism took place, known by the names of federalists and anti-federalists. The French revolution added new bitterness and new topics of dissention to this division. The former outnumbering the latter, administered the government for several years, and hence Gates enjoyed less general consideration than his former rank and services certainly entitled him to claim. With a very large part of the people his former services and merits were no atonement for his present political offences. And, seeing all things through the eyes of faction, his political creed was as derogatory to his understanding as to his morals. This is not a time or place to draw a minute portrait of his character. We can only say, in general, that he had a handsome person, tending to corpulence in the middle of life; remarkably courteous to all; and carrying good humour sometimes beyond the nice limit of dignity. He is said to have received a classical education, and not to have entirely neglected that advantage in after life. To science, literature, or erudition, however, he made no pretensions; but gave indisputable marks of a social, amiable and benevolent disposition. He had two wives, the last of whom, who still survives him, he brought from Virginia. She has been much admired for her manners and conversation. He died without posterity at his customary abode near New-York, on the tenth of April 1806, after having counted a long series of seventy-eight years.*

* Respect for the reader obliges the writer of the above performance to mention as an apology for some of its defects, that a greater part was written when sickness disabled him from consulting books or holding the pen.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THE MINERALOGIST, NO. I.

THE importance of mineralogical research in America, must be evident to every one who has the welfare of his country at heart. To the artist it is obviously of primary importance at the present juncture. Many of the metals, heretofore supplied by Europe are scarce and dear, and many are not to be procured at any rate. To the man of education and leisure, this science presents a never-failing source of instruction and amusement; he acquires an accuracy in determining the external character of things, and by making himself acquainted with the matter of which this earth is composed, he will be induced to extend his researches, in order to acquire a knowledge of the more extensive relation of minerals. Although many persons through the medium of ignorance view the study of mineralogy, as an insignificant and easily acquired branch of science, the time, I hope, is not far distant, when such pretenders will sink into deserved contempt. The few researches that have been made, and the success with which they have been crowned, should stimulate our ambition, to explore the hidden paths of mineralogical America.

As far as our inquiries have extended, we have met with earthy substances and metals, resembling (both in their chymical combination and geognosy) those found in European countries. Gold, iron, lead, zinc, copper, some varieties of arsenical ores, and chrome, on which last mentioned ore a set of experiments are now performing, in order to obtain its combinations (so necessary to the painter) which in a short time may be procured here, at the same rate as in London and Paris. From these circumstances we may fairly infer that other valuable metals may be found in America.

The naturalist in the third number, volume II, of The Port Folio, asserts that *native* antimony exists in this coun-

try, and rests his assertion upon its frequent occurrence in many parts of Europe; I presume he means the *sulphuret*, not the *native* antimony, as this never occurs in quantity and in but few localities; it is said to have been found in Andreasburg, in the Hartz, and on the mountains of Chalalanches in Dauphiny, the unfrequency of its occurrence renders it of little importance than to adorn the cabinet of the mineralogist. The radiated gray antimony (*mine d'antimoine grise* of Hauy) which is a *sulphuret*, and from which the pure metal is obtained, is that employed in the fabrication of types, &c. Its striking resemblance to the sulphuret of antimony of the shops, is such, that unless it is accompanied with its matrix, it is next to impossible to distinguish them. This similarity renders persons unacquainted with it liable to imposition; I would therefore recommend to those whose interest it is, to beware the cheat, as an apothecary of this city (who should have known better) was deceived by its resemblance to black lead.

That the substance mentioned by Mr. Thompson, and which on attempting to melt, was volatilized, cannot from that circumstance be supposed to have been the ore in question, is evident; as many other ores, especially sulphurets, exhibit the same phenomena on exposure to heat; some species of martial pyrites and blende, each resembling antimony in some of their external characters, are volatilized, by an increase of temperature; thus the ore described by Mr. Thompson might have been a sulphuret of iron, or zinc, or arsenic, instead of antimony. I do not mean, by these observations, to damp the ardor of the explorator, but to place him on his guard, by showing him how easily he may be deceived. That the opinion of the "Naturalist" may prove to be correct, by the actual discovery of antimony, is a circumstance "devoutly to be wish'd," but I place very little reliance upon the information he details, save that of the specimen presented to the mineralogist, whose knowledge cannot be doubted. So many impositions have been played off, that I am sceptical as to the information of

any person, who has not a competent knowledge of the subject; and I fear that colonel Mooring and Mr. Thompson were deceived; for a circumstance of so much importance to the individual, and the public, could not have remained enveloped in obscurity to this day.

For the government of those who are unacquainted with the determinate characters of antimonial ore, I will subjoin a short account of that which is most commonly found, and from which the antimony of commerce is obtained.

Its geognostic situation is always in veins, both in primitive and transition mountains, it is generally accompanied with one or more of the following ores: lead glance, martial pyrites, sulphuret of zinc and arsenic, and with carbonate of lime and quartz. Its colour is generally a light lead gray, and it not unfrequently displays a tempered steel-coloured tarnish, its fracture is brilliant, and exhibits a broad or narrow stallitece radiation, it is a degree harder than black lead, and like it, flies off in small particles when cut with a knife, it is easily melted, and emits a sulphureous smell, accompanied with white smoke; if its external characters should be insufficient to develop it, let a small quantity of the ore be dissolved in nitric acid; into the solution, pour rain or river water, if it is antimony, a considerable white precipitate will be formed.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## DISCOVERY OF A REAL AND ENTIRE MAMMOTH.

THE account of this interesting discovery is given by a Mr. Adams, an Englishman, long resident at St. Petersburg, whose love of science was not to be controled by dangers and difficulties, and all the horrors of a distant journey to the frozen regions of Asiatic Russia. Having remained a few days at Jakousk on the river Lena, and provided him-

self with recommendatory letters to the agents of government, and to some wealthy traders in fur, whom the love of gain keeps wandering for years on the borders of the Frozen Ocean, in the most uncomfortable of all climates, he proceeded to descend the river, sometimes in boats, and sometimes on a reindeer, which he describes as the most disagreeable substitute for a horse he was ever condemned to. The people inhabiting those wild regions where the Lena falls into the sea, call themselves Tongoux, and their country Angerdam. To the north of the embouchure is an Istmus, which, though faintly marked on our maps, is of considerable extent, and here it is usual for the neighbouring tribes to assemble during the short summer they are favoured with in quest of fish, and of mammoth teeth, or horns, (they may be called either) which are frequently found scattered upon the strand. It was in one of these excursions that a Tongoux chief, called Soumachoff, perceived in the summer of 1799, an unknown mass, incased toward the upper extremity of a block of ice, which had been thrown ashore, and left by the waves. In the succeeding summer he could distinguish one side, and afterwards the feet of an animal of great size, which he soon conjectured to be the mammoth, but on his return home to communicate the good news, the seers of the tribe alarmed him by denouncing the vengeance of heaven, if he proceeded any further in his enterprise. A similar monster had appeared but once before, they said, and all who had presumed to examine it, and thus pry into the secrets of nature, had fallen victims to a contagious disorder; as all wisdom and all power of communication with the gods in these barbarous countries resides in a few old men, Soumachoff reproached himself with his impiety, and had nearly died of a violent illness, with which he was shortly after seized. Finding himself alive however at the end of five years, and that his hunting and fishing excursions had been more than usually successful, he determined to pursue his projects in defiance of the seers. It fortunately happened too, that the interval of summer having been longer than usual in the year 1804, the ice immediately about the mammoth was melted, and the body of the animal, being extricated from the case where it had been, for many centuries probably, contained, and impelled by its enormous weight, rolled down upon the strand below, where Soumachoff and his friends were assembled; delighted with their prize, they immediately proceeded to saw off the teeth, which weighed upwards of four hundred pounds, and were sold for fifty roubles, and the carcass was then abandoned to those who chose to feed their dogs with it, and to the wild beasts of the desert.

It was two years after this, in the year 1806, that Mr. Adams arrived at the spot, where the skeleton of the animal covered by the hide was still extended. His first care was to have the hide taken off,

and the united efforts of ten men were necessary to drag it along, and stretch it open to the sun. He then separated the bones in such a manner as to be able to put them together again, and returned after a few excursions into the neighbouring country, which he has related in a very interesting manner, perfectly repaid, he says, for all the fatigue he had undergone, and the expense he had incurred. The mammoth in question appears to have been nine feet high, and fourteen feet in length, with a long and shaggy mane, but with no tail as the elephant has, and differing in some other less important particulars from that animal; they are probably varieties of one species; the bones of its head weighed four hundred and fifty pounds. I shall conclude the very imperfect extract I have given of Mr. Adams's account in his own words: "On comparing the mammoth in my possession with the description of the one discovered near New-York, there appears to be a considerable difference between them: this last, to judge by the indication of its teeth, must have been a carniverous animal, which was not the case with mine; the thick fur of mine would imply that it had been a native of the colder regions, but still it would be difficult to conceive how it became incased in ice. As to the remains of mammoths which have been discovered in the southern parts of Europe, the probability is, that they have been transported there at a very distant period by the violence of some great inundation." It is added in a note, that Mr. Adams proposes to sell his skeleton of a mammoth, and to apply the proceeds to the expenses of an excursion which he hopes to make to the islands of Jachou and of Sichou, not without some expectation of finding there a part of the American continent.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THE TABLE D'HOTE.—NO. II.

### *Aversion to Matrimony.*

MANY of the young females in Greenland have such a deep-rooted abhorrence to matrimony, that when they are much importuned by suitors, and are afraid of the compulsory interference of their parents, they elope into the woods, and cut off their hair. The disgrace attendant on the loss of this elegant ornament of the head, is so great in that island, that it effectually secures them from further importunity, by

scaring away their lovers. Our American ladies cannot be charged with such an odious violation of the first and most imperious command issued by the Almighty, in the twenty-eighth verse of the first chapter of Genesis.

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*Education epitomized.*

THERE are numberless books extant on the subject of education, and many of them possessed of very considerable merit. I have, however, lately met with two lines of a venerable old writer, which appear to me to embrace the quintessence of the moral education of children. They are in a work of great merit, which is very scarce, a copy whereof is to be found in our city library. It is called "Introductio ad Prudentiam—by Thomas Fuller." Be it observed, that although the title is in Latin, the work is in English. The lines are—"Let your *first* lesson to your children be OBEDIENCE. The *second* may be *what you please.*" I should consider it an affront to the reader's understanding to suppose a comment necessary.

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*A cruel fair one.*

PERHAPS a more wanton exposure of the life of a brave man, and a faithful lover, has never occurred, than in the case I subjoin. In the reign of Francis I, M. de Lorges, a man of great merit, paid his addresses for a considerable time to a young lady, by whom they were favourably received. The lovers were present at a fight of lions, given on some grand occasion by the monarch. The lady, with a hideous degree of levity, folly, and cruelty, threw her glove into the arena, and told her lover, if his affection for her was sincere, he must go and bring it to her. Without a moment's hesitation, he undauntedly descended—put his cap over one hand—and took his sword in the other. Very fortunately the lions made no attempt to molest him; and he was therefore enabled to obey the hard-hearted fair without injury. When he returned, he threw the glove at her with a high degree of resentment for the wanton and unfeeling manner in which she had exposed his life to such imminent hazard. He never renewed his suit.

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*A striking contrast.*

To the preceding story I shall furnish a very remarkable and striking contrast. About the beginning of the last century, when it was fashionable in Spain for gentlemen of the first respectability to take a part in the bull fights, as a point of honour, a young cavalier having learned that a number of the most ferocious bulls of the mountains were to be exhibited at a bull feast, resolved to engage with one of them in honour of a young lady, to whom he was betrothed. She

used every possible means to prevent him—begged, prayed, and implored. It was all in vain. He was inflexibly determined to carry his purpose into execution. On the day appointed, he advanced into the arena, and had hardly begun the attack, when an elegant stripling rushed in and stepped between him and the bull. In a few minutes the bold assailant received a mortal wound, and in falling discovered so much of the visage, as satisfied the distressed cavalier that it was his beloved fair one, who in the fruitless attempt to rescue him from destruction, had fallen a victim herself. He then made a still more desperate attack upon the bull, which he killed—but in the combat received several mortal wounds. He was taken away, and laid in the same chamber with the faithful but unfortunate fair. They were both consigned to one common grave.

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*Sense and understanding.*

THERE appears considerable confusion in the use of these terms. They are sometimes employed as if they were synonimous—but generally as conveying meanings very different. The latter, I believe, is the correct mode.

So far from their being synonimous, or the possession of the one quality implying the co-existence of the other, I am persuaded that the instances of persons being endowed with the one, and being nearly or totally devoid of the other, are much more numerous than those in which they are combined together.

I have in vain sought in Piozzi's British Synonimy, for any explanation that would reflect light upon the subject.

By sense is implied that sober quality, which is sometimes styled prudence, or discretion, and whose operations are principally directed to just opinions, and correct conduct, in the common affairs of life. It is likewise termed good sense, and common sense.

Understanding is a faculty of a higher order. It implies considerable intellectual endowments—quick perceptions—nice discrimination —brilliant imagination, &c. &c.

To exemplify this theory. A man may not only possess intellectual powers of the first class, but have those powers cultivated to the highest degree by education, and intercourse with society—he may be profoundly skilled in all the arts and sciences—be a first rate poet and painter—be equal as an orator to Demosthenes, Cicero, Chatham, Burke, or Curran—and yet be so totally void of *sense*, as to render himself not merely ridiculous, but contemptible. He may, in fine, exemplify what the witty Rochester wrote of Charles II:

> "Who never *said* a foolish thing—
> And never *did* a wise one."

Let us examine the other side of the question. There are numbers of men to be found, who are not only ignorant of all the arts and sciences, but by nature totally incapable of acquiring them—whose perceptions are to the last degree dull—who cannot write twenty connected lines on any plain subject in the humblest prose—who can hardly discriminate between blank verse and rhyme, or between a drawing and an engraving—and some of whom can neither read nor write—and who nevertheless in all the affairs of the world, display so much of that valuable quality, sense, as not only seldomer never to render themselves ridiculous, but to pass through the world with esteem and respect.

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*Duelling.*

THE great increase of the practice of duelling has very justly excited considerable indignation in the public mind, and called forth the interference of some of our legislatures, and other public bodies of men, in the hope, may it not be vain! of arresting its further progress. Society ought to frown down the perpetrators of this outrage upon all laws, human and divine. Among the victims to the perverted idea of honour, which is the parent of duelling, may be enumerated some of the most valuable men this country has produced. It is not long since, there were accounts in a single gazette of three duels, two of them fatal.

The reader will doubtless learn with horror, that in the reign of Henry IV of France, which extended to twenty-one years, no less than four thousand persons were murdered in France in this summary mode. So predominant was the rage for duelling at that era, that a gentleman who had never fought a duel, was but lightly esteemed in the fashionable world. And the horrible infatuation extended so far, that he who had killed three, or four, or five, was in much higher reputation, than he who had only killed one or two.

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*Extravagance in attire.*

MARGARET of Navarre, who was married to Philip II of Spain, was so passionately fond of variety of dress, that she never wore a suit of clothes more than once. When she took them off at night, she presented them to some of her attendants. Her cheapest dress cost her from three to four hundred crowns.

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*Fashion.*

Of the despotism of fashion, I have never met with a stronger instance than the following. Madame de Fontanges, mistress to Louis XIV, invented a sort of head-dress that was of the most towering

height, and encumbered with some of the most extravagant ornaments. It spread at court like wildfire, and in a few days had gained a complete victory over all its competitors. Louis, as every one acquainted with his history knows, was a most absolute prince, and generally his will or wish was the sovereign law of the land. But this fashion set him at defiance: for though he expressed an extreme degree of dislike to it, the ladies retained it for a considerable time, and it was not finally expelled till the countess of Shaftesbury, the lady of the English ambassador, ridiculed it so successfully, that it was obliged to take flight. Louis was very considerably mortified, that after having completely baffled him, it was defeated by a foreign lady.

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*Tenacity of the vital principle.*

Our surprise is very frequently excited by the most extraordinary escapes of individuals from frightful dangers, and the most tremendous accidents. There are men to be met with, each of whom has undergone as much corporal injury as has sufficed to hurry half a dozen, or a dozen others, to "that country from whose bourne no traveller returns." There is at present in Lexington, Kentucky, a most remarkable instance of this kind. John R. Shaw, a well-digger, besides having experienced a great number of other accidents and misfortunes, has been four times blown up and miserably mangled in blasting rocks in the line of his profession. He has actually lost one eye, four fingers, one thumb, and seven toes. I annex an extract from the statement published by Dr. Fishback, of the fourth accident, to convey an idea to the reader of the lamentable havoc that was made upon him. "The skull was fractured upon the frontal bone, a little to the right of its middle, and just below the edge of the hair. In consequence of a very considerable depression, it became necessary to trepan the part, by which a great number of small pieces of bone were taken out, and the depression entirely removed. The bone forming the wall of the external corner of the left eye, was likewise broken, which was also removed. His right shin bone was very much shattered. The left arm was fractured in one place, with the loss of two fingers, and the rest very much bruised. His right arm was broken in two places, one just above the wrist, and the other at the elbow, with a considerable injury of the hand. The skin upon the breast and stomach was very much bruised and cut; from which I inferred he was leaning over the blast. His mouth, nose, skin of the face, eyes and head, were exceedingly wounded. Having several years before lost the use of his right eye, but little hopes remained, should he recover, of his ever enjoying the advantage of sight again, as the surface of the remaining eye was considerably bruised and torn by a number of small pieces of stone. In addition to the above, his face was enormously swelled, and covered with blood,

gunpowder, and dirt, so that it was utterly impossible to recognize the lineaments of John R. Shaw."

It must be agreeable information to the reader to state that this mangled object has quite recovered, and still follows his profession. He has lately written and published his life and adventures, wherein are to be found many extraordinary and interesting events and hair-breadth escapes.

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*A single defect.*

I lately read a grand description of a most superb and magnificent theatre, which is decorated in the highest style of elegance and splendor. There is, however, a *small* drawback upon its advantages, which is, that owing to its immense size, and some error in the construction of it, a very considerable proportion of the persons in it cannot by any means hear the performers.

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*Legal forms.*

Lord Kaimes, in his very interesting work, entitled "Sketches of the History of Man," (which, by the way, deserves to be much oftener perused that it has been of late years) informs us of two capital convictions having been set aside in England in consequence of very small errors in the indictments. In one case, *murdravit* was used instead of *murderavit*; in the other *feloniter* for *felonice*.

Three or four years since, an attrocious ruffian, of the name of Donnelly, was, on the clearest evidence, convicted at Carlisle in this state, of having murdered his wife with almost every possble circumstance of the most hideous barbarity. To enter into the frightful detail would cost too much to the feelings of a reader of sensibility. After conviction, his counsel moved to have the verdict set aside on various grounds, among which one was an error in the verdict of the grand jury. In that document it was stated that they found the bill on their oaths and *affirmations*, whereas there was but *one* of them affirmed. I am happy to be able to add that the court overruled the objections, and did not allow the odious malefactor to elude the stern requisitions of distributive justice. He was deservedly offeredly up, on the gallows, a victim to the violated laws of humanity.

—

*Pay what thou owest.*

When I see a husband spending his money and his time in taverns, and forsaking his wife and his family, I say, *Pay what thou owest.*

When I see a wife intent almost solely upon dress, abandoning her domestic concerns to destruction, while she is parading through the

streets to exhibit her divine person and elegant accomplishments, I say, *Pay what thou owest.*

When I see a father or mother neglecting the education of their children, and suffering them to run wild in the streets, in the high road to perdition, without the smallest effort to rescue them by parental authority, I say, *Pay what thou owest.*

When I see a child who has been tenderly brought up by fond and doating parents, treating them with disrespect and inattention, perhaps with cruelty, in their old age, I say, in the most emphatical manner, *Pay what thou owest.*

When I see a man giving large and expensive entertainments; living in a style of princely extravagance, regardless of the ruinous consequences to his fortune; and, at the same time, putting off the payment of tradesmen's bills, under the most frivolous pretences, I am ready to cry out, in a voice of thunder, *Pay what thou owest.*

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*Conversation—Spirit of Contradiction.*

So much of the most valuable enjoyments of rational beings depends upon conversation, that it may be worth while to devote a little attention to the subject.

It is to be regretted that some vices and imperfections which, at first blush, do not appear of much consequence, as effectually, in many instances, mar our happiness, as crimes of no small magnitude. It would be sufficient illustration of this idea, to state, that I may be rendered as miserable by a gross outrage offered me by a rude man, who violates my feelings extremely, as by the loss I sustain from a person who takes an undue advantage of me, or who tricks me fraudulently out of my property. But it is not with a view to this point that I have laid down the position. For the present, I confine myself entirely to the almost universal, but highly reprehensible, custom of wanton and petulant contradiction in conversation, which so frequently engenders strife, animosity, revenge, and not unfrequently bloodshed.

In company, when a fact is stated, or an opinion offered, it almost always happens, that a certain portion of the hearers, instead of reflecting whether they may not, without impropriety, or a violation of veracity, assent to the opinion, or admit the fact, torture their imaginations to find out any improbability in the latter, or exception to the former. The first is by far the most unjustifiable; and, if the fact be stated on the authority of the narrator, is a violation of the fundamental rules of decency and politeness, amounting absolutely to a declaration that the speaker lies. This procedure is so truly shocking, that no person who has the smallest pretensions to the character of a gentleman, will be guilty of it. Of those accustomed to act thus, I say with Horace:

"Hi nigri sunt: hos, tu, Romane, caveto."

On the subject of opinions advanced, the case is somewhat different. Contradiction here is not by any means so offensive or ungentlemanly. But even in this case much impropriety of conduct and gross errors prevail. There are many persons, highly estimable in every other point of view, who, when a position is advanced, which is perfectly correct, in nineteen cases out of twenty, overlook the nineteen cases which, according to all the rules of politeness, not only admit, but imperiously demand assent. They advance the solitary exception, and on that hazard a flat and unqualified contradiction. The speaker is reduced to the very unpleasant alternative of either abandoning in silence the ground he has taken, and thus yielding an easy triumph to his ungentlemanly opponent, or else of entering into a long and tedious argument to support his opinion. If he adopt the latter plan, it produces a similar effort on the opposite side. The consequence is too frequently irritation and anger between the parties. And thus is too often banished the harmony of the whole circle.

It is unnecessary to state how diametrically opposite this is to the character and conduct of a gentleman. I venture to assert that urbanity requires us frequently to pass over in silence opinions which we have reason to believe entirely erroneous: for if we are to contradict every thing we hear advanced in company, which we disbelieve, it destroys the chief pleasure of social intercourse, and changes conversation into disputation and contention. I would not, however, be understood to mean, that we should pretend assent, when our convictions would be in hostility with our words. This would be simulation and deception, and on the man who should practise it, would affix the stamp of degradation.

To the rule laid down in the preceding paragraph, there will be many opposed. They will assert that our "silence gives assent;" that it is disingenuous not to controvert error wherever we meet it; and advance various other reasons somewhat plausible. I am, however, firmly convinced of the propriety of the rule, and of the advantages that would result from the general observance of it. But whatever may be the diversity of sentiment respecting that, there cannot, among rational or polite people, be any on the subject of another rule, which I strongly recommend to the observance of those who honour my lucubrations with a perusal, and that is, never, on any account, to controvert a position which is substantially correct, merely because they can imagine an exception to it; nor to express a doubt of a fact because it is improbable. I believe that this rule cannot, in any instance, be violated without a departure from those rules that ought to regulate the conduct of a gentleman.

I add one more observation. The less a man has seen—the more scanty his intellectual powers—and the more contracted his knowledge, the more prone he is to doubt the truth of every extraordinary fact he hears, and to controvert any idea out of the narrow track of his own paltry conceptions. He makes his thimble-full of brains the infallible test of right and wrong. He who has had opportunities of seeing the world on a large scale, or who has perused books extensively, must have seen and read of numberless things which will appear incredible, nay, impossible, to the insignificant animal who has not gone beyond his A, B, C, in study, and has always vegetated upon the spot where Nature thought fit to place him. The former has read of various incidents of the most extraordinary kind, which are nevertheless established on the very best authority. To the latter these appear as extravagant as the wild stories of sir John Mandeville, of one eyed and headless nations.

—

*Fallacy of History.*

Who was he that said that history was a bundle of lies? Was he very wide of the mark? I believe not. Let me quote an instance in proof.

I could, but will not, at this moment, name an historian of the highest possible reputation, whose work has been translated into almost all the languages of Europe, and been regarded as a model, not merely of style, for which it is highly and justly celebrated, but for fidelity—I could, I say, name an historian of the above description, who has fallen into the very grossest of all possible errors, without censure, and even almost without notice.

In giving an account of a most important and highly controverted event, he has forty-five references to the authorities on which rests the truth of his narrative, and of these no less than thirty-three are to a book written by a person who could with propriety say *quorum magna pars fui.*

This latter book, however, is one of the basest, most false, and most corrupt that ever was written. It is one continued tissue of falsehood, and as absurd and ridiculous as The Seven champions of Christendom, Don Bellianis of Greece, or Parismus, Parismenos, and Parismenides. Many of the pretended facts are not merely to the last degree improbable, but absolutely *impossible*, and contrary to the most established rules of nature. The book, which is very rare, is in the city library. *Ainsi va le monde.*

—

*Richard Calef.*

To every liberal mind it is highly grateful to give praise where praise is due, and to rescue a meritorious name from obscurity. I have

therefore resolved to devote a few lines to the excellent man whose name is prefixed to this paragraph.

Every nation has had its paroxisms of insanity, in which the "small still voice" of reason, justice, and humanity has been for a while stifled by the violence of party, passion, prejudice, or bigotry. To resist the public delusion on such occasions, is attended with very considerable danger, and has not unfrequently involved in the common destruction those who have undertaken to advocate the cause of the oppressed. It therefore requires a very high degree of magnanimity and heroism to induce a man to make an effort to stem the torrent. For the honour of human nature, however, on all occasions of this description, there have been found heroes who have thus signalized themselves.

In several parts of New-England, more particularly Salem, in the year 1692, a most awful delusion prevailed on the subject of witchcraft, which extended its deleterious effects into the highest grades of society. The governor, the public officers generally, and many of the clergy, were numbered among the mass of those who implicitly believed in the guilt of the persons charged with this crime. About twenty were immolated (one of whom was pressed to death with weights) with all the forms, but without the least shadow of the reality of justice. The evidence was to the last degree frivolous and absurd. Many of the accusers were constantly in a state of delirium, the result of rum drinking. At this frightful period, when the very sanctity of age exposed a superannuated creature to the most imminent hazard of destruction, Richard Calef, a merchant in Boston, acquired immortal honour, by the most decisive exertions to arrest the progress of the devouring monster, and was eminently instrumental in opening the eyes of the public, and rescuing many devoted victims from the gaping jaws of destruction. He wrote a number of valuable letters to Cotton Mather, who ranked among the stedfast believers in witchcraft. Mr. Calef had obviously the most decisive advantage over his opponent. He afterwards collected the whole correspondence, and a portion of the trials of the unfortunate victims, into a volume, to which he gave the title of "More wonders of the invisible world," in reference to the title of one of Cotton Mather's books, called "Wonders of the invisible world." Calef's book is really very well worth perusal. It throws important light upon the history of the miserable animal, "*bipes et implumis.*" The title operates very much to its disadvantage. Few but believers in witchcraft will be tempted to open it, and it is so little calculated to fan the flame of their prejudices, that a few pages will suffice them. I owned it for seven years, without having the curiosity to open it. An accidental want of another book to read, induced me lately to examine the nonsense which I supposed it contained, when I was delighted with

the masculine spirit and the strong and unanswerable arguments it contained.

I was somewhat disappointed to find, in a work of considerable merit lately published in Boston, called "An American Biographical and Historical Dictionary," a very cold compliment paid to Calef. It is barely said, that he "was distinguished about the time of the witchcraft delusion, by his withstanding the credulity of the times"—and "as he censured the proceedings of the courts, respecting the witches, at a time when the people of the country in general did not see their error, he gave great offence." This is pretty nearly "damning with faint praise."

—

*Savage Barbarity.*

In Italy, so late as the beginning of the last century, according to Labat, there were numbers of brutal ruffians, who delighted in disfiguring the faces of females whom they met unprotected. They cut them sometimes with a knife, and sometimes with a thin piece of money. In the latter case, a scar was left which neither care nor time could ever efface. Other wretches carried their animosity to the sex no farther than smearing them over with filth and nastiness.

—

*Refined Amusement.*

It is stated in the history of the Female sex, vol. iv. p. 217, that in Lisbon, during the three last days of the carnival, the front windows of the houses are hardly ever free from "women in their best attire, who are provided with syringes and vessels of different kinds, with and from which they sprinkle and pelt the passengers with all sorts of matters, solid and fluid, pure and impure."

—

*Free and Easy.*

Townsend, in his travels through Spain, mentions that he saw a merchant smoke a cigar, and then present it to a countess. She took it with an obeisance, smoked it half out, then returned it to the owner, and after an interval of some minutes, puffed out a thick cloud of smoke, after she had suffered it to circulate completely through her lungs. *Vol.* ii. *page* 45.

—

*A free Translation.*

Miners, a German writer, author of "the History of the female sex," states that kisses being entirely banished from the Spanish theatre, the translator of a French *opcrette*, entitled "*Le Tonnelier*," instead of making the hero of the piece kiss his mistress, as is done in the original, "has represented the latter picking the vermin from her gallant, because this is a service which lovers of the lower class in Spain very commonly render one another." *Vol.* iv. *page* 227.

*Too much and too little reading.*

It is remarkable how very frequently the old remark, that "extremes meet," is realized. It may be fairly stated that much of the ignorance of the world arises from reading too much and reading too little. A considerable portion of readers read too much, and too hastily, to digest or avail themselves of what they peruse. Of course, their ignorance arises from falling into the opposite extreme to those who read little or nothing.

*Epigram—from the French.*

A swaggering braggadocio swore
He'd travelled all the world o'er,
And wheresoever he had been,
Had kings, and queens, and princes seen,
By all of whom he'd been carest,
And with their choicest favours blest.
A droll old codger sitting near
Jocosely asked him, with a sneer,
Pray have you seen *the Dardanelles*,
Those far-famed, lovely, Turkish belles?
"Seen them?—You surely jest—parbleu!
"I've often seen and kissed them too."

*Epigram.*

Morosus lost a pliant wife,
The joy, the comfort of his life.
He roar'd, he wept, he stamp'd, he swore:
But this could not his spouse restore:
Therefore, his woes to dissipate,
He wooed—and won—a second mate.
"Ye gods and little fish!" their joy
Could never, never, know alloy:
But wo is me, I can't disguise—
(The reader will the tale surmise.)
The honey moon at length was past;
The sky with clouds was overcast;
The new wife found—alas! too late—
Her husband prone to fierce debate;
And, on each transient slight disgust,
He'd bitterly bewail the first.
This piqued the dame. She heaved a sigh.
"You can't regret her more than I."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

In the year 1757 a book was reprinted, in this city, intitled, "A voyage to the South Seas in the year 1740-1, containing a faithful narrative of the loss of his majesty's ship, the *Wager*, on a desolate island, &c. by John Bulkeley and John Cummins, late gunner and carpenter of the *Wager*." The edition printed here brings the narrative down much later than the London edition, and is dedicated to William Denny, Esq. then governor of Pennsylvania. This book is a very interesting journal of cruel hardships and surprising escapes from destruction, and bears the most indisputable internal evidence that it was really written by the persons, claiming the authorship—one or two extracts will prove the title of the gunner and his friend to the honour of the work:

"*Wednesday the 6th*, Departed this life Mr. Thomas Harvey, the purser; he died a skeleton for want of food; this gentleman probably was the first purser, belonging to his majesty's service, that ever perished with hunger. We see daily a great number of whales." Towards the conclusion of the work the honest gunner says, "I take this opportunity to recommend to the candid reader, the perusal of that excellent work, entitled '*The Christian Pattern*, or the Imitation of Jesus Christ, by Thomas a-Kempis;' which book I brought with me through the various scenes, changes and chances of the voyage, and Providence made it the means of comforting me: one thing more I pray to recommend to the natives of North America, who are troubled with many terrible gusts of wind, thunder and lightning, being convinced (notwithstanding I have heard several say to the contrary) that they must have a panic fear; which, whether they have or not, let me desire that they would make use of this short prayer," which is then set forth with assurances of its efficacy.

Almost the whole of the crew of the *Wager* perished, dropping off one by one in lamentable succession, principally by famine. It is perhaps worthy of remark, that the cook, who was eighty-two years of age, was one of the last who died.

But my principal object in this notice is to extract an account of a wonderful effort made by a few Indians to take possession of a large Spanish ship of war: the story is well worth repeating; and as the "Journal" is probably very little known, some of the readers of The Port Folio may find it new and interesting. The narrative of this daring attempt is not given by Bulkeley and Cummins, but introduced by them, as related by Isaac Morris, one of eight of the crew of the Wager, who, after they had departed from the island, on which she was wrecked, in the long-boat, were left by the boat, on an uninhabited part of Patagonia, having gone on shore for provisions. After various adventures, and almost incredible sufferings, four of these eight men arrived at Buenos Ayres; and were put on board the "*Asia*," the ship of the Spanish admiral, PIZARRO. In this vessel they were confined and badly treated for more than a year. At length they sailed for Spain, and there being a great deficiency of hands, every body was employed that could be had to make up the crew; among others, eleven Indians were sent on board, whom the Spaniards had taken prisoners a few months before, on a skirmish at a distance from Buenos Ayres.

Mr. Morris gives his narrative in these words:

"THREE days after we sailed, an affair happened on board which was like to have proved fatal to the whole crew; for about nine at night, we were alarmed with the cry of mutiny; and so indeed it proved: but such a one as would never have been suspected by any of the ship's crew, or perhaps credited by posterity, if such a number of persons were not still living to attest the fact. But, lest I should do injustice to the memory of such a surprising event, I shall beg leave to relate it in the language of Mr. Walters, assuring the reader that I was a witness to the whole affair.

"Pizarro had not yet completed the series of his adventures; for when he and Mendinuetta came back by land from Chili to Buenos Ayres, in the year 1745, they found at Monte Viedo the *Asia*, which near three years before they had left there. This ship, they resolved, if possible, to carry to Europe; and with this view they refitted her in the best manner they could. But their great difficulty was to procure a sufficient number of hands to navigate her; for all the remaining sailors of the squadron to be met with in the neighbourhood of Buenos Ayres, did not amount to a hundred men.

"They endeavoured to supply this defect by pressing and putting on board many of the inhabitants of Buenos Ayres, besides all the English prisoners then in their custody, together with a number of Portuguese smugglers whom they had taken at different times, and some of the Indians of the country. Among these last was a chief and ten of his followers, who had been surprised by a party of Spanish soldiers about three months before. The name of this chief was *Orellana*. He belonged to a very powerful tribe which had committed great ravages in the neighbourhood of Buenos Ayres.

"With this motley crew (all of them except the European Spaniards, extremely averse to the voyage) Pizarro set sail from Monte Viedo, in the River of Plate, about the beginning of November 1745. And the native Spaniards being no strangers to the dissatisfaction of their forced men, treated both these, the English prisoners and the Indians, with great insolence and barbarity; but more particularly the Indians: for it was common for the meanest officers in the ship to beat them most cruelly, on the slightest pretences, and oftentimes slyly to exert their superiority. Orellana and his followers, though in appearance sufficiently patient and submissive, meditated a severe revenge for all these inhumanities. As he conversed very well in Spanish (these Indians having in time of peace a good intercourse with Buenos Ayres) he affected to talk with such of the

English as understood that language, and seemed very desirous of being informed how many Englishmen there were on board, and which they were.

" As he knew that the English were as much enemies to the Spaniards as himself, he had doubtless an intention of disclosing his purpose to them, and making them partners in the scheme he had projected for revenging his wrongs and recovering his liberty. But having sounded them at a distance, and not finding them so precipitate and vindictive as he expected, he proceeded no further with them; but resolved to trust alone to the resolution of his ten faithful followers. These, it should seem, readily engaged to observe his directions, and to execute whatever commands he gave them. And having agreed on the measures necessary to be taken, they first furnished themselves with Dutch knives, sharp at the point, which being the common knives used in the ship they found no difficulty in procuring. Besides this, they employed their leisure in secretly cutting thongs from raw hides, of which there were great numbers on board, and in fitting to each end of these thongs the double-headed shot of the small quarter-deck guns. This, when swung round their heads, according to the practice of their country, was a most mischievous weapon, in the use of which the Indians about Buenos Ayres are trained from their infancy, and consequently are extremely expert. These particulars being in good forwardness, the execution of their scheme was perhaps precipitated by a particular outrage committed on Orellana himself. For one of the officers, who was a very brutal fellow, ordered Orellana aloft, which being what he was incapable of performing, the officer under pretence of disobedience, beat him with such violence that he left him bleeding on the deck, and stupified for sometime with his bruises and wounds. This usage undoubtedly heightened his thirst for revenge, and made him eager and impatient till the means of executing it were in his power; so that within a day or two after this incident he and his followers opened their desperate resolves in the ensuing manner:

" It was about nine in the evening, when many of the principal officers were on the quarter-deck, indulging in the freshness of the night air; the waist of the ship was filled with live cattle; and the forcastle was manned with its customary watch. Orellana and his companions under cover of the night, having prepared their weapons, and thrown off their trowsers, and the more cumberous part of their dress, came altogether on the quarter-deck, and drew towards the door of the great cabin. The boatswain immediately reprimanded them, and ordered them to be gone. On this Orellana spoke to his followers in his native language, when four of them drew off, two towards each gangway, and the chief and the six remaining Indians seemed to be slowly quitting the quarter-deck. When the detached Indians had taken possession of the gangway Orellana placed his hands hollow to his mouth and bellowed out the war-cry used by these savages, which is the harshest and most terrifying sound known in nature. This hideous yell was the signal for beginning the massacre: for on this they all draw their knives and brandished their prepared double-headed shot; and the six which remained on the quarter-deck immediately fell on the Spaniards who were intermingled with them, and laid near forty of them at their feet: of which about twenty of them were killed and the rest disabled. Many of the officers in the beginning of the tumult pushed into the great cabin, where they put out the lights and barricadoed the door; and of the others who had avoided the first fury of the Indians, some endeavoured to escape along the gangways into the forecastle; but the Indians placed there on purpose, stabbed the greatest part of them as they attempted to pass by, or forced them off the gangways into the waist: others threw themselves voluntarily over the barricadoes into the waist, and thought themselves happy to be concealed among the cattle: but the greatest part escaped up the main shrouds, and sheltered themselves either in the tops or rigging. And though the Indians attacked only the quarter-deck, yet the watch in the forecastle finding the communication cut off,

and being terrified by the wounds of the few, who not being killed on the spot had strength sufficient to force their passage along the gangways, and not knowing either who their enemies were, or what were their numbers, they likewise gave all over for lost, and, in great confusion ran up into the rigging of the foremast and bowsprit. Thus, these eleven Indians, with a resolution perhaps without example, possessed themselves, almost in an instant, of the quarter-deck of a ship mounting sixty-six guns, with a crew of near five hundred men, and continued in peaceable possession of this post a considerable time; for the officers in the great cabin (among whom were Pizarro and Mendinuetta) the crew between decks, and those who had escaped into the tops and rigging, were only anxious for their own safety, and were for a long time incapable of forming any project for suppressing the insurrection and recovering possession of the ship. It is true the yells of the Indians, the groans of the wounded, and the confused clamours of the crew all heightened by the obscurity of the night, had at first greatly magnified their danger, and had filled them with the imaginary terrors which darkness, disorder, and an ignorance of the real strength of an enemy never fail to produce. For as the Spaniards were sensible of the disaffection of their pressed hands, and were also conscious of their barbarity to their prisoners, they imagined the conspiracy was general, and considered their own destruction as inevitible; so that it is said some of them had once taken the resolution of leaping into the sea, but were prevented by their companions. However, when the Indians had entirely cleared the quarter-deck, the tumult in a great measure subsided; for those who had escaped were kept silent by their fears, and the Indians were incapable of pursuing them, to renew the disorder. Orellana, when he saw himself master of the quarter-deck, broke open the arm-chest, which, on a slight suspicion of mutiny had been ordered there a few days before as to a place of the greatest security. Here he took it for granted he should find cutlasses sufficient for himself and his companions, in the use of which they were

all extremely skilful; and with these it was imagined they purposed to force the great cabin: but on opening the chest there appeared nothing but fire-arms, which to them were of no use. There were indeed cutlasses in the chest, but they were hid by the fire-arms being laid over them. This was a sensible disappointment to them; and by this time Pizarro and his companions in the great cabin were capable of conversing aloud through the cabin windows and port-holes, with those in the gun-room and between decks, and hence they learnt that the English (whom they principally suspected) were all safe below, and had not intermeddled in the mutiny, and by other particulars they at last discovered that none were concerned in it but Orellana and his people. On this Pizarro and the officers resolved to attack them on the quarter-deck, before any of the discontented on board should so far recover their first surprise as to reflect on the facility and certainty of seizing the ship by a junction with the Indians, in the present emergency. With this view, Pizarro got together what arms were in the cabin, and distributed them to those who were with him, but there were no other fire-arms to be met with but pistols, and for these they had neither powder nor ball. However, having now settled a correspondence with the gun-room, they lowered down a bucket out of the cabin window, into which the gunner out of one of the gun-room ports put a quantity of pistol cartridges. When they had thus procured ammunition, and had loaded their pistols, they set the cabin door partly open, and fired some shot among the Indians on the quarter-deck, at first without effect, but at last Mendinuetta, whom we have often mentioned, had the good fortune to shoot Orellana dead on the spot; on which his faithful followers abandoning all thoughts of farther resistance, instantly leaped into the sea; where they every man perished. Thus was this insurrection quelled, and the possession of the quarter-deck regained, after it had been full two hours in the power of this great and daring chief and his gallant and unhappy countrymen."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## *Letter from a young gentleman on his travels to his friends in America.*

LONDON, JUNE 8, 1808.

OXFORD lies between London and Bath. I was resolved to give one day, at least, to this celebrated seat of the Muses, and accordingly, took my place in the stage, only so far. I was without a companion, and did not find my fellow-travellers either intelligent or communicative. One of them, however, mentioned a circumstance, which, although by no means rare in this country, is highly unusual with us, and therefore made a lively impression on my mind at the moment. She was a decent woman about thirty-five, and stated that she had twelve brothers then living, all in their majority, and above forty nephews and nieces. Similar anecdotes were related by two persons who accompanied her, and from my own observation relative to the populousness of families, especially among the inhabitants of the small towns, I had no reason to doubt their veracity. The gentleman at whose seat I remained while in Ireland, assembled fourteen children at his table every day. Our P—— must, I dare say recollect certain instances still more striking to an American. He will not be surprised at a trait of another description, which now occurs to my mind, but which, in his fair island, was more remarkable in days of yore, than at the present period. My host had a neighbour called sir Patrick Bellew, who constantly drank *eight* bottles of claret after dinner, and was then in a green old age. There is no exaggeration in this number, which argues that his countrymen in the United States, however renowned for their potations, are but a degenerate race.

The impression made on my mind by the first aspect of Paris was scarcely more lively or profound, than that which I experienced on entering Oxford. Great towns were already familiar to my eye, but a whole city sacred to the cultivation of science, composed of edifices no less venerable for their antiquity than magnificent in their structure, was a novelty, which at once delighted and overpowered my imagination. The entire population is in some degree appended and ministerial to the colleges. They comprise nearly the whole town, and are so noble and imposing, although intirely Gothic, that I was inclined to apply to the architecture of Oxford what has been said of the schools of Athens;

> The Muse alone unequal dealt her rage,
> And grac'd with noblest pomp her earliest stage.

Spacious gardens laid out with taste and skill are annexed to each college, and appropriated to the exercises and meditations of the students. The adjacent country is in the highest state of cultivation, and watered by a beautiful stream, which bears the name of Isis, the divinity of the Nile and the Ceres of the Egyptians. To you who know my attachment to letters, and my veneration for the great men whom this university has produced, it will not appear affectation, when I say, that I was most powerfully affected by this scene, that my eyes filled with tears, that all the enthusiasm of a student burst forth.

After resting, I delivered next morning, my letter of introduction to one of the professors, a Mr. V——, and who undertook to serve as my *cicerone* through the university. The whole day was consumed in wandering over the various colleges and their libraries, in discoursing on their organization, and in admiring the Gothic chapels, the splendid prospects from their domes, the collection of books, of paintings, and of statuary, and the portraits of the great men who were nursed in this seat of learning. Both here and at Cambridge, accurate likenesses of such as have by their political or literary elevation, ennobled their *alma mater*, are hung up in the great halls, in order to excite the emulation of their successors, and perpetuate the fame of the institution. I do not wish to fatigue you by making you the associate of all my wanderings and reflections, but only beg you to follow me rapidly through the picture-gallery attached to the celebrated Bodleian library. It is long indeed, and covered with a multitude of original portraits, but from them I shall merely select a few, in which your knowledge of history will lead you to take a lively interest.

I was struck with the face of Martin Luther the reformer. It was not necessary to have studied Lavater to collect from it, the character of his mind. His features were excessively harsh though regular, his eye intelligent but sullen and scowling, and the whole expression of his countenance, that of a sour, intemperate overbearing controversialist. Near him were placed likenesses of Locke, Butler, and Charles II, painted by sir Peter Lely; with the countenance of Locke you are well acquainted, that of Butler has nothing sportive in it—does not betray a particle of humour, but is, on the contrary, grave, solemn and didactic in the extreme, and must have been taken in one of his splenetic moods, when brooding over the neglect of Charles, rather than in one of those moments of inspiration, as they may be styled, in which he narrated the achievements of Hudibras. The physiognomy of Charles is, I presume, familiar to you, lively but not "spiritual." Lord North is among the number of heads, and I was caught by his strong resemblance to the present king; so strong as scarcely to be attributed to accident; my guide explained this peculiarity, by recollecting the scandalous chronicle of times past.

The face of Mary queen of Scots next attracted my notice. It was taken in her own time, and amply justifies what historians have written, or poets have sung, concerning her incomparable beauty. If ever there was a countenance meriting the epithet of lovely in its most comprehensive signification, it was this, which truly "vindicated the veracity of Fame," and in which, I needed not the aid of imagination, to trace the virtues of her heart. In reading Hume and Whitaker I have often wept over her misfortunes, and now turned with increased disgust from an original portrait of Elizabeth, her rival and assassin, which was placed immediately above, and contributed to heighten the captivations of the other, by the effect of contrast. The features of Elizabeth are harsh and irregular, her eye severe, her complexion bad, her whole face, in short, just such as you would naturally attach to such a mind.

Among the curiosities of the gallery may be ranked, a likeness of sir Philip Sydney, done with a *red hot poker*, on wood, by a person of the name of Griffith, belonging to one of the colleges. It is really a monument of human patience and ingenuity, and has the appearance of a good painting. I cannot describe to you without admiration another most extraordinary *freak* of genius exhibited here, and altogether *unique* in its kind. It is a portrait of Isaac Tuller, a celebrated painter in the reign of Charles II, executed by *himself when drunk*. Tradition represents it as an admirable likeness, and of inebriety in the abstract, there never was a more faithful or perfect delineation. This anecdote is authentic, and must amuse the fancy, if we picture to ourselves the artist completely intoxicated, inspecting his own features in a mirror, and hitting off, with complete success, not only the general character, but the peculiar stamp, which such a state must have impressed upon them. His conception was as full of humour as of originality, and well adapted to the system of manners which the reigning monarch introduced and patronized. As I am on the subject of portraits, permit me to mention three to which my attention was particularly called on my visit to the university of Dublin. They were those of Burke, Swift, and bishop Berkley, done by the ablest masters. The latter must have had one of the noblest and most impressive physiognomies ever given to man "*the human face divine.*" That of Burke is far inferior, but strongly marked by an indignant smile; a proper expression for the feelings by which his mind was constantly agitated towards the close of his life. The face of Swift from which you would expect every thing is dull, heavy and unmeaning.

Portrait painting is the *fort*, as it has always been the passion of this country. Happily for the inquisitive stranger every rich man has all his progenitors and relatives on canvass. The walls of every public institu-

tion are crowded with benefactors and pupils, and no town hall is left without the heads of the corporation, or the representatives of the borough. The same impulse that prompts us to gaze with avidity on the persons of our cotemporaries, if there be any thing prominent in their character, or peculiar in their history, leads us to turn a curious and attentive eye on the likenesses of the "mighty dead," whose souls as well as faces are thus in some degree transmitted to posterity. Next to my association with the living men of genius who render illustrious the names of Englishmen, no more sensible gratification has accrued to me from my residence in this country, than that of studying the countenances of their predecessors; no employment has tended more efficaciously to improve my acquaintance with the history of the nation, to animate research, and to quicken the spirit of competition.

I quitted Oxford with a fervent wish that such an establishment might one day grace our own country. I have uttered an ejaculation to the same effect whenever the great monuments of industry and refinement which Europe displays exclusively, have fallen under my observation. We have indeed just grounds to hope that we shall one day eclipse the old world.

> "Each rising art by just gradation moves,
> Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves."

A few miles from Oxford lies Blenhiem, the celebrated seat of the duke of Marlborough: it was, as you know, bestowed on the famous duke of that name by the nation as a recompense for his important services to the state. In magnificence, it surpasses every other country residence of England, and is truly such a tribute to merit as a queen might give, and a conqueror receive. A park of twelve miles in length, a neat village of tenantry, a lake in front of the mansion, picturesque and beautiful scenery beyond it, avenues, cascades, bridges, spacious gardens, in short an imposing association of negligent grandeur and tasteful cultivation, all contributed to satisfy me of the truth of an observation often repeated here, that an English nobleman may enjoy all the splendid comforts, without feeling the cares or sharing the dangers of royalty.

The mansion is an immense mass of stone, executed in a style which did not please my eye; I shall, however, say nothing more about the architecture, but proceed to mention the manner in which strangers are admitted to inspect the interior. A fashion has crept in within a few years past among the owners of fine seats or houses, to set apart one or two days in the week on which all persons who apply, are suffered to range through the apartments and examine the paintings. The family then retires to some corner, or perhaps only occupies the plain part of the house, the rest being reserved for this public exhibition, and

for extraordinary occasions, they have, indeed the satisfaction of knowing who their visitors are, as each person on entering, inscribes his name on the porter's book. As I was advancing up to Marlborough house, I observed the ladies of the family examining us from the window in one of the wings.

There is an air of ostentation in this custom, but whatever may be the motive, it must be confessed, that the practice answers many useful purposes for a stranger. All the most opulent men of the country plume themselves upon their collections of paintings and books, and while the taste of the visitor is improved, he is enabled to judge of their general style of living. In France, wherever an object of curiosity is lodged the door flies open spontaneously, at the voice of a stranger, but there are few private accumulations of this kind, the revolution having dispersed those which adorned the palaces of the cidevant noblesse. That immense unrivalled granary of the arts as the Louvre may be styled, is, however, a subject of as much complacency and elation to each individual Frenchman, as any private store can possibly be to the possessor in this country.

The interior of Blenhiem house did not altogether answer my expectations. I thought the rooms too small, with the exception of the vestibule and library, both of which are upon a grand scale. They are covered with a multitude of fine paintings and busts, not well arranged however, and exhibit some tapestry exceedingly good for the time, commemorating the exploits of the great duke: the one who now enjoys the title and estate is altogether superannuated, with a family of four children. The domestics are to the number of eighty, and paid, I should conjecture, out of the fees given by visitors, for I was compelled to disburse largely to the attendants in livery, who, at every door, handed us over to each other with a profound bow, and a tax-gathering countenance. Some noblemen have attempted to correct this abuse, but such exactions are but too common, and connived at undoubtedly by the majority of owners.

Let me transport you for a moment to Hagley, the seat of lord L——, on the borders of Wales. I strayed over it for many hours in the progress of my excursion of last summer, and the mention of Blenhiem revives some pleasing and analogous recollections concerning this rival paradise. You who are so well versed in the writings of "*Father and Son*" will comprehend the degree of interest which Hagley inspired, and as you know my character will readily believe, that the figure of Fame with her trumpet, surrounded by military trophies, which constitutes one of the bas-reliefs over the entrance of Marlborough house, did not communicate half the magic to the surrounding objects as did a volume of the *Persian letters*, which I found open in the porter's lodge of Hagley.

If I were permitted to select from all the seats which I have visited in this country, and in France, that of the L—— family would certainly be my choice. The varieties of the ground are in the highest degree striking and beautiful; the park extensive and stocked with innumerable game; the plantations or clusters of trees distributed in such a manner, as to afford the finest views, and produce the happiest effect. The mansion, more handsome but less spacious than that of Blenheim, is seated not far from the road, and the approach to it through a noble avenue of old oaks; behind it, rises a lofty hill crowned with forest trees, from one side of which there issues a stream, which, after forming some fine cascades over the rocks, waters an extensive meadow on the left. As you emerge from the thickets of the first hill on the right, you find another still higher, of regular and easy ascent, on the top of which, there are some venerable ruins of the fourteenth century covered with ivy and moss, and where you are offered refreshments of goats' milk, &c. by a family lodged in one of the old towers: beyond this again stands one of the most elevated hills of the west of England, with an aclivity more difficult and steep, but which opens to the eye a prospect of the greatest variety and extent, embracing the Leasowes, Shenstone's villa, Birmingham and Manchester, the whole manufacturing country clouded with fire and smoke, the mountains of Wales, &c.

It required many hours to inspect the grounds of Hagley; I therefore did not solicit admission to the house, wishing to get into Wales as soon as possible. On a seat erected on the brow of the first hill, I left however with my name, a tribute of respect to the memory of the elder lord L—— in three appropriate quotations in Latin, Italian and French. Returning by the same route, a few weeks afterwards, I found, at the tavern of a charming *hamlet* which lies at the gate of the park, a note, addressed to me by name, from the present lord L——, couched in terms of acknowledgment for the compliments I had paid his venerable ancestor, and requesting me to partake of the "hospitality of his board" in case I should revisit the spot; my time did not permit me to avail myself of this invitation, but I remember the occurrence with gratitude, and relate it with pleasure.

We are now in Wales, my dear ——, and I cannot escape from it without mentioning Powis-castle, belonging to lord Clive, now earl Powis. I never witnessed any thing verifying more completely the description of romance, or so forcibly recalling to the mind, the legends of old. It is in the most wild and romantic part of Wales, was built in the thirteenth century, moated, with its battlements and towers, and fortifications, once strong but now rapidly decaying, and still bearing the traces of many a siege: the site of the castle is an emi-

nen e well adapted to the purposes of security, and from the terrace you contemplate, immediately below, a valley richly cultivated, a fine stream of water, and a neat comfortable village called Welch Pool. At no great distance, the mountains of Wales, among the rest Snowden, and Cader-Idris, show themselves in all their majesty, with their shagged sides and cloud-capt tops, incrusted with hanging rocks of enormous size and most terrific aspect for those who wind along the roads beneath.

In the interior of the castle, every thing corresponds to the promises of "the mouldering turret and ponderous portal;" you find all the appendages which a novelist's fancy could have grouped together. Furniture unmolested for centuries by any other than the meddling hand of Time; tapestry of the same date; bed-quilts of the reign of queen Bess; and on the walls the grotesque figure of "many a lady fair and baron bold," such as the days of chivalry produced; a fine library adorned with original busts of the Roman emperors and orators, a gallery of paintings by the best masters, numerous corridors and an old loquacious housekeeper, with a single servant, complete the attractions and conveniences of this establishment. I was informed by the housekeeper that her lord visited the castle once a year, with about forty guests; that he remained for a fortnight to hunt; that every thing was thrown into confusion during his stay, and that his town servants were troublesome and impertinent, so that she was always glad to get rid both of him and them. He has another noble seat about thirty miles from this, at which he chiefly resides during the summer.

We will now retrace our steps to Bath; you will probably ask when we shall get back to London at this rate, but I must be permitted to travel in my own way, or I should make no progress at all. Bath then, I shall undertake to describe, not comprehending its external appearance, upon which I have already touched in a former letter, but simply detailing some of the amusements and occupations of a city, that is, at once, the seat of health, and the mart of pleasure. I placed myself in a boarding-house where I found an agreeable society of well-informed men, and no less than seven old maids, a tribe abounding here for very obvious reasons. Bath is the constant residence of the latter, and of half-pay officers, and the temporary resort of every one, who has any pretensions to the ton in either of the three kingdoms. A fountain of water has raised it from a village to the dignity of a city, which ranks among the most beautiful of the universe, and this fountain is indeed extraordinary. The spring is perennial, and so copious as to afford an inexhaustible supply to innumerable baths, reservoirs, pumps, &c. The water sparkles in

the glass when drawn from the pump, and the mean temperature of it about 107; this natural warmth confounds the physicians, who have published many ingenious theories, without furnishing any conclusive explanation of so singular a phenomenon. The waters must be taken with extreme caution, and being a powerful stimulant are fatal in cases of weak breast, and local inflammation. The father of the present lord Clive, affecting to despise them as mere common water, died at the principal pump while drinking a second glass, and many persons have expired in convulsions after using them for some time. They are, however, sovereign in various complaints, if moderately taken. When a stranger arrives he inserts his name in the books of the pump-room, and is waited upon by the master of the ceremonies, who expects to receive a guinea as a tribute to his government. In this way he collects a revenue of about twelve thousand dollars per annum, which enables him to maintain an appearance, suitable to the dignity of his station, and calculated to inspire respect for his authority. A guinea is also paid per month for the use of the waters, and as a compensation to the decent females who constantly attend at each fountain, to serve the visitors. The fashionable season commences in October and terminates in March or April. During this period, every room of this great place is occupied, and the wheel of dissipation turns round with accelerated velocity. Until the middle of May, however, the company is still numerous, and the same amusements continue, but every thing is more calm, the effervescence appears to have subsided, and Bath is then more interesting, as you can enjoy the walks in its neighbourhood. A remark may be applied to Bath, which cannot, perhaps, be extended to any other city in the world. It literally contains no vulgar, and can collect no other mob, than that which frequents the concert and the ball. All the habitations are large, and the tradesmen, in ministering to the wants real and factitious, of their opulent guests, insensibly learn the language, and contract the manners of polished life. There is but one extreme here. The disparity of conditions is not felt, although the highest is exhibited every where. You have never reason to blush at your own image, or lament the degradation of your nature, as you must do, in walking through the streets of London. The ascent is from decency to refinement, from competence to affluence, from elegance to splendor.

In the month of May, there is no spot which so eminently combines the advantages of town and country. A walk of minutes places you in the midst of cultivated fields, surrounded by an enchanting scenery, on the borders of a fine canal, or on the rich banks of the poetical Avon. In every street, there are circulating libraries, fur-

nished with the literature of various languages, and with all the periodical publications and daily papers. Between the hours of twelve and two, ladies and gentlemen assemble *pêle-mêle* in the reading-rooms, to learn the current news, and whisper the prevailing scandal. Before breakfast, at nine or ten, they crowd in elegant morning dresses to the great pump-room—the valetudinarians to take the water, the mere votaries of pleasure to lounge gracefully, to see and be seen, to give and receive a salutation, to bestow a smile and interchange a nod. Because all are in some degree strangers, a stranger mingles intimately and easily with the society of Bath, so that the vacant hours before dinner are filled up, in excursions to the neighbourhood, morning visits, or with the ladies in "shopping and gossipping." The latter are so far exempted from restraint, that they walk unattended even by a servant, which would be quite *outré* in London. In good weather, the streets are crowded by faces of the most exquisite beauty, which I observed, however, to be accompanied by a bold stare and a gauntiness of carriage, not generally characteristic of English women. On investigating the cause of this peculiarity, I was told, that this system of manners was now traditional, as having the attractions of convenience as well as the immunities of prescription, was immediately adopted by every succession of beauties; that in fact, the most sensitive modesty or fastidious reserve must soon give way, in the promiscuous intercourse of their public rendezvous; that a young lady who had been two seasons "upon the town," that is to say, engaged during that period, in the fashionable amusements of Bath, was confidently sent forth to the world, a thorough-bred coquette. Fortune hunters abound here, and the object of half the transitory visitors, is said to be marriage. Matches are nevertheless astonishingly rare in proportion to the number of candidates. Each individual is known to put on the best appearances, and all are, therefore, suspected of a design to impose, or rather, of a wish to better their condition. I was informed by the master of the ceremonies, that he has occasion to notice, every year, a confluence or new flight of at least two thousand marriageable girls!

As many of the nobility and opulent men of the country have fixed their permanent residence at Bath, dinners, routs and private balls are enjoyed alternately with the public entertainments. Twice a week the monarch of this capital of pleasure displays his power, in the assembly rooms, which are adorned with the portraits of his predecessors, and the peculiar sphere of his authority, in splendour and amplitude, is not unworthy of his station. He presides at the fancy and the dress or *cotillion* ball; the first on Tuesday, the second on Thursday, more formal

than the other, and so called because cotillions are then danced, for which the parties go into regular training. I attended the dress-ball and found the spectacle nearly as brilliant as any thing of the kind can be in this country. The magic of such a scene in *France* surpasses all description. The benefit-ball of the master of the ceremonies (a lucrative job) could boast of twelve hundred "*fashionables.*" So minute or contemptible is their attention to money matters at these assemblies, that six pence is exacted from each person, on entering, for the tea which is furnished.

Besides the balls there are in the course of the week two public concerts and three performances at the theatre. The latter admits about a thousand persons and is fitted up with great taste and elegance. The pride of birth and wealth is gratified as well here as in the theatres of the metropolis, by private boxes ornamented with silk or damask curtains, and by "*loges grillées*" (E. will explain the term) for those who wish to enjoy the representation in an undress. The actors are of the highest repute.

I was induced to visit the theatre twice in order to witness the performance of *Master Betty*, of whom we formerly read so much in the newspapers. My expectation was naturally raised to the highest pitch by the renown of the young Roscius. All England had flocked to the exhibitions of his premature genius, and celebrated his transcendent excellence. He is now but eighteen and has already amassed a fortune of 80,000 pounds. I saw him in the parts of Rolla and Percy, and was thoroughly satisfied of the egregious "cullibility" of the British public. Imagine a tall awkward with a chubby unmeaning face, and a voice most disgustingly harsh and unmusical, bellowing and strutting on the stage, and you have a true picture of this spoiled child of Fortune, who has been so generally compared, nay, even preferred to Garrick. His sole merit appeared to me to be a correct conception of his part, which, however, his total want of *ear*, altogether disqualified him from declaiming with propriety. He may have been better in his outset, but I shall always be of opinion, that any lively intelligent boy at school, would succeed as well, if instructed with equal care. He no longer appears in the capital, but wanders among the country theatres, collecting tribute from audiences which must from fashion, affect to be in an ecstasy of delight and admiration. His friends mean to place him at the university of Cambridge to finish his education.

Public gardens constitute an essential appendage to a city whose staple commodity is pleasure. Whatever deference may be due to the established habits of the metropolis, I cannot but think, that, instead of looking for Euphrosyne "the fair queen of smiles and gladness" amid the pressure or the suffocation of a masquerade, we should rather, in

the month of May, seek for her "in the bowers of Valclusa" or along the myrtle borders of Arno." Bath can boast of scenes not less captivating in her Sydney Gardens, which lie at the extremity of the principal street, and comprise, within the compass of many acres, all that can be desired of "rural haunts, deep umbrage, blooms and odors." I was fortunate enough to be in the neighbourhood, when the harmonic society gave their annual *fête champetre* to the ladies of Bath and Bristol. It took place in Sydney Gardens; and as such entertainments are unknown to us in the United States I shall beg leave to offer a sketch of this.

As soon as fifteen hundred tickets were issued to the bon ton, the weather became an object of great solicitude, and if many prayers were preferred, they were attended to, for there could not have been a finer day for the purpose. About eleven o'clock in the morning, the company to the number above stated, collected in the garden, and found under bowers decorated with all the flowers of spring and distributed in the most picturesque manner, tables spread out for breakfast, loaded with every delicacy suited to such a repast. A numerous orchestra was performing the best *morceau* of Hayden and Handel, at the entrance, and bands were stationed in different parts. Among the rest a regimental selection of wind instruments the finest in England. Tea, coffee, and chocolate were plentifully served, without the smallest confusion, and it was difficult not to enjoy the repast, while you were at the same time, regaled with soft music, polite conversation, and all the gay verdure and delightful freshness of the gardens. The business of wandering was then resumed, and I cannot paint in colors too lively the interest which these scenes were calculated to impart. Five or six hundred women, richly attired, with the roseate hue so peculiar to the complexion of English beauties mixing indiscriminately with as many gentlemen, conversing with freedom, and inspiring the confidence and good humour which they seemed to feel, more than realized Burgoyne's descriptions in his "maid of the oaks;" and assimilated this fête, as nearly to the wild creations of his fancy as any meeting I have ever witnessed.

At half past one, the tables were again crowded with ices, and cooling drinks served in good order and great abundance. The signal was soon after given for the dancing to commence. When the garden was planned, a large circle was marked out and destined for this purpose. The spot was most romantic; almost moated by a "babbling brook" and overhung with oak and ash. Here the throng soon appeared either ranged along the boundary-lines, stretched on the green banks, or seated in arbours erected for the occasion. The young girls and boys fancifully dressed were blended with the bells and beaux who engaged in the country dances; the beauty of the weather, and the picturesque appearance of the whole group, threw an air of enchantment over the

scene, and made me repeat with rapture the lines of Collins which you well recollect:

> "They would have thought, who heard the strain
> "They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids
> "Amidst the festal sounding shades,
> "To some unwearied minstrel dancing, &c.

About four o'clock the entertainment finished. The intellectual eye takes a wider range, on such occasions, than the passing scene; and my recollection was busy, in tracing similar festivities which I had witnessed in the woods of *St. Germaine*, and on the banks of the *Loire*. I was called back to the spot, where Goldsmith was "the rude minstrel" of many a gay, simple group and where I have seen the same display of character, and contemplated the same rural diversions, that he so feelingly describes in his Traveller. I found that the leading traits of character by which a people is distinguished, that the constitutions of nature are not to be fundamentally affected by any external influence, and could survive the fury of any political revolution. My observation has led me to conclude that the peasant or the inhabitant of the country of whatever class, in France, is now what he was before the subversion of the monarchy; and in this opinion, I was fortified in viewing the villagers, on the Sunday evening, after the devotions of the day, dancing on the green, for many hours in succession with all the recorded gayety, the simple merriment, and rustic courtesy of earlier times, and forgetful of the past, and careless of the future, unsubdued by the terrors of the conscription, and triumphing by the force of native vivacity, over the gloomy genius of a military despotism. It is not true, as is often asserted, and but too generally believed, that the charities of social life are forgotten among them, and the qualities of the heart almost extinct. The former may have been suspended and the latter impaired in the tempest of their revolution, but every stranger knows that nowhere is there at this moment more of "the milk of human kindness."

Doubtless you are by this time surfeited with Bath. Let me, then, shift the scene, and unfold the modish drama of London, where I returned on the 23d May to engage in the same social and literary pursuits which circumstances had compelled me to intermit. On this theatre all is show and bustle, sage trick, and *faux brilliant*, a mere pantomime with many seducements for the imagination, but no gratifications for the heart. The succession of new faces in the world of fashion produces such an effect upon the mind, as do the images reflected by the *camera obscura* on the various classes of a long procession. The recollection of the one is banished by the presence of the other, and all are ultimately forgotten or indiscriminately remembered. I abandon

the country with reluctance, and must halt for one moment, to renew my exclamations of delight at the beauties which it now exhibits.

I do not think we can be said to understand the pleasures of a country life, no more than we can witness the magical effects of agricultural labours perfecting the rough draught of Nature. Here

> "Dressed by their hand, the wood and valley smile,
> And Spring diffusive, decks th' enchanted isle."

In the metropolis, there are three consecutive months, of which this is the last, particularly allotted to the intercourse and *divertissements* of the great: a hallowed quarter, selected by all those who can afford to migrate from a rustic home, and during which all the woodland-noblesse and opulent squires figure in the capital. They make their periodical entrée with great pomp, but many a "sir Francis Wronghead" is forced to make a silent retreat, and do penance during the rest of the year for the vanity of his own hopes, and the ambition of his "good lady." There were, in times past, at Athens, annual meetings of all the inhabitants of Attica, for the purpose of celebrating games, and solemnizing certain rites in honour of the goddess of Wisdom. These great festivals bore some affinity, but I cannot undertake to say, that they served as models, to that of which I am about to speak.

As there is a special term, so there is a peculiar space assigned for the recreations of the haut-ton. The west end is the Olympus; and as none but of divine race could sit at the tables of the gods, a like exclusion obtains here. There are some exceptions, it is true, some favoured mortals, some subaltern divinities created; but, in general, the interdict extends to all who reside beyond certain limits, to the merchant, the *son* of the merchant, the physician and the lawyer, unless of the first eminence. The city dame may give routs to her neighbours; contract a noble acquaintance or two, dash in Hyde Park, and display her jewels at the opera; but to have her claim generally acknowledged is quite impossible; the boast of heraldry eclipses the splendor of wealth, and she is at length compelled to relinquish her pretensions in despair. It is well that the term of fashionable existence does not extend beyond three *lunar revolutions;* otherwise it would be too much for any human constitution. A distinguished member of the haut-ton has to attend to five or six engagements a night, on an average, and has but a few hours to dedicate to sleep in the middle of the vulgar day. Concerts, routs, balls, *converzationés dejeunés*, dinners, &c. constitute the *private* amusements, and for these invitations are emitted about a month or three weeks beforehand. I shall beg leave to give you the outlines of a rout, the most usual and stylish entertainment. I accompanied Mr. P. to one given by the marchioness of L—— at her man-

sion in Berkely Square, on the first of June, and as it was the most brilliant of the kind, shall select for description. We went at an *early hour*, (near midnight) and found five spacious saloons, on one floor, open for the reception of company and illuminated "in the most tasteful manner." The library, the most extensive and magnificent octagon in England, without books, it is true, but adorned with statuary estimated at twelve thousand guineas, was hung with small lamps, reflecting the light of day. We were, for an hour, occupied in gazing, and conversing with those whom we knew, when the crowd began to appear. You never think of being seated on these occasions, as you rarely remain more than half an hour, being supposed to have many other engagements on hand. There is no ceremony, and can be none, on entering and going out. We were desirous of paying our respects to the marchioness, but could not discover her; the marquis did not make his appearance: if the husband do show himself it is only as a stranger. At length the rooms were completely filled; in such a manner as almost to preclude locomotion. The heat and squeeze became exceedingly irksome, and *then* the entertainment reached the summit of its excellence. I was wedged, by accident, next to the prince of Wales, and for fifteen minutes, was content to listen to a panegyric on the merits of a horse, which he was pronouncing with much energy, to the earl of Suffolk. Two of his royal brothers, and "all the rank and fashion" of the west end, were present. The whole number was from a thousand to fifteen hundred. Refreshments were placed on tables at the end of one of the apartments, but were not thought of. About two, we made our way through the crowd, and proceeded on foot to the carriage, which it is sometimes extremely difficult to reach. Such is a rout—an amusement that sets all the world in motion.

In order to be completely *apart*, the aristocracy of fashion have created an establishment, called the Argyle-street institution, of a peculiar nature, and strikingly illustrative of the spirit by which they are animated. Finding that the high prices of the great opera did not keep the *bourgeois* at a proper distance, they resolved to have a body of amusements under their own guidance, and conducted upon a rigid system of exclusion. An association was formed for this purpose, regulated by the maxim of admitting no persons as subscribers who were not of the first fashion. From among the peeresses of high rank was chosen a certain number of "lady patronesses" to whose severe scrutiny the name of every *aspirante* must be submitted through the medium of a member. This plan, aided by a subscription enormously dear, has succeeded, and the elect, the *elletti* and *elegantissimi*, to use the Italian terms in vogue, now meet together once a fortnight, without any other alloy than that of stranger to whom a ticket is occasionally

allotted by the *regolatrice*. Their assemblies continue during the winter, and are held in a magnificent suit of apartments. The amusements are "*conversazione*" from ten to midnight, then an "*opericciola*" or *petit opera Italien*, for which there are a beautiful miniature stage, boxes richly ornamented, and a good company of Italian performers. To the opera succeeds a ball, which continues long after "the laborious hammer" begins to sound. The noble dancers are refreshed by all the delicacies which the season can afford. Masquerades are sometimes introduced, and one is announced for the twentieth of this month, for which *nonsubscribers*, who are admitted to the sanctuary, by special favour, are to pay two guineas, exclusive of other disbursements amounting to as much more.

Of all the fashionable rendezvous, with which London abounds, or which any metropolis can furnish, picture-galleries as they are constituted here, appear to me best fitted for refined social intercourse. During the gay months there are various public expositions of painting of which that of the Royal Academy is the chief; where the artists of the English school submit their labours annually to public inspection. The price of admission is one shilling, so that all classes enter, but every pretender to the *ton*, finds it necessary, to honour the academy with one visit at least. The beau monde is however compensated for this "evil communication" by exhibitions of the same nature, at the houses of the nobility, where the specimens of art are much superior, and the spectators more select. The principle collections are those of the marquis of Strafford, earl Grosvenor and Mr. Hope; once a week and on different days, their splendid mansions are thrown open to such as have procured tickets of admission from the hand of the owners, by means of a personal acquaintance, or upon the recommendation of their friends. You are not qualified for the daily topics of polite conversation unless you are familiar with the names at least of some of the most celebrated paintings of Cleaveland or Grosvenor-house. Here, then, impelled by the prevailing rage, and attracted by each other, assemble all the great personages of both sexes in their best morning attire, to rove through numerous saloons, to loll no rich sofas, to talk over their engagements, to admire the damask, gilding, cornices and pillars, and to learn what are the principal Titians, Corregios, Guidos and Van Ostades that enoble the collection. From twelve until five you can be thus engaged, in familiar and instructive discourse, with the leading amateurs and artists of the nation, in studying the manners and physiognomy of high life, in contemplating the master pieces of the pencil and the chisel. These morning *attroupemens* have every advantage. They require no sacrifice of repose; no unavoidable fatigue, no irksome punctilio. There is no pressure, no squeeze no forced delay, nor any of that weariness of spirit

which accompanies the vigils of fashion. They at once, gratify your vanity, polish your manners and improve your taste.

By means of an introduction from our countryman West the painter, I have free access to all the private collections, and have inspected them with much attention. Although somewhat of a connoisseur in these matters I shall not attempt to detail their contents at this moment, they are reserved for a separate dissertation, with which I now and then beguile a leisure moment. It will be enough to remark, that the collections of the noble lords abovementioned, are valued at sixty thousand guineas.

Public concerts are literally innumerable at this season of the year. The general price of admission is half a guinea—every night madame Catalini, Mrs. Billington and all the most celebrated of the corps of Euterpe, are to be heard at one or other of the *great rooms*. One would imagine, in reading the advertisements of a London newspaper, that England was the Arcadia of modern times, and that the goddess of Music had abandoned her votaries on the shores of the Tyber, to fix her temple on the banks of the Thames. Notwithstanding these appearances, I believe it can be said with truth, that there is no people, taken collectively, more negligent of the culture, or more insensible to the charms of the lyre. Fashion fills all the concert rooms, and enriches a tribe of foreign singers most of whom would starve anywhere else. To hear the "*gens de condition*" talk of a concert, would lead you to suppose that they were all "*cognoscenti*" and "*dilettanti*" of the most tremulous sensibility; to see and hear them at it, satsifies you, that *Nature's laws are not to be reversed*, and that whatever may be the sorcery of gold, it cannot impart taste or infuse sentiment, although it may bring Cecilia down from heaven with all "her mingled world of sound" and attract to one centre all the richest melodies of the universe. Madam Catalani has one hundred guineas a night for private parties, and is actually in the receipt of fifteen thousand pounds per annum derived from her vocal labours.

Balls, although not so frequent as routs, are numerous, and never commence until midnight. The two most splendid of the season, were given by Mrs. Hope and the countess of Shaftesbury. The former, belonging to a mercantile family is not, therefore, much considered in the higher circles, and bears among them the nickname of *Gala Hope*, on account of the magnificence of her entertainments. The countess of Shaftesbury had, on her supper-table two hundred pine-apples estimated at three guineas each! Who would not exclaim with Thomson against "the gay licentious proud," and wish, that Luxury and Wretchedness might exchange habitations for a moment.

The ladies of the ton frequently "see masks," as the phrase is, from eleven until four in the morning. There are generally from five hun-

dred to a thousand persons assembled on these occasions, and sometimes characters are well supported, but for the most part, masquerades are exceedingly dull and stupid, and far from corresponding to the description given of them in newspapers and novels. In every country, they bear the same character, and I rejoice to hear, that an attempt, recently made, to introduce them among us has completely failed.

At this season, the theatres, which are four in number, display all their allurements, but are altogether frequented by the secondary classes, the first having the avocations I have enumerated above. The grand opera and Vauxhall are the public amusements most in vogue. The boxes of the former are all hired for the season, and the pit, therefore, becomes the resort of the loungers and opulent strangers. The entertainment consists of an Italian serious or comic opera, with no other good voice than that of Catalini and a ballet, of which the dancers must be even wonderful to those, who have never witnessed similar exhibitions abroad. Vauxhall is unrivalled and transcends all description. The talisman of the genii never effected more than human art has done here. The dinner parties of this country are to a young stranger, the most pleasing and instructive branch of their social intercourse. Every man of fortune sees company in this way, about once a week. It is the only species of "good fellowship" which the merchant tolerates in his house; routs and balls being unknown to his domestic economy. His wife must be content with public amusements, and now and then a city-ball. The manners of the commerical body have undergone but little change since the era of the Spectator, who has most faithfully delineated them. You have a week's notice for dinner, and sit down to table about half past six in full dress. Three courses and a desert, with the best French and Portuguese wines, constitute the repast for the palate. The livery-servants are always numerous. You challenge your neighbour to a glass of wine, but never drink a health or a toast "in good company." The hosts serve at each end of the table but in every other respect, appear like strangers. There is no visible solicitude to please; and as in France, this polite *nonchalance* is carred to an extent, which would almost affront a stranger, unapprized of their habitudes. I must confess that we are much behind hand in the style of our dinners. To emulate the refinement of this form of European hospitality would require more wealth than our *noblesse* enjoy; yet with their present means, they could advance many steps. Foreigners, who have been among us, extol the warm sincerity of our welcome, but amuse themselves at the expense of our *cramming system.*

I have already in a long letter to our ——, informed you of my introduction at court. Mrs. P. was presented at the same time on the nomination of her husband as minister plenipotentiary, and in point of

dress and demeanor, acquitted herself in the most satisfactory manner. The fourth of June, the birthday of the king, is the great occasion on which the court unfolds all its pageantry, and the nobility vie in the splendor of their dresses and equipages. There is nothing awful in the ceremony.

Some days ago, I witnessed a public spectacle which I must mention, because nowhere else on the face of the earth is there one, in my estimation, more edifying or perhaps more sublime. I allude to an annual congregation in Saint Paul's church of all the children supported and educated by the national bounty, residing within ten miles of the metropolis. In the area under the dome of this vast monument, was an amphitheatre formed by nearly six thousand boys and girls, habited in particular uniforms, and seated on benches rising above each other in regular gradation. All were neat and clean, with their badges of distinction, and so distributed as to give the most picturesque effect to the whole. The aisle or body of the church was filled with spectators, similarly arranged, and from some points of view, the eye embraced the entire multitude. Divine service was performed, and a chorus occasionally raised by the united voices of these adopted children of the capital, assisted by Mrs. Billington and others. It seemed to me, in contemplating what was before me, that this nation was alone entitled to claim the virtue of charity which redeems so many faults and may be said to supply all deficiencies. This picture of the munificence of the capital seemed alone to compensate for the follies and vices of which I have offered you a faint outline. There was a moral grandeur in the scene more imposing and majestic than the sublime architecture and gigantic dimensions of the vast temple in which it was exhibited. Other nations have surpassed this in their works of art, in the magnificence of their public monuments, in the luxury and miracles of their genius: but if admiration be properly due to the best moral and political institutions, to the virtues of humanity, to independance of mind and generosity of heart England is far above them, in the scale of excellence.

To pay one visit, at least, to London is the ambition of all who can in any way contrive to obtain the pecuniary means of so doing. I have been struck with the phraseology of even the most distant inhabitants of the country, when speaking of the metropolis. They call it *the town*, by preeminence, and in the remote extremities of the island, they ask you, if you have come from TOWN, no matter what number of cities may intervene. It is indeed wonderful, for the extent of its population, the symmetrical elegance of its streets, and the conveniences with which it abounds; but still, London, if I may use the expression, is much too *prosaid;* every thing in it is addressed to the senses, nothing

to the imagination. In Paris a cultivated mind is incessantly recreated with classical images; the forms of antiquity meet your eye everywhere even in the fashion of a chair and a table; you are everywhere sensible of the predominance of taste, a power not easily defined, but of great and unquestionable influence over the pleasures of fancy. The gallery and saloons of the Louvre, which all the lower classes visit, and the number of statues and busts that crowd all the public walks, have given them a knowledge of the heathen mythology quite astonishing to a stranger. In all the small towns and villages of this country, particularly in Wales, from a principle which I cannot well understand, they have selected the yards as the public walk.

I must indulge in another remark applicable to all great capitals, of the truth of which every American who resides in them must be particularly sensible. In consequence, perhaps, of the late hours adopted, and of the multitude and variety of objects surrounding you, the flight of time appears infinitely more rapid than with us or in any small town. The day in the former is like the hour in the other, and is gone, before you are fully resolved how to employ it. I am told by those who are much in the fashionable world, that to them the progress of life is altogether imperceptible. This is not happiness, although it might wear that appearance, it is only enjoying the lapse of time, as you do the succession of space in riding full speed. If there be any sources of gratification either within or without existence should be measured by time; the mind should be able to collect itself, to pause at intervals to economize its means.

To me, my dear——, every object abroad wants a charm which would give it double interest and which my imagination cannot supply. I mean the presence of those to whom I could freely communicate all my impressions; whose joys are all doubled, whose griefs are all halved, who are rendered confident and independent, by their union and identity as it were, of feeling. I never see a family assembled in a box at the theatre, at table, or in a public walk, without feeling the superiority of their condition and envying their happiness. If Providence will permit the same pleasures shall crown the wishes of your, &c. &c.

RHETORIC—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## LECTURE VI.—ON TONES.

GENTLEMEN,

In my preceding lecture I stated to you, that the two principles of *pause* and *tone* are more intimately connected together than any other two of the five which constitute the correct pronunciation of written language, and that they mutually affect each other; nor is there any thing which contributes more to the just and forcible expression of sentiment than the proper observance of them. I then confined my observations to the nature and proper application of the various *pauses* now in use, whether grammatical or rhetorical. I shall now discuss that branch of the subject which relates to the *tones*, or to the nature, modulation, and operation of the human voice, in forming, by its inflexions, those many expressions of sentiment and passion which give energy to language and efficacy to thought. By the tones or modulation of the human voice, as well as by *looks* and *gestures*, the various sentiments and passions of the human mind are expressed.

Every person has three pitches in his voice; the *high*, the *middle*, and the *low*. The high is that which he uses when under the influence of violent passion, or when calling aloud to some person at a distance; the low is used under great depression of mind, or when he approaches to a whisper; the middle is that which is employed in conversation, and which should genenally be used in reading aloud. The various modifications of which these three pitches are capable, constitute those tones which give such wonderful animation and energy to language.

"In the beginning," says Mr. Sheridan, "barbarous nations have nature only for their guide, in their speech as well as in every thing else. With them, therefore, all changes of the voice, and the different notes and inflexions used in uttering their thoughts, were the result of the acts and emotions of the mind, to each of which Nature herself has assigned its peculiar note. In this state the people all speak the emphatic language; and the variety of sounds, result from the nature of the sentiments they express. In a calm state of mind the notes of the voice, in unison to that state, are little varied, and the words are uttered nearly in a monotone. When the mind is agitated by passion, or under any emotion whatever, the tones expressive of such passion or emotion spontaneously break forth, being unerring signs fixed to such internal feeling by the hand of Nature, common to all men, and universally intelligible in the same manner as the sounds and cries uttered by the several tribes of animals."

The variety of tones in the human voice arises partly from the dimensions of the windpipe, which, like a flute, the longer and narrower it is, the sharper is the tone it gives; but principally from the size of the larinx, or top of the windpipe, or rather from the diameter of the glottis or little hole in the middle of the larinx, through which the air from the lungs passes: the tone of the voice being more or less grave, according to the diameter of the glottis. The influence of sounds, either to raise or allay our passions, is evident from music: and certainly the human voice, which is the origin or archetype of all music, and consequently the harmony of fine discourse, well and gracefully pronounced, is as capaple of moving us, if not in a way so violent and ecstatic, yet not less powerful, or less agreeable to our rational faculties.

It has ever been considered, by the best writers in all languages, as a peculiar beauty in the art of composition, to render the sound expressive of their sentiments, or an echo to the sense.

In the Greek language, amid a number of similar passages, Homer thus describes the dashing of the waves upon the shore:

ὡς δ' ὅτε κῦμα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης
Αἰγιαλῷ μεγάλῳ βρέμεται, Ζεφύροιο διὰ πόντον.
Il. ii. 209.

And in another place, the breaking of Menelaus's sword upon Paris's helmet is thus forcibly expressed:

ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ἀντῷ
Τρῳχθά τε ἠ τετραχθὰ διατρυφὰν ἴπποισι χαρεν.
Il. iii. 362.

Here the action is not only forcibly described, but the words so selected as to represent in sound the snapping short of the sword.

The dashing of a vessel through the waves is finely exemplified in this line:

Ἦ δ' ἴθυσε κατὰ κῦμα διαπρήσσουσα κέλευθον.
Il. i. 483.

Virgil thus describes the galloping of a horse:

Quadrupedante, putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

And in our own language, among various other equally expressive passages, Thomson has finely described the force of a river:

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,
At last the rous'd up river pours along:
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain and the mossy wild,

Tumbling through rocks abrupt and sounding far;
Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again constrained
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

Winter, l. 94.

As persons are differently affected when they speak, so they naturally alter the tone of their voice, though they do not attend to it. It rises, sinks, and has various inflections given to it, according to the present state and disposition of the mind. When the mind is calm and sedate, the voice is moderate and even; when the former is dejected with sorrow, the latter is languid; and when that is inflamed by passion, this is extended and elevated. It is the reader or speaker's business, therefore, to follow nature, and to endeavour that the tone of his voice appear natural and unaffected. And for this end he must take care to suit it to the nature of the subject, but still always to be grave and decent: neither too low nor too loud; all the music and harmony of speech lying in the proper temperament of the voice between these extremes.

If that elegantly descriptive poem, Alexander's Feast, by Mr. Dryden, be read or recited in a lifeless, monotonous manner, it will be as uninteresting as a description in a common advertisement; but if with appropriate spirit, expression, and variation of tone, it becomes irresistibly pleasing.

Correct pronunciation, exact emphasis, and the expressive charms of graceful action would all fail to please, whether on the stage or elsewhere, without proper vocal modulation or tone. We are indeed susceptible of strong and lively impressions from silent action; but if the most animated action were accompanied either with a monotonous or a discordant voice, it could not be endured.

The following passage in the Grecian Daughter is said to be one of the many which have so often excited the admiration of thousands, at the wonderful power of Mrs. Siddons to exalt the force and meaning of what she utters, by the tones of her voice.

To the usurper of her father's throne, who had thought to induce her to prevail on her husband to withdraw from the expected assault, by threatening both her father and herself, as hostages in his power, she answers,

Think'st thou then
So meanly of my Phocion? Dost thou deem him
Poorly wound up to a mere fit of valour,
To melt away in a weak woman's tear?
Oh! thou dost little know him; knowst but little
Of his exalted soul!

Now, these words might be pronounced, even without a fault, and we would hear them without emotion. But when uttered by Mrs. Siddons, they strike through the ear to the heart, kindling a portion of that spirit which prompted her to repel such a threat, with a mixture of calm contempt and glowing exultation: and when she said "Oh! thou dost little know him," it was astonishing to perceive how her expression

"Gave weight to words, and energy to thought."

Every person should regulate his tones by the natural key of his own voice. A voice is said to be clear when the organs of speech are suited to give every single letter, and all the combinations of them in syllables and words their proper and distinct sound: yet an obscure and confused voice is not always occasioned by a deficiency in the organs of speech, but frequently is the effect of custom and a bad habit. Some persons, either from want of due care in their education at first, or from inadvertency and negligence afterwards, run into a very irregular and confused manner of expressing their words, so as to render what they say often unintelligible. But all faults of this kind which proceed from habit, are to be overcome by attention, diligence, perseverance, and correct instruction.

Polite conversation seems to be the best groundwork of the tones of delivery; and if the house in which the speaker appears be not too large, a great many of them may always be introduced.

In studying cadences the capital rule seems to be, to imitate those varieties which occur in conversation where men are in earnest, and express themselves as prompted by the natural feelings of their minds. If we obtain not these colloquial cadences, we cannot reach much eminence, and our only resource will be to adopt some monotonous manner, as inoffensive as possible.

Tones, generally speaking, may be divided into two kinds: natural and artificial. The natural are such as belong to the passions of man in his animal state, which are implanted in his frame by the hand of Nature; and which spontaneously break forth whenever he is under the influence of any of those passions. These form a universal language, equally used by all the different nations of the world, and equally understood and felt by all. Thus the tones expressive of love, lamentation, mirth, joy, hatred, anger, pity, &c. are the same in all countries, and excite emotions in us analogous to those passions, when accompanying words which we do not understand. The artificial tones are those which are settled, as it were, by common consent, to mark the different operations, exertions, and emotions of the intellect and fancy, in producing their ideas;

and these, in a great measure, differ in different countries, as the languages do. The former of these, it is evident, neither require study nor pains, when we are ourselves under the influence of any of those passions; as they are necessarily produced by them: but in attempting to produce them, either in delivering the impassioned speeches of writers, or in assuming them in our own discourses, we shall be deficient in expression, if we do not feel, at the time, the passions we would express. We may, indeed, mimic the tones of those passions; but the affectation will be evident; the eye will immediately detect the fallacy; and consequently the hearts of the hearers will remain untouched. "If you wish me to weep," said a judicious ancient writer upon this subject, "you must first weep yourself:" and this maxim will always hold good with respect to the other passions.

But it may be asked, how can I possibly feel the passions of anger, love, hope, joy, grief, &c. without having a real object in which I am interested to excite it? can I, in a circle of known friends, feel or express, by tones, countenance, and gesture, the frenzy of anger, the disgust of hatred, the malignity of revenge, or the tremulous agitation of fear, in any dialogue with, or address to them? I answer, yes. For such, and so versatile is the human imagination, and so necessary is its operation, in giving energy to sentiment, that various and contrary characters can be assumed, and their natural emotions as fully expressed, as though we were actually in their supposed circumstances. And though this talent is not possessed by every individual, and indeed may be said rarely to exist, from the very few real orators which are to be found in any profession, yet we know that it is practicable, that where the talent is not bestowed in an eminent degree by nature, much may be effected by exertion and perseverance; and that, without the actual assumption of character, there can be no true eloquence. With respect, therefore, to the artificial tones, it will require great pains and much observation to become master of them.

When we consider that all these tones are to be accompanied by suitable looks and gestures (which I shall treat of in subsequent lectures) not only adapted, in the justest proportion to give due force to the sentiment, but regulated also in such a way as to appear graceful, we need not wonder that this species of oratory is so little known among us, because the principles of the art have been so little known and studied. And, indeed, the extreme difficulty of arriving at perfection in it, cannot be more clearly evinced than by the very few instances which appear at the bar, in the pulpit, or even on the stage, where oratory is the chief object and business of the profession. This deficiency chiefly arises from devoting the whole time and attention of our youth to the cultivation of written language, leaving the character-

istic and noble powers of speech altogether to the direction of Chance, and the impulse of Nature.

When we reflect that not only every thing which is pleasing, every thing which is forcible and affecting in elocution, but also the most material points necessary to a full and distinct comprehension even of the sense of what is uttered, depend upon the proper use of tones, and their accompaniments, it may well astonish us to think that such essential parts of our own language should, in a civilised country, in one whose commerce is so extensive and various, and which has produced so many excellent classical scholars in the dead languages as ours, be so generally, I might indeed almost say, so totally neglected.

Of modern authors who have minutely attended to and written upon this subject, no one has more critically and judiciously discussed that branch of the subject which relates to the tones or inflexions of the human voice than the ingenious Mr. Walker, who tells us that "the primary division of speaking sounds is into the upward and downward slide of the voice, and that whatever diversity of time, tone, or force is added to speaking, it must necessarily be conveyed by these two slides. These two slides, or inflexions of voice, therefore, are the axis, as it were, on which the force, variety and harmony of speaking turn. They may be considered as the great outlines of pronunciation: and if these outlines can be effectually explained, and conveyed to a student, they must be of nearly the same use to him as the rough draft of a picture is to a pupil in painting.

By the *rising* or *falling* inflexion is not meant the pitch of voice in which the whole word is pronounced, or that loudness or softness which may accompany any pitch, but that upward or downward *slide* which the voice makes when the pronunciation of a word is finishing, and which may therefore not improperly be called the *rising* or *falling inflexion*. So important is a just mixture of these two inflexions, that the moment they are neglected our pronunciation becomes forceless and monotonous; if the sense of a sentence require the voice to adopt the rising inflexion on any particular word, either in the middle or at the end of a phrase, variety and harmony demand the falling inflexion of one of the preceding words; and, on the other hand, if emphasis, harmony, or a completion of sense, require the falling inflexion on any word, the word immediately preceding almost always demands the rising inflexion; so that these inflexions of voice are in an order nearly alternate.

This is very observable in reading a sentence, when we have mistaken the connexion between the members, either by supposing the sense is to be continued when it finishes, or supposing it finished when it is really to be continued: for in either of these cases, before we have

pronounced the last word, we find it necessary to return pretty far back, to some of the preceding words, in order to give them such inflexions as are suitable to those which the sense requires on the succeeding words. Thus, in pronouncing the speech of Portius, in Cato, which is generally incorrectly pointed, as in the following example:

Remember what our father oft has told us,
The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate.
Puzzled in mazes, and perplexed with errors;
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewildered in the fruitless search.

If, I say, from not having considered this passage, we run the second line into the third, by suspending the voice at *intricate*, in the rising inflexion, and dropping it at *errors* in the falling, we shall find the sentiment expressed, to be absolutely blasphemous, in charging the ways of Heaven with being puzzled and full of errors: but if, in recovering ourselves from that impropriety we take notice of the different manner in which we pronounce the second and third lines, when properly pointed, we shall find that not only the last word of these lines, but that every word alters its inflexion: for when we perceive that by mistaking the pause we have misconceived the sense, we find it necessary to begin the line again, and pronounce every word differently, in order to make it more harmonious: and at the same time convey the true sense. Thus,

Remember what our father oft has told us:
The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate.
Puzzled in mazes, and perplexed with errors,
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewildered in the fruitless search.

But the great object of these harmonic inflexions is the forming of the cadence or close of a sentence. Here it is that harmony and variety are more peculiarly necessary, as the ear is more particularly affected by the close of a subject, or any branch of a subject, than by any other part of a composition, This observation may be exemplified by the following sentence from one of Addison's Spectators: "One of the most eminent mathematicians of the age has assured me, that the greatest pleasure he took in reading Virgil was in examining Æneas's voyage by the map, as I question not but many a modern compiler of history would be delighted with little more in that divine author than the bare matter of fact." Here we shall find, that, by placing the rising inflexion upon the word *little*, and the falling upon *more*; and the falling upon *divine* and the rising upon *author*, we shall give both a distinctness and harmony to the cadence. Every person has a certain pitch of voice, in which he is most easy to himself, and most agree-

able to others: this may be called the natural pitch; this is the pitch in which we converse; and this must be the basis of every improvement we acquire from art and exercise, aided by native taste, and an opportunity of frequently hearing and imitating the most masterly readers.

The circumscribed limits of a lecture not permitting a sufficiently ample discussion of so extensive a subject as that we are now considering, a subject which involves such variety of rule, and requires so copious a series of exemplification; I must, therefore, refer you to those two scientific and interesting productions, Walker's Elements of Elocution, and Rhetorical Grammar; in both of which, particularly the former, you will find this important principle of elocution explained and exemplified, with the utmost acuteness of criticism, and the most elaborate display of judicious example. To these may be added the lectures of Mr. Sheridan and Doctor Blair, and the Essays of lord Kaimes.

"The business of a lecturer," "says a celebrated modern writer,* "is not so much to dilate and elucidate a subject with new thoughts and original suggestions, as to delineate the great outlines of it; to bring into an easy and comprehensive view the authorities on which his assertions are founded; and to commit the filling up of those outlines, and the completion of the work to the diligence and exertion of the student in his closet, by a due consideration of the principles laid down, and an attentive perusal of the authors referred to."

Having now completed my intended observations on the five essential principles of correct pronunciation, accent, quantity, emphasis, pause, and tone, I will conclude this address to you, by recapitulating, or rather condensing the substance of the foregoing lectures into the following short rules, a constant recollection and observance of which will very much facilitate the progress of the student in acquiring the art of reading well; a good pronunciation consisting of nothing but a natural, easy, and graceful variation of the voice, suited to the nature and importance of the sentiments we utter.

1. Take pains to obtain a perfect knowledge of the sounds of all the letters in general.

2. Never guess at a word, or you will acquire a habit of reading falsely.

3. Pronounce every word with its proper accent, clearly and distinctly; a distinct articulation being essentially necessary to a good reader, and the very basis of the art.

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* Dr. Priestley.

4. Let the tones of your voice in reading be the same as in speaking.

5. Do not read in a hurry, or you will acquire a habit of hesitating and stammering.

6. Read so loud as to be heard by all about you, but not louder.

7. Observe your pauses well, and never make any where the sense does not require it.

8. Consider well the place of the emphasis in a sentence, and pronounce it accordingly.

9. Be careful not to speak through the nose, or with the teeth closed, but open your mouth sufficiently to give a distinct utterance.

And lastly, Endeavour to enter into the spirit of your author, and to give every sentiment its appropriate expression.

A strict and uniform adherence to these principles cannot fail to effect that proficiency in the art of reading, which will render the communication of sentiment, not only pleasing to the ear of the hearer, but by being thus conveyed through an agreeable channel, it will make a more forcible impression upon his memory, and more successfully operate upon the feelings of his heart.

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ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THE FORESTERS;

A POEM:

Descriptive of a Pedestrian Journey to the Falls of Niagara, In the Autumn of 1804.*

*By the Author of American Ornithology.*

With a plate.

(*Continued from Vol. II, page 565.*)

BEYOND the woods where Erie's waves extend,
Behold, once more, the setting sun descend;
Lone chirping crickets hail the coming night,
And bats around us wheel their giddy flight;
The drumming pheasant vibrates on the ear;
The distant forests dimly disappear.

* In the former parts of this poem the date, 1803, has been introduced through mistake.

Slow sinks the day; and through th' impending woods,
Night spreads her wings, and deepening darkness broods.
A death-like silence reigns the forest through;
At last the path evanishes from view.
Here as we stoop, our dubious course to steer,
Inhuman screams at once assail our ear;
The hollow, quivering, loud-repeated howl,
Full overhead, betrays the haggard owl;
Who, well for her, in muffling darkness past,
Else this heart-sinking scream had been her last.
Thus through the forest, wrapt in deepest shade,
Beneath black arms of tow'ring oaks we stray'd,
At solemn intervals the peace profound
Disturb'd by rattling nuts that dropt around.
Shrill, wildly issuing from a neigbouring height,
The wolf's deep howlings pierce the ear of night;
From the dark swamp he calls his skulking crew,
Their nightly scenes of slaughter to renew;
Their mingling yells sad savage woes express,
And echo dreary through the dark recess.
Steady along through swamps and pools we went;
The way-worn foresters fatigu'd and faint,
Scrambling o'er fallen logs that fractur'd lay,
Or stunn'd by viewless boughs that cross'd our way;
While glaring round, through roots and stumps decay'd,
Phosphoric lights their pallid gleams display'd.
Sudden a horrid human shriek we hear,
That shot its terrors through our startled ear;
"Ha! are you there!" the watchful Duncan cry'd,
"Halt! fix your bayonents, and look out ahead!"
A second scream announc'd the panther nigh,
The dark woods echoing back the rueful cry;
Still as the grave, suspending every breath,
Steady we stood to mark its passing path,
Prepar'd, and eager for one deadly aim,
To pour destruction through its tawny frame;
But vain our listening; nothing seem'd awake,
Save the lone murmur of the neighbouring lake;
All else lay dead and silent as before;
And even the distant wolf was heard no more.
Amidst this deep Egyptian darkness lost,
Our faithful pilot near forsook his post;
But knew, or seem'd to know, each swamp and pond,
And kept his steady course unerring on.

Behold! in front, a spreading radiance gleams!
Wide glowing, ruddy and immense it seems,
Such as the rising moon's broad orb bestows,
When up night's starry vault she solemn goes,
Each moment brightening, lo! to our amaze,
The woods on fire in ardent fury blaze;
Dark trees before us, of gigantic size,
In deeper shades and gloomy pomp arise;
The flames beyond, ascending with them bear
Thick clouds of sparkling smoke that fill the air.
Approaching near, it opes in dread display,
Diffusing round th' effulgency of day;
Where, glad to view each other's looks again,
We stand contemplating this furious scene:
Here piles of logs like furnaces appear,
The rows of underbrush rage far and near;
Huge tow'ring oaks amid this sea of fire,
Descend in thunders, and in flames expire;
Or, blazing high, with burning gaps imprest,
Rain showers of fire, infectious on the rest,
Loud roar the flames, the crackling branches fly,
And black behind the smoking ruins lie.
Thus some fair city, pride of many an age,
Gleams with the light of war's devouring rage,
Through its high domes the flaming torrents pour,
And naked turrets o'er the burnings lour;
The midnight sky reflects the dreadful blaze,
The foe, at distance, with enjoyment gaze,
Exult to find their vengeance well employ'd,
The works of ages in one night destroy'd.
So look'd the woodman, who behind us stood,
Begrimm'd with soot, in tatter'd garments rude,
On pitchfork leaning, hail'd with "*How d'ye do?*"
And look'd like Lucifer just risen to view;
At Duncan's voice, advancing, stood amaz'd,
And each on other for a moment gaz'd,
"What Johnny!" "Duncan!" "Bless my heart, so near!
"*How glad our folks will be to see you here!*"
Kind invitations now, were not forgot,
And through corn-fields we followed to his cot,
There "*O's!*" and "*Dears!*" and salutations o'er,
The ponderous knapsacks sunk upon the floor;

Seats, quickly rang'd, our weary limbs invite,
And kind inquiries all our toils requite;
And while our meal a young brunette prepar'd,
The ancient father's humorous jokes we shar'd;
Though ninety years had silver'd o'er his head,
Yet life's green vigor seem'd but little fled;
The burning woods, that late before us blaz'd,
His axe had levell'd, and his handspike rais'd;
None laugh'd more hearty, sung with livelier glee,
Or jok'd, or told a merrier tale than he;
Kind, cheerful, frank; in youth a sailor brave,
"Now bound for brighter worlds beyond the grave."
Two favourite sons, obliging, open, mild,
With wild wood anecdotes the hours beguil'd;
Produc'd their rifles, sedulous to please,
Describ'd their farm, their horses, harvest, bees,
While a whole hive, the crowded garden's boast,
Crown'd our repast, and spoke the generous host.
To Johnny's joke succeeded William's tale,
Sweet Mary serv'd with many a witching smile,
And thou, Devotion, wert a kindred guest,
Of all our joys the noblest and the best;
Around, conven'd with David's holy lays,
In solemn strains awoke our evening praise;
The kneeling father's fervent prayers ascend,
"O be the strangers' comfort, guide and friend;
Their trust, their guardian, wheresoe'er they go,
To view thy greatness in thy works below;
O leave them not! but their Director be,
To that last stage that leads them home to Thee!"
Such pious goodness, aged worth so dear,
The trembling voice that spoke the soul sincere,
With thoughts unspeakable my mind opprest,
Till tears reliev'd the tumult of my breast:
And all to rest retir'd, and silence deep,
To lose the hardships of the day in sleep.
By bawling calves and jumbling bells awoke;
We start amaz'd to see the morning broke,
Such blest oblivion balmy sleep bestows
Where toil-worn Industry and Peace repose.
Geese, turkeys, ducks, a noisy numerous brood,
Mingle their gabblings with the echoing wood,
Through whose tall pillar'd trees, extending blue,

The lake Cayuga* caught our ravish'd view.
Soon on its oak-crown'd banks sublime we stood,
And view'd, from right to left, its lengthen'd flood,
Of vast extent, pure, glassy and serene,
Th' adjacent shores and skirting huts were seen,
The eye could mark the whiten'd frames, the ear
Faint sounds of barking dogs remotely hear.
Hither, before, our liberal friends had sent
Whate'er of stores we voyagers might want,
Fill'd all our wallets, prest us to take more,
And, side by side, convey'd us to the shore;
There the good father grasp'd each traveller's hand,
His sons and family mingling o'er the strand,
"Farewell!" "Goodbye!" "God bless you!" was the cry,
The tears of friendship swelling in each eye.
Charm'd with a love so free, so nobly shown,
His clubb'd fuzee across his shoulder thrown,
Our pilgrim bard the parting group address'd,
And thus his gratitude and ours express'd.
"For all your goodness, hospitable friends!
We gladly would, but cannot make amends.
All that we can we humbly offer here,
Our dearest wishes, ardent and sincere,
Long with success may all your toils be blest,
And each rich harvest rival all that's past;
Long may your glittering axe, with strength apply'd,
The circling bark from massy trunks divide,
Or wheel'd in air, while the wide woods resound,
Bring crashing forests thundering to the ground;
Long may your fires in flaming piles ascend,
And girdled trees their wint'ry arms extend;
Your mighty oxen drag the logs away,
And give the long-hid surface to the day,
While fields of richest grain, and pasture good,
Shall wave where Indians stray'd, and forests stood,

* This lake is about thirty-eight miles long, and from two to three and four miles in breadth. It is nearly parallel with, and about eight or ten miles east from the Seneca lake. The bed of the former is said to be thirty or forty feet lower than that of the latter, which flows into the Cayuga nearly at its outlet, and forms what is usually called Seneca River. The waters of both these lakes are extremely clear and transparent; are much frequented by wild ducks, and contain abundance of various kinds of fish, particularly salmon, and also suckers of a very large size. One of these last, which we purchased from a party of Indians encamped on the shore, measured upwards of two feet in length.

And as you sweat the rustling sheaves among,
Th' adjoining woods shall echo to your song,
These are the scenes of truest joys below,
From these health, peace and independence flow;
Blest with the purest air, and richest soil,
What generous harvests recompense your toil!
Here no proud lordling lifts his haughty crest;
No tinsel'd scoundrel tramples the distrest;
No thief in black demands his tenth in sheaves;
But man from God abundantly receives.
In rustic dress you range the echoing wood,
Health makes you gay, and simple manners good;
Society's best joys your bosoms know,
And plenty's smiling cup without its wo.
Farewell, good friends! be virtue still your guide,
Still scorn injustice, cruelty and pride,
Whate'er be your pursuits, whate'er your care,
Let temperance, peace and industry be there;
From these want, pain, and care and ruin fly,
And half the ills that teach mankind to sigh.
Fear not success! though one attempt should fail,
Fate yields when strength and constancy assail;
Store up your harvests, sow your winter grain,
Prepare your troughs the maple's juice to drain,
Then, when the wintry north outrageous blows,
And nought is seen but one wide waste of snows,
Ascend the fleeting sleigh, and like the wind,
Scour o'er the hills and leave the woods behind,
Along the drifted swamps and mountains high,
O'er rocks and narrows* make your horses fly,
Shoot o'er the Susquehannah's frozen face,
And bleak Wyoming's lofty hills retrace;
Nor let the hunter's hut, or venison stale,
Or his lov'd bottle, or his wond'rous tale,
Of deer and bear your lingering steeds detain;
But swift descend, and seek the southern plain;
There where the clouds of Philadelphia rise,
And Gray's flat bridge across the Schuylkill lies;
There shall your grateful friends with choicest store,
And hearts o'erflowing welcome you once more;

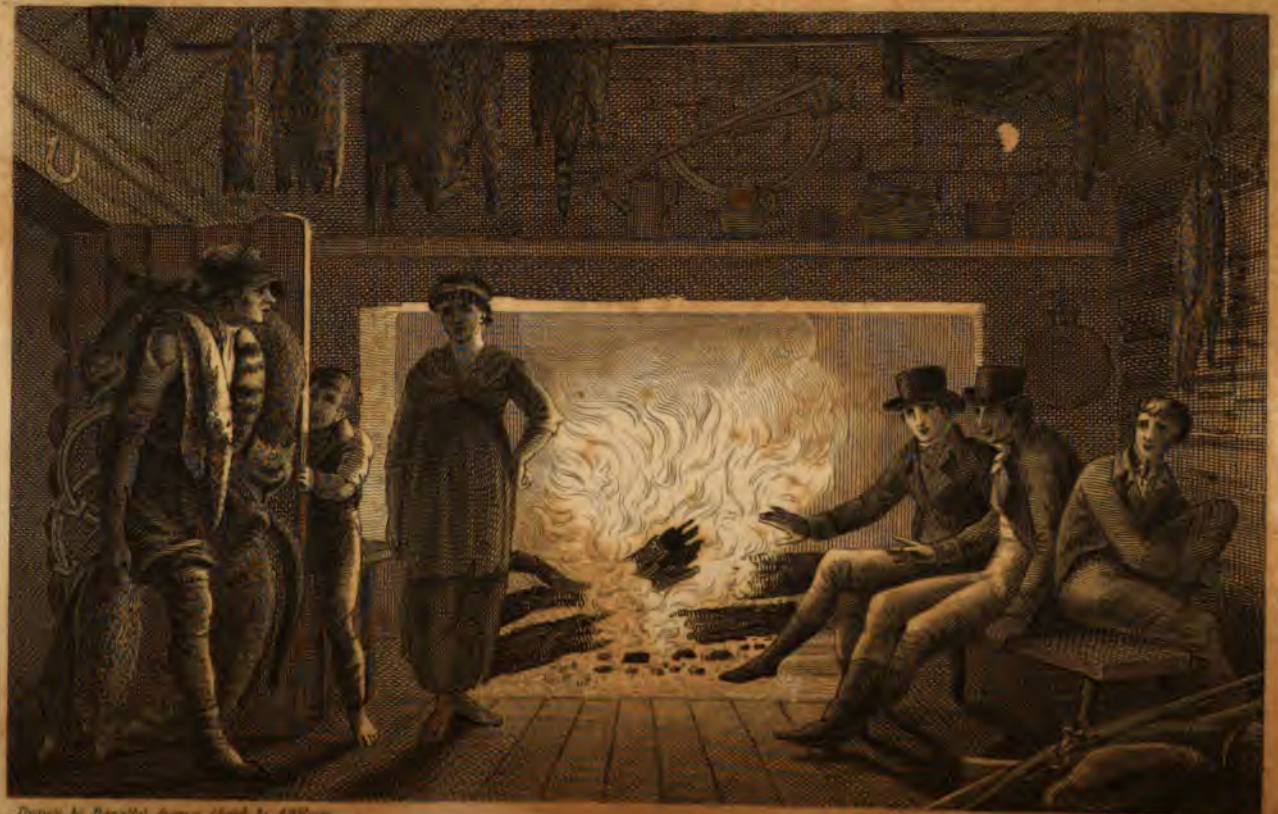
* These are passes on the high steep sides of the mountains overhanging the Susquehannah, and in some places will scarcely admit more than one person abreast.

There friendship's purest joys will crown the whole,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul."
Our boat now ready and our baggage stor'd,
Provisions, mast, and oars and sails aboard,
With three loud cheers that echo'd from the steep,
We lanch'd our skiff *Niagara* to the deep;
The shores recede—the oars resounding play,
Fleet through th' unruffled flood we scour away,
Till Evening sweet suspends her starry veil,
And all around her sparkling orbs prevail.
There, high in front, the Bear's bright splendors glow,
His answering glories gild the deep below.
Profound and vast, and, as we onward glide,
Dance on the bosom of the dimpling tide.
Lone Night and listening Silence seem to sleep
On the smooth surface of the glistening deep;
Save where the ducks in rising thousands soar,
Leaving the dark expanse with lengthen'd roar,
That like a cataract bursts from legions near,
And dies in distance on the vacant ear.
Meantime young Duncan, as the oar he plies,
With voice melodious bids the song arise,
The theme COLUMBIA, her sublime increase,
"Blest land of freedom, happiness and peace,
Far, far remov'd from Europe's murderous scene,
A wide, a friendly waste of waves between,
Where strangers driv'n by tyranny to roam,
Still find a nobler and a happier home.
Hail blest asylum! happy country hail!
O'er thee may truth; but never foe, prevail."
From neighbouring shores, and cliffs that o'er them rise,
The listening spirit of the lake replies,
And in responses sweet, and accents plain,
Repeats each period of th' inspiring strain.
Now like dull stars the lighted bridge* appears,
Beneath it soon our little vessel steers,
Where, snugly moor'd we pass'd away the night,
And weigh'd next morning by the peep of light.

* This bridge extends across the lake, which at this place is about a mile in width. It is built of wood; is laid on two hundred and fifteen trustles, each consisting of three posts, connected by girths and braces. The posts are sunk to hard gravel, which is generally about thirty feet from the surface. The expense was twenty thousand dollars.

Here the clear lake contracts its straighten'd floods,
And winds, a deepen'd stream, through level woods;
In vain our tow'ring mast for soundings tries,
Beyond its utmost depth the bottom lies;
Yet, so transparent its pure waters flow,
We mark'd the smallest leaf that lay below.
Ducks, whistling past, like meteors fill the air,
Our fatal guns pursue them deadly there,
Glanc'd from the eye the thundering tubes rebound,
Fluttering they fall, and flap, and scream around.
Here from the shore, low marshes wide expand,
Where bare and bleak the little salt-works† stand,
There numerous pits their briny treasures yield,
And pumps and tunnels checker all the field;
Whether old Neptune these blest springs supplies,
Or deep below the massy substance lies,
Let idlers guess; while nobler souls revere
The all-providing Power who rais'd them here.
Beneath mild sunshine as we onward glide,
Flat moss-clad forests rise on either side;
High midst the leafless multitude is seen
The dark majestic pine in deepest green;
The snow white sycamores, that love to drink
The passing stream, and skirt the river's brink,
Wide o'er the flood their arms, capacious, throw,
To meet their soften'd forms that lie below.
Still files of ducks in streaming thousands pour,
At every bend their rising torrents roar,
Till, near Musquito point their flocks decrease
Where night o'ertook us and we moor'd in peace.
High rose its banks, and on its rugged height,
A small log hovel shone with glimmering light,
Here one lone woman and a boy we found,
The *trapper* absent on his usual round,
On board his skiff had sail'd, six days ago,
To try his luck some twenty miles below.
This solitary hut, small, cheerless, rude,
Amid vast swamps and wildernesses stood,

† This saline is about eight miles from the outlet of the lake. The wells are from fifteen to twenty feet deep, and the water is much stronger than that of the ocean. The proprietor informed me that he made about thirty-five bushels daily.



Where nightly horrors banish'd oft repose,
Such savage cries from wolves and panthers rose;
Even round the bolted door, the woman said,
At midnight frequent she could hear their tread.
The fire blaz'd bright; around us we survey'd
The pendent furs with which it was array'd;
A sacred horse-shoe, guardian of the whole,
Terror of sprites prophane, and witches foul,
Dread, powerful talisman 'gainst imps unknown!
Nail'd o'er the door in silent mystery shone.
Just as the dame her glowing hearth had clear'd,
The ragged owner of the hut appear'd,
Laden with skins, his traps around him slung,
Two dead rackoons across his shoulder hung;
Muskrats and 'possoms in each hand he bore;
A large brown otter trail'd along the floor;
And as he sous'd them down with surly gloom,
The skunk's abhorr'd effluvia fill'd the room.*
"Friends, how d'ye do?" Well wife, how come you on?
How fare the calves?" "Why three of them are gone!"
"Three!....D—n these wolves! they'll eat up house and hall!
And have they kill'd the sheep?" "They have." "What, *all?*
"Yes all." . . "I thought it would be so.
Well,—now they're at the devil, let them go."
So said, he whets his knife to skin his store,
While heaps of red raw carrion fill the floor.
As morning dawn'd, our little skiff we trimm'd,
And through the misty flood with vigor skimm'd;
Now, gliding smooth, we hail with songs the morn;
Now, down white boiling breakers headlong borne,
Again, enclos'd, the gray woods round us rise,
We pass where Cross Lake green and stagnant lies,
And mark the snakes, amid their wat'ry way,
With heads erect our dipping oars survey.

* The reader is not to imagine that this animal formed part of our trapper's game. It is never seen in this particular part of the country; and the trappers take advantage of this circumstance to circumvent their prey. In the lower parts of the State, where this animal is abundant, there are people who collect the liquor with which Nature has supplied it for its defence. This is put into small vials, sealed, placed mouth downwards in a pot of earth, and sold to the trappers. A drop or two of this precious aroma is put on or near the steel-traps after they are set, and the strange and extraordinary odour is said to decoy other animals to the spot. Our landlord himself being furnished with a bottle of this *essence of skunk*, and his traps profusely saturated with the same, produced the effect abovementioned.

Dead lie the lonely woods, and silent shore,
As Nature slept, and mankind were no more.
How drear! how desolate to ear and eye!
What awful solitudes around us lie!
Sad were his fate, too dreadfully severe,
For life condemn'd to linger hopeless here;
From such lone thoughts of gloomy exil'd wo,
All human ties forever to forego;
The heart shrinks back, dejected and dismay'd,
And owns that man for social joys was made.
Yet still, whate'er our doubtful hearts may say,
Even Nature's self to *habit* will give way,
And these vast solitudes, so deep and drear,
As more frequented might become more dear.
On yonder island, opening by degrees,
Behold the blue smoke mounting through the trees!
There, by his fire, 'mid sheltering brush obscur'd,
His bark canoe along the margin moor'd,
With lank jet locks that half his face conceal,
The Indian hunter eats his morning meal.
Stakes rudely rear'd his little pot suspend,
Amid the smoke his busy partners bend,
Beyond, sly peeping, fearful to be seen,
Two copper chubs their favourite shell-barks glean.
Another night another hut supplies,
In half an hour the crazy fabrics rise;
The roof with bark, the floor with spruce bespread,
The stakes around with skins and venison clad;
At our approach suspicion lours his eye,
That scarce regards us gliding swiftly by.
His life how simple, and his wants how few!
A blanket, leggins, rifle, and canoe,
Knife, hatchet, mockasins,—not much beside,
And all beyond to him is empty pride.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## BULLETIN MOUSIAD.

Arma murumque cano.—*Virgil.*

WHERE swells the proud Danube, let armies engage,
And empires embattled their bloody wars wage:
Let bards for a pension their venal lays sing,
And hail a usurper, a despot, or king,
Who slaughters battalions, like turkeys and pullets,
But conquers by bulletins, rather than bullets.
More pleasing to me is the delicate theme,
Of beauty in tremors, and mice stealing cream.

Of Aspern and Wagram, and such horrid names,
While emperor Boney, with rapture declaims;
And gen'rals and counts, from Nap to Nansouty,
All scamper and scramble in search of the booty.
I sing of a conflict less bloody, by far—
A mouse, in a cellar, with ladies at war;
Whose fur was as smooth, as their garments of silk;
And whose phiz was white-wash'd in a pitcher of milk.

As, by échelon, march'd, the light parlor brigade—
The nibbler lay couch'd in a snug ambuscade.
A batt'ry of butter protected his rear,
On his flanks, the steep sides of the firkin appear:
Like Boney's chasseurs with the Danube in van,
A stream of sweet milk, in front of him ran;
While an empty beer keg, join'd a breach in the wall,
To secure his retreat, should he chance to lose all.

Thus strongly entrench'd, *á la mode de souris*,
The fair cavalcade, their antagonist see,
Then bravely they halt, reconnoitering his *post*,
A shield from Cantón, is the armor they boast.
A double prong'd spear, like a *Brummagem* scissors;
A huge Sheffield carver, a bodkin and tweezers,
Like the sword of Achilles, bright glitter'd in air,
While a box of rappee, was their *ruse de la guerre*.

Not amazons fam'd, for their contests and wars;
In perils undaunted, and heedless of scars—

E'er fought with more valor, than glow'd in the band,
Who sounded the charge, with their carvers in hand—
Great Mars, with his joy, shook the sides of the house,
And lady Bellona encouraged the mouse,
When cutting and slashing, Eve's heroine daughters,
Pierc'd through his rear guard, and beat up his quarters.

The mouse kept his station, like any archduke,
Till even the base of his buttresses shook;
But his centre gave way, and he plung'd in the stream,
Discharging a volley of butter and cream.
The damsels stood trembling, appall'd by the shot,
In doubt, if in truth, they were killed or not,
Till whisking their heads, like a whirligig wheel,
They found there was life, from their power to squeal.

This fact ascertain'd, with new ardor they rise,
The lightning which darted from four brilliant eyes,
Soon melted the bastions, the culprit had rear'd,
And sing'd with a flash, his long whiskers and beard.
"Afraid of his bacon," from foes so galvanic,
The mouse beat retreat in a terrible panic:
By the beer keg he rally'd, but lay on his oars,
With an eye to the butter, provisions and stores.

The belles, though as brave as the canoniz'd Joan,
Admiring a courage, resembling their own—
Made a truce, with the pilfering rogue upon terms,
And an armistice sign'd for suspension of arms.
Pill Garlic march'd off, with the honours of war,
A part of the spoils, was the prize of the fair,
And their splendid achievements applauded shall be,
While ladies love butter and cream with their tea.

For ne'er did a battle such ardor display,
As mark'd the exploits of this mem'rable day,
And ne'er did a hero, more gallant withdraw,
Not even, great Nap; to the inner Lobaw—
While Danube majestic, shall roll its dark wave;
And Hudson's pure current, its peaceful shores lave;
"The gentle Lucella," high honours shall claim,
And Phœbe the wit, grace the laurel of Fame.

E.

*New-York.*

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## TO MARY.

HAD I thought that another would taste
That kiss, which was formerly mine,
Or believed that the form I embraced,
Some happier arms would entwine;

Had I thought that the rose of thy lip,
For a rival as richly would bloom,
Or supposed that another would sip,
From thy mouth, its ambrosial perfume;

I would never have vow'd to be true,
Nor have sworn that I thought thee so fair,
Nor have said that inconstance in you,
Would o'erwhelm me with grief and despair.

But return to me, Mary! no more;
Still dwell in thy new lover's heart,
Since your faith you can never restore,
With your charms I will willingly part.

The altar of love, once profan'd,
Has lost its attractions divine,
And the heart with inconstancy stain'd,
Can never, sweet Mary! be mine.

PHILARIO.

## VARIETY.

WITH the variation of a single word in Dryden's translation of one of the satires of Persius, the Roman poet's description of the merchant adventurer to the East in his time is strictly applicable to many a voyager now:

The thrifty merchants, led by lucre, run
To the parched Indies and the rising sun,
And thence hot pepper and rich drugs they bear,
Bartering for spices their *Columbian* ware.

THE different pursuits of man are tolerably hit off in a *rough* sketch by a great master.

One bribes for high preferments in the state,
A second shakes the box, and *sits up late*;
Another lies in bed, dissolving there,
Till knots upon his gouty joints appear,
And chalk is in his crippled fingers found,
Rots, like a doddard oak, and falls to ground.

---

In the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles, the poets and men of learning in general could scarcely lay aside the idiom of Rome when writing for the press. Dryden affects many latinisms in his vigorous verse. In the following couplets the reader will find an example, and we will not say that it is a very faulty one. This innovation in style seems to be justified by the example and authority of Dr. Johnson.

The high-shoed ploughman, should he quit the land,
To take the pilot's rudder in his hand,
*Artless of stars*, and of the moving sand,
The gods would leave him to the waves and wind,
And think all shame was lost in human kind.

---

IN the mythology of the pagans we read of the *single-eyed*, or as others say, of the *squinting* priestess of the goddess Isis. Dryden, translating from an old poet, who alludes to some of the superstitions of his country, introduces a strange word to the confusion of grammarians. This uncouth, and we may say ludicrous, epithet is, however, very whimsically descriptive.

Now a cracked egg-shell thy sick fancy frights,
Besides the childish fear of walking sprites;
Of o'ergrown burly priests thou art afraid,
The timbrel, and the *squintefego maid*.

---

THE genius of lord Granville has been most honourably acknowledged by lord Chesterfield, in one of the best drawn sketches of the noblemen, his contemporaries. Horace Walpole has very happily *crayoned out* some of the darker, as well as of the brighter, features of his friend.

*Portrait of John earl of Granville, by lord Orford.*

Commanding beauty, smooth'd by cheerful grace,
Sat on the open features of his face:
Bold was his language, rapid, glowing, strong,
And science flow'd spontaneous from his tongue.
A genius, seizing systems, slighting rules,
And void of gall, with boundless scorn of fools.

Ambition dealt her flambeau to his hand,
And Bacchus sprinkled fuel on the brand.
His wish—to counsel monarchs, or control;
His means—the impetuous ardor of his soul:
For, while his views outstript a mortal span,
Nor Prudence drew, nor Craft pursu'd the plan.
Swift fell the scaffold of his airy pride;
But, slightly built, diffus'd no ruin wide.
Unhurt, undaunted, undisturb'd he fell,
Could laugh the same, and the same stories tell:
And, more a sage than he, who bade await,
His rivals, till his conquests were complete;
Our jovial statesman, either sail unfurl'd,
And drank his bottle, though he miss'd the world.

HENRY K. WHITE, a very juvenile bard, endowed with powers not very different from those of CHATTERTON, and remarkably pure from all the faults of that marvellous boy, wrote, at a very early age, the following sublime, beautiful, and pathetic stanzas. They present a very dismal picture of many results from the temperature of genius; but it is apprehended that the poet's representation, however gloomy, will accord with some of the reasonings of the philosopher, and with much of the observation and experience of the physician.

## GENIUS, AN ODE.

MANY there be that through the vale of life
With velvet pace, unnoticed softly go,
While jarring Discord's unharmonious strife
Awakes them not to wo.
By them unheeded carking Care,
Green eyed Grief, and dull Despair;
Smoothly they pursue their way,
With even tenor and with equal breath,
Alike through cloudy and through sunny day,
They sink in peace to death.

But ah! a few there be whom griefs devour,
And weeping Wo and Disappointment keen,
Repining Poverty, and Sorrow sour,
And self consuming Spleen.
And they are Genius' favourites: these
Know the thought throned mind to please,
And from her fleshy seat to draw
To realms where Fancy's golden orbits roll,
Disdaining all but wildering Rapture's law,
The captivated soul.

Genius, from thy starry sphere,
High above the burning zone,
In radiant robe of light arrayed,
Ah hear the plaint by thy sad favourite made,
His melancholy moan.
He tells of scorn, he tells of broken vows,
Of sleepless nights, of anguish ridden days,
Pangs that his sensibility uprouse
To curse his being and his thirst for praise.
Thou gav'st to him with trebled force to feel
The sting of keen neglect, the rich man's scorn,
And what o'er all does in his soul preside
Predominant, and tempers him to steel
His high indignant pride.

Lament not ye who humbly steal through life,
That Genius visits not your lowly shed:
For ah! what woes and sorrows ever rife
Distract his hapless head.
For him awaits no balmy sleep,
He wakes all night, and wakes to weep,
Or by his lonely lamp he sits,
At solemn midnight, when the peasant sleeps,
In feverish study and in moody fits,
His mournful vigils keeps.

And Oh! for what consumes his watchful oil?
For what does thus he waste life's fleeting breath?
'Tis for Neglect and Penury he doth toil;
'Tis for untimely Death.
Lo! when dejected, pale he lies,
Despair depicted in his eyes.
He feels the vital flame decrease;
He sees the grave wide yawning for its prey,
Without a friend to sooth his soul to peace
And cheer the expiring ray.

By Sulmo's bard of mournful fame,
By gentle Otway's magic name,
By him the youth who smiled at death,
And rashly dared to stop his vital breath,
Will I thy pangs proclaim:
For still to Misery closely thou'rt allied,
Though goodly pageants glitter by thy side,
And far resounding Fame.
What though to thee the dazzled millions bow,
And to thy posthumous merit bend them low;

Though unto thee the monarch looks with awe,
And thou at thy flashed car dost nations draw;
Yet ah! unseen behind thee fly
Corroding Anguish, soul subduing Pain,
And Discontent that clouds the fairest sky:
A melancholy train.
Yes, Genius, thee a thousand cares await,
Mocking thy derided state.
Thee chill Adversity will still attend,
Before whose face flies fast the summer friend,
And leaves thee all forlorn,
While leaden Ignorance rears her head and laughs,
And fat Stupidity shakes his jolly sides,
And while the cup of affluence he quaffs
With bee-eyed Wisdom, Genius derides,
Who toils and every hardship doth outbrave,
To give the meed of praise when he is mouldering in the grave.

---

A GENTLEMAN of this city lately kept the following meteorological journal of his wife's temper:

*Monday*. Rather cloudy; in the afternoon rainy.

*Tuesday*. Vapourish; brightened up a little at night.

*Wednesday*. Changeable, gloomy, *squally*, inclined to rain; variable all night.

*Thursday*. High wind, and some peals of thunder.

*Friday*. Fair in the morning; variable till the afternoon; cloudy all night.

*Saturday*. A *gentle breeze*, hazy, a thick fog, and a few flashes of lightning.

---

A DEALER in *peltry*, or as it is termed, we believe in some parts of England, a *fell*-monger, lately published an advertisement in the line of his business, with the following N. B. Gentlemen waited on at their houses for their *own* skins.

---

IN Tobin's celebrated farce, "*A School for Authors*," old Diaper, a citizen, abandons his business, removes to the west end of the town, and devotes himself to the Muses, or as it is wittily expressed by Mr. Tobin, sits in his closet, expecting inspiration, like an old rusty conductor waiting for a flash of lightning.

---

WRITTEN in the shady groves of a gentleman eminently skilled in music:

So sweet thy *song*, so thick thy *shade*,
The pleas'd spectator sees,
The miracle once more display'd
Of *Orpheus* and his *trees*.

## MORTUARY.

DIED, at the advanced age of eighty-seven years, BENJAMIN CHEW, Esq. Mr. Chew was born in Maryland, and was the son of Samuel Chew, Esq. who held a high judicial office before the revolution. Intended for the bar, Mr. Chew finished his professional education in London, and after his return to his native country entered on the practice of the law, first in what is now the state of Delaware, and afterwards in Pennsylvania, where his talents and industry soon raised him to great eminence. He was successively appointed attorney-general, recorder of the city of Philadelphia, member of the proprietary council, register of wills, &c. and chief justice; which last office he held until the dissolution of the proprietary government.

Both at the bar, and on the bench, he was distinguished, by the accuracy and extent of his forensic knowledge, quickness of perception, strength and closeness of argument, and soundness of judgment.

After the establishment of the present form of government, he remained in private life, except that at the instance of many respectable citizens he accepted a seat in the first common council of the city, until the year 1790, when on the institution of the high court of errors and appeals, he was appointed president of it, and continued in that important and useful tribunal, till our legislature, in the year 1806, on a new distribution of judicial power thought proper to abolish it. Mr. Chew took a part in its functions till the year 1804. The last three or four years of his life were clouded by lingering and frequently severe disease, which he bore with firmness until he expired on Saturday night, the 20th instant, beloved, resigned, and most truly regretted.

*TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.*

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Barralet del.' from a Sketch by A.Wilson.

View of the Great Pitch taken from below.

See the Frontiers a Poem

# THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.—*Cowper.*

Vol. III. MARCH, 1810. No. 3.


FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THE FORESTERS; A POEM:

### Descriptive of a Pedestrian Journey to the Falls of Niagara, In the Autumn of 1804.

*By the Author of American Ornithology.*

With two plates.

(*Concluded from page* 168.)

O'ER these lone swamps the Muse impatient flies,
Where mightier scenes and nobler prospects rise,
Nor stoops, in dull rehearsal to detail
Each roaring rapid and each adverse gale,
What vagrant tribes, what islands met our view;
How down Oswego's foaming Falls we flew,
Now plunging in our sinking bark to save,
Now headlong hurried down th' outrageous wave;
How through the clear still flood, with sounding oars,
We swept, and hail'd with songs the echoing shores.
These had their pleasures, and perhaps their fears;
But terrors fly when daring courage steers.
A thousand toils, a thousand dangers past,
The long-expected Lake appears at last,
Seen through the trees, like Ocean's boundless blue,
Huzza! huzza! ONTARIO is in view!

With flying hats we hail the glorious spot,
And every care and every fear's forgot.
So, when of old, we cross'd th' Atlantic waves,
And left a land of despots and of slaves,
With equal joy COLUMBIA'S shores we spy'd,
And gave our cares and sorrows to the tide.
Here, ere we lanch the boundless deep along,
Surrounding scenes demand their share of song.
Mark yon bleak hill, where rolling billows break,
Just where the river joins the spacious lake,
High on its brow, deserted and forlorn,
Its bastions levelled, and its buildings torn,
Stands *Fort Oswego;** there the winds that blow
Howl to the restless surge that groans below;
There the lone sentry walk'd his round; or stood,
To view the sea-fowl coursing o'er the flood;
Midst night's deep gloom shrunk at the panther's howl
And heard a foe in every whooping owl.
Blest times for soldiers! times, alas, not near,
When foes like these are all they have to fear;
When man to man will mutual justice yield,
And wolves and panthers only stain the field.
Those straggling huts that on the left appear,
Where boats and ships their crowded masts uprear,
Where fence, or field, or cultured garden green,
Or blessed plough, or spade were never seen,
Is old Oswego; once renowned in trade,
Where numerous tribes their annual visits paid;
From distant wilds, the beaver's rich retreat,
For one whole moon they trudg'd with weary feet;
Pil'd their rich furs within the crowded store,
Replaced their packs, and plodded back for more.
But time and war have banish'd all their trains,
And nought but potash, salt, and rum remains.
The boistrous boatman, drunk but twice a day,
Begs of the landlord; but forgets to pay;
Pledges his salt, a cask for every quart,
Pleas'd thus for poison with his pay to part.
From morn to night here noise and riot reign;
From night to morn 'tis noise and roar again.

* This post was finally abandoned on the 28th of October, 1804, about a week before our visit there.

Around us now Ontario's ocean lay,
Rough rose its billows, crown'd with foaming spray,
The grim north-east in roaring fury blew,
And our frail bark, deep dashing, labour'd through;
Our blanket sail, and feeble sapling mast
Drank the rough waves, and quivered in the blast;
A friendly sloop for Queenstown* harbour bound,
While night's foul hurricanes were gathering round,
Beheld our danger, saw our numbers few,
And, for our boat, received its willing crew;
Both safe on board, they trim their thundering sail,
The boom and main-sheet bending to the gale,
Hard by the helm th' experienced master stood,
And, far to windward, eyed the whitening flood;
Saw in the east the coming tempest lour,
On night's black wings impetuous to devour.†
Her roaring bow the boiling spray divides,
Two foaming torrents sweep along the sides,
Reef after reef retrench the straining sail,
And the rack'd vessel staggers in the gale;
Now up th' outrageous wave's high steep we go,
Now plunge down headlong in the gulf below,
Slow rising, shivering through tempestuous clouds,
That howl'd like demons in the whizzing shrouds.
Down in the cabin, by the uproar driven,
Heedless of all the warring winds of heaven,
Sick, groaning, speechless, and unfit to pray,
Our three pale *foresters* inglorious lay;
Groan answered groan; while, at each desperate throe,
The deep bilgewater churn'd and roar'd below.
Sad night of sickness, tumult, fears, and hopes,
Of roaring surges, and of rattling ropes,
Heart-rending reachings, tossings to and fro,
And all the horrors land-born lubbers know.
At length the morn arose—the storm withdrew,
And fair the breeze with steady vigor blew.

* This place lies on the Canada side of Niagara river, seven miles below the falls.

† These storms are very frequent on this lake; and from their suddeness, and the want of sufficient sea-room are also dangerous. A few days previous to our arrival at Oswego, a British packet called the Speedy, with the judge advocate on board, the judges, witnesses, and an Indian prisoner, and others, to the amount of twenty or thirty persons, foundered in a violent gale, and every soul perished. No part of the vessel was afterwards found except the pump, which we picked up, and carried to Queenstown.

First upon deck, our bard, uncheer'd with sleep,
Gaz'd silent round upon the shoreless deep,
From whose vast bosom, where the orient glows,
The glorious sun in reddening pomp arose.
The cold camboose with blazing faggots filled,
And, though in culinary lore unskilled,
Fry'd the nice venison, well with onions stored,
And summoned Leech and Duncan to the board.
Slow from the cabin mount the staggering pair,
Pale their changed cheeks, and wild their haggard air,
So look two ghosts that Tyburn's tree attend,
When the last signal calls them to ascend.
Soon as the sav'ry steams their nostrils gain,
They sicken, heave, and stagger down again.
Bold-hearted Duncan! who'd have dreamt to see
This pale Sea-spectre fix her fangs on thee?
On thee, who dauntless down the torrent's course,
Midst rocks and foam, defied its roaring force;
Still first the dangers of the chase to share,
To pierce the panther, or o'erwhelm the bear;
And at the joyous feast that crowned the whole,
With mirth and songs to elevate each soul.
"Cheer, comrades, cheer! deliverance is at hand!
"Lo! on the lea-bow lies the hazy land!"
Loud hailed the bard. At once, in cheerful mood,
Firm upon deck the active Duncan stood;
The wide expanse with freshen'd looks he eyed,
And, "*Who's afraid?*" in sportive humour cried.
Meantime the gale our flying vessel bore,
On wings of wind, full thirteen knots an hour;
And, just as day its closing light withdrew,
Niagara's light-house opened on our view,
Its star-like radiance shone with steady ray,
Like Venus lingering in the rear of day.
By slow degrees the sinking breezes die,
And on the smooth still flood we logging lie.
Roused by the morning, and the neighbouring drum,
Swift upon deck with eager eyes we come,
There, high in air, (the fortress full in view)‡
Our star-crowned stripes in waving triumph flew,

‡ Fort Niagara, originally built in 1726, by the French, was held by the British from 1759 to 1796, when it was delivered up, with the rest of the western posts, to the United States. It

Hail, sacred flag! To sons of FREEDOM dear,
Thy country's valour reared thine honours here;
Eternal blessings crown her rich increase,
Her BANDS of UNION and her STARS of PEACE.
Before us now the opening river pours,
Through gradual windings and projecting shores;
Smooth slopes the green where Newark's village lies,
There, o'er their fort,§ the British ensign flies.
"*From whence?*" they hail; we shout with trumpet's sound
"*From Fort Oswego; up to Queenstown bound.*"
"*What news?*" *The Speedy's pump on board we bear,*
"*The sole found fragment of that sad affair.*"
Th' increasing distance drowns their faint reply,
And up the adverse stream we foaming fly.
Now full in front the *Ridge*‖ its height uprears,
Its high, grim gap, like some vast cave appears;
Thick wheel strong eddies, marked with whirling foam,
As from this gloomy chasm they hurrying come;
Low at its foot, with stores and gardens gay,
Close, snugly sheltered, little Queenstown lay;
Here night once more her shadows o'er us threw,
And, safely moor'd, we bid our bark adieu.
Long seemed the night; impatient of repose,
By day's first dawn delighted we arose;
A day replete with scenes sublime and new
About to burst on our astonished view.
Sweet rose the morning, silent and serene,
No vagrant cloud, or stirring leaf was seen,
The sun's warm beams with dazzling radiance glow,
And glittering dance upon the flood below.
Soon full equipt the towering ridge we scale,
Thence, gazing back, a boundless prospect hail.
Far in the east Ontario's waters spread,
Vast as the Ocean in his sky-bound bed.

---

lies on the northeast point at the entrance of Niagara river into lake Ontario; and is a strong and very important post.

§ Fort George, built and occupied by the British since 1794, stands about a mile higher up the river than the American garrison, on ground thirty or forty feet higher than that of the latter, and on the Canada side. The town of Newark is adjoining, containing about two hundred houses.

‖ This singular ridge commences about the head of lake Ontario, and, running in an easterly direction, loses itself in the country towards the Seneca lake. The plain, extending from its base northwardly to the shores of the lake, is between two and three hundred feet lower than that extending from its top, south, to lake Erie.

Bright through the parted plain that lay between,
Niagara's deep majestic flood was seen;
The *right* a wilderness of woods displayed,
Fields, orchards, woods, were on the left arrayed.
There, near the lake's green shore, above the flood,
The tall, white light-house like a column stood.
O'er each grim fort, high waving to the view,
Columbia's stars, and Britain's crosses flew.
Thus two stern champions watch each other's eye,
And mark each movement ready to let fly.
Up to the ridge's top, high winding led,
There on on a flat, dry plain, we gayly tread.
And stop, and list, with throbbing hearts to hear
The long-expected cataract meet the ear,
But list in vain. Though five short miles ahead,
All sound was hushed and every whisper dead.†
"'Tis strange," said Duncan. "Here the sound might reach."
"'Tis all an April errand." answered Leech.
"Men to make books a thousand tales devise,
And nineteen twentieths are a pack of lies.
Here, three long weeks by storms and famine beat,
With sore bruised backs, and lame and blistered feet,
*Here*, nameless hardships, griefs and miseries past,
We find some *mill-dam* for our pains at last.
Once safe at home, kick'd, cudgell'd let me be
If e'er bookmaker makes a fool of me."
He spoke, and groan'd; for, heedless of his wo,
A stubborn stump assailed his corny toe,
Stunned with the stroke, he grinned and hopped around,
While peals of mirth and laughter loud resound.
Heavy and slow, increasing on the ear,
Deep through the woods a rising storm we hear,
Th' approaching gust still loud and louder grows,
As when the strong north-east resistless blows,
Or black tornado, rushing through the wood,
Alarms th' affrighted swains with uproar rude.
Yet the blue heavens displayed their clearest sky,
And dead below the silent forests lie;
And not a breath the slightest leaf assailed;
But all around tranquillity prevailed.

† This will appear almost incredible to those who have heard it asserted that the noise of the cataract is frequently heard at the distance of forty miles. Both these facts, however, are actually true, and depend entirely on the state of the atmosphere and current of the air.

General view of the Falls of Niagara.

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"What noise is that?" we ask, with anxious mien,
A dull salt driver passing with his team,
"Noise! noise!—why nothing, that I hear or see;
But Nagra Falls.—Pray, whereabouts live ye?"
All look'd amaz'd; yet not untouch'd with fear,
Like those who first the battle's thunders hear,
Till Duncan thus, with grave, satiric glee—
"Lord, what a monstrous *mill-dam* that must be!"
Leech blush'd assent; while, as we nearer drew,
The loudening roar more harsh and heavy grew.
Awe-struck sensations now all speech represt,
And *expectation* throbb'd in every breast.
Now from the woods, emerging into day,
Before us fields, and farms, and orchards lay,
The sloping hills a hollow vale disclose,
Whence hurrying clouds of boiling smoke arose,
Till in one congregated column thrown,
On whose bright side a glorious rainbow shone,
High in the heavens it rear'd its towering head,
And o'er the day its train gigantic led.†
Beyond its base, *there* like a wall of foam,
*Here* in a circling gulf unbroken thrown,
With uproar hideous, first the *Falls* appear,
The stunning tumult thundering on the ear.
Above, below, where'er the astonish'd eye,
Turns to behold, new opening wonders lie,
Till to a steep's high brow unconscious brought,
Lost to all other care of sense or thought,
There the broad river, like a lake outspread,
The islands, rapids, falls, in grandeur dread,
The heaps of boiling foam, th' ascending spray,
The gulf profound, where dazzling rainbows play,
This great, o'erwhelming work of awful Time,
In all its dread magnificence sublime,
Rose on our view, amid a crashing roar
That bade us kneel, and Time's great God adore.
As when o'er tracks immense of deserts drear,
Through dangerous nations, and midst toils severe,
Day after day condemn'd a war to wage
With thirst and hunger, men and lions' rage,

† This train of black clouds extends along the face of the heavens in the direction in which the wind blows, as far as the eye can reach, forming a very striking and majestic appearance.

Noon's burning heat, and night's distressing cold,
Arabian pilgrims Mecca's walls behold;
Those holy walls, whose sacred roof contains
Mahomet's tomb—their prophet's blest remains,
Past sufferings vanish; every sigh's suppress,
A flood of rapture rises in each breast,
All hearts confess an awful joy serene,
And, humbly, bow before the glorious scene.
Such were our raptures, such the holy awe
That swell'd our hearts, at all we heard and saw;
Fix'd to the rock, like monuments we stood,
On its flat face, above th' outrageous flood,
There, while our eyes th' amazing whole explor'd,
The deep loud roar our loudest voice devour'd.
High o'er the watry uproar, silent seen,
Sailing sedate, in majesty serene,
Now midst the pillar'd spray sublimely lost,
And now, emerging, down the rapids tost,
Swept the gray eagles; gazing calm and slow,
On all the horrors of the gulf below;
Intent, alone, to sate themselves with blood,
From the torn victims of the raging flood.
Whate'er the weather, or where'er the gale,
Here ceaseless haze and flying rains prevail;
Down bend the boughs, with weight of moisture borne,
Each bush, each tree, the dazzling drops adorn;
Save when deep winter's fiercest rigors blow,
Then falls the whirling spray in silent snow;
While the dew-drops to icicles are chang'd,
In glittering pendant parallels arrang'd.
Then, too, amid the Falls, stupendous rise
Bright icy pillars of prodigious size!
As if some pile, immense, of Greece or Rome,
W ere deep engulf'd within their hideous womb.
Drench'd to the skin, our baggage down we throw,
Fix'd to descend into the gulf below,
Amid whose wreck, and from whose depth profound,
Some new resource for wonder might be found;
Along the dreadful verge we cautious steer'd,
Till the tall ladder's tottering top appear'd;‡

‡ This ladder was placed in an almost perpendicular position, not leaning on the brink; but fastened to a projecting root, in such a manner that, on descending, the steep was on our right hand, and a tremendous abyss, of a hundred and fifty feet deep, presented itself before us.

A tree's projecting root its weight sustains,
The dread abyss wheels round our giddy brains;
Leech, like a bird, with the whole gulf in view,
Down its slight slippery bars regardless flew;
The bard came after, not devoid of fear,
And Duncan, gay and laughing, clos'd the rear;
The cumb'rous weight its bending sides assails,
It yields! it cracks! its whole foundation fails!
Fear, swift as light, the rocks grim pavement stains
With mangled limbs, and blood, and spatter'd brains;
But firm above the roots remain'd; though rude,
And safe below on Chaos' shores we stood.
Genius of song! Great source of light and day!
How shall the Muse this dreadful place portray!
Where all around, tremendous rocks were spread,
That from our feet in headlong fury fled;§
Rocks that great Ajax, with his hundreds more,
Could scarce have mov'd one hairbreadth from the shore.
Where logs, and boards, and trees of reverend age,
Beat to a pulp amid the torrent's rage,
Fragments of boats, oars, carcasses unclean,
Of what had bears, deer, fowls and fishes been,
Lay in such uproar, midst such clamor drown'd,*
That death and ruin seem'd to reign around!
High in our front th' outrageous river roar'd,
And in three separate falls stupendous pour'd;
First, slow *Fort Slusher's*‖ down was seen to roam,
In one vast living sheet of glittering foam;

§ These rocks, being worn smooth, by the perpetual action of the water, and lying upon a steep declivity, composed of loose masses of smaller ones, were displaced at every pressure of the foot, so that masses larger than millstones were easily lanched down with a single kick, rendering it highly dangerous for more than one person to pass abreast.

* A few days before our arrival the body of a man, who had been drowned above the falls, was found below them, among these rocks. Finding it impossible, from the state of the body, and I may add the ladder, to raise it to the brink of the precipice, and there not being a particle of earth in the gulf to cover it, the people were at a loss how to dispose of it, until one of the company discovered a hollow gum log, into which the body was thrust, and the entrance barricadoed with large stones.

‖ The height of this fall is said to be a hundred and fifty-four feet. The current above is much slower than in any other part of the river near the falls, and the water drops here almost perpendicularly, presenting the appearance of an immense white curtain of foam. In the general view of the falls, which accompanies this part of the poem, the eye is directed up the river, with the Horseshoe falls on the right, the perpendicular front of Goat island concealing that part of it which extends up the river.

On its south side a little islet towers,
There one small pitch o'er broken fragments pours;
*Goat Island* next, with oaks and cedars crown'd,
Its shelving base with dwarfish shrubbery bound,
Along the brink a rocky front extends
Four hundred yards, and at the *Horseshoe* ends.*
There the main forces of the river pour;
There, fierce above, the rushing rapids roar!
The mighty wat'ry mass, resistless grown,
Green down the impending brink unbroken thrown,
Whelm'd amidst dazzling hills of boiling spray,
In raging, deafening torrents, roars away!
One last grand object† yet remain'd unview'd,
Thither we crawl, o'er monstrous fragments rude,
Struggling through caverns deep; now prostrate thrown,
Now up wet slippery masses clambering on;
Below, in foam, the raging rapids sweep,
Above, dark, hollowed, hangs th' enormous steep,
Scoop'd out immense; resounding, gloomy, bare,
Its giddy verge projected high in air;
There such a scene of rage and uproar new,
In awful grandeur burst upon our view,
As seiz'd, at once, all power of speech away,
And fill'd our souls with terror and dismay.
Great God of nature! whose blest sun and showers
Call'd into action these tremendous powers,
Where shall my tongue fit force of language find
To speak the dread sensations of the mind,
When o'er the impending brink, in bounding sweep,
The eye pursued this deluge to the deep,
Saw its white torrents undulating pour
From heaven to earth with deafening crashing roar,
Dash'd in the wild and torn abyss below
Midst dazzling foam and whirling storms of snow,
While the whole monstrous mass, and country round,
Shook, as with horror, at the o'erwhelming sound!‡

* These falls are twelve or fourteen feet lower than those of Fort Slusher on the American side; and the main body of the river rushes over at this place with indescribable violence and uproar.

† The *Great Pitch*. Of the general appearance of this tremendous scene the view in the plate will give a pretty correct idea; but of the full effect of its whole combined horrors on the senses, I find it altogether impossible for me to give any adequate conception.

‡ This is literally true. In the house where we lodged, which is more than half a mile from the falls, the vibrations of a fork, stuck in the board partition, were plainly observable across the room.

Within this concave vast, dark, frowning, deep,
Eternal rains and howling whirlwinds sweep;
The slippery rocks, at every faithless tread,
Threaten to whelm us headlong to the dead;
Our bard and pilot, curious to survey,
Behind this sheet what unknown wonders lay,
Resolv'd the dangers of th' attempt to share,
And all its terrors and its storms to dare;
So, hand in hand, with firm yet cautious pace,
Along the gloom they grope this dreary space,
Midst rushing winds, descending deep, they gain
Behind th' o'erhanging horrors of the scene,
There dark, tempestuous, howling regions lie,
And whirling floods of dashing waters fly,
At once of sight depriv'd, of sense and breath,
Staggering amidst this cavern'd porch of death,
One moment more had swept them in the waves
To the most horrible of human graves;
But danger, here, to desperate force gave way,
And drove them, drench'd and gasping out to day.
The glooms of evening now began to close,
O'er heaps of rocks our homeward steps we chose;
And, one by one, th' infernal ladder scal'd,
While night's grim darkness deep around prevail'd;
Safe on the fearful brink, we search around,
And, glimmering near, a light and lodgings found;
There, full of all the wonders of the day,
In vain on bed our weary heads we lay;
Still loud without a mighty tempest heaves;
Still the calm air our terror undeceives.
And when some short and broken slumbers came,
Still round us roaring swept th' outrageous stream;
Whelm'd in the deep we sunk, engulf'd, forlorn;
Or down the dreadful Rapids helpless borne;
Groaning we start! and, at the loudening war,
Ask our bewilder'd senses where we are.
At length, with watching and with toil oppress,
The thundering tumult rock'd us into rest.

TRAVELS IN FRANCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## LETTER LXXII.

A GREAT deal might be said of those who are conspicuous at the court of the emperor, or in the higher departments of state; but the world has had their history over and over again, and you have, therefore the some means of information as myself; as to their persons, I saw scarcely any of them except at too great a distance, and in too great a crowd to distinguish them properly.

Of those who are members either of the senate or legislative body, there are but a few, whose appearance, though they are all most sumptuouly dressed upon every public occasion, seemed suited to the rank they held; they were in general the least well-looking part of the nation, and many of them had a low, and vulgar air. With the exception of persons who go to court, the men in France dress very little. Black, or dark blue are the most fashionable colours for the coat, and English kersimere and velverets are universally worn. There was a period during the revolution when every man, who was upon his guard against suspicion, took care to look as much as possible like one of the mob; to have shaved and washed very often, or appeared frequently in clean linen might have attracted the attention of the police, and it was as dangerous to be a *muscadin*, as a royalist, and prudent men took care that no word, no sigh, no look, no article of dress, no remnant of ancient civility and decorum should expose them to the fatal accusation of being either. Propriety of dress is however recovering, though but slowly, its proper ascendency in society. The red cap, the short coarse jacket, and the affectation of being ragged and dirty, have long disappeared; but the boots and pantaloons, the cropped hair, the round hat, and the shoe strings are still to be seen, and even sometimes, though rarely, of an evening, and in what is now called good company; but the emperor is too sagacious not to know of how much importance these seeming trifles are, that they are connected with good manners, and that good manners are the outworks of that sort of morality, which is essential to order and obedience. Even in America, where every man will always, I hope, be free to do all that the law has not forbidden, I could almost wish we had a censor to regulate dress; I would not permit the desire of being at one's ease to prevail so powerfully, or suffer that wholesome restraint, upon which the morals of our country depend far more than upon the law, to be in any degree relaxed. If we suffer people to go on consulting their ease, the decencies of society will be lost one by one; it will be thought a mark of slavery,

as among the Turks, to go with the head uncovered; we shall be for shaking off the restraint of this, or of the other garment in hot weather, and we shall revert by degrees to the dress or rather undress of our aboriginal ancestors. Kersimeres and velverets from Manchester are, as I observed to you, universally worn by the men; the ladies also make use of several articles of English manufactory, and these, with a great variety of other prohibited articles, are openly sold in large warehouses. The smuggler, or rather the vender of these has no doubt an understanding with the revenue officer; and the government, which neglects no means of raising money, contrives to be paid perhaps for what it cannot possibly prevent. The wonder is, that burdened as the prohibited articles must be with a considerable expense in addition to the first cost, it should still be sold at a less price than it can be made for in France, where labour is so cheap, and where the government has in many instances encouraged the manufacture with the gift of some old convent, as at Annecy in Savoy, and patronized his industry by rendering his productions fashionable. Perhaps the law which leaves the rate of interest open to the agreement of the parties contracting, and the obscure but profitable manner to the lender, in which the treasury continues to borrow, and the conscription which renders it impossible that any young man should remain long enough at his trade to be expert at it, and the irregular, inconsistent conduct of the government, which frequently rewards some service or gratifies the importunity of a courtier, by a permission to import to a certain amount of foreign merchandize, joined to the precipitation with which certain articles are either prohibited or admitted, without any interval being allowed between the date and the operation of an edict, are so many reasons which combine to defeat the advantages that nature has given France over almost every other country in the world.

I found the article which we call queens-ware, dearer within a few miles of where it is manufactured near Geneva, than the English merchant sells it in Charleston.

The ladies were obliged also to do homage during the horrors of the revolution to the monsters of the day, but they have since returned to all that taste and elegance for which they were formerly so conspicuous, they even dress in a more becoming manner than ever, for the fashion is more strictly Grecian than it used to be, and rouge is worn to imitate nature, and not as formerly in large patches upon the cheek as a badge of rank and fashion.

There may be some exaggeration in what we are told of the depravity of manners in Paris during a considerable period of the revolution; but it must still have been very great, for the mob were

of too much importance not to be courted by the different parties, and we may easily conceive of what nature the means of seduction were; every licentious passion was gratified by the facility of procuring a divorce, the restraint of religion was withdrawn, and the multiplicity of theatres, which were all of them accessible on very easy terms, joined to the depreciation of money, and the fluctuation of property must have encouraged idleness and debauchery in the extreme; what the reality may be at present, I cannot pretend to say, but there was not the least appearance of immorality in what I saw of society in Paris; the greatest appearance of decorum, on the contrary, was everywhere apparent, and particularly in the air and behaviour of the young and unmarried among the ladies. They have even at balls a gravity, I might almost say a severity of manner, which had it occurred in Philadelphia in the case Chattellux mentions, might have rendered the observation of an old acquaintance of ours much less ludicrous. A Parisian young lady does, certainly, not strike one at a ball as having come there for her amusement; she makes a decent but studied exhibition of herself, and appears like a person engaged in a very arduous design.

To the convents of former times have succeeded boarding-schools, where young ladies remain until they are married, or until the period of youth is entirely passed: the greatest attention is paid in these seminaries to their education, though chiefly perhaps to the ornamental parts, and dancing is become almost a science. One might indeed almost suppose of this elegant accomplishment that it would ultimately attain the degree of dignity and importance it was formerly accompanied with, and become once more a serious and essential part of every public ceremony. Our ancestors in Europe probably lived at one period as the Indians of our western country do now, and with them we know that no war is declared, no ambassador received, no peace concluded without a dance; no step, no figure, no motion of the hand and arms is without its meaning, they all refer to what has been performed,* or is yet to be effected, and the whole is designed to excite those passions and those feelings in the warrior and the statesman which may lead to honour and distinction. An eminent dancing master, whom I frequently had occasion to see, has assured me, that there were steps which, to be perfectly well executed would require two or three hours of daily practice for at least two years; he allowed, however, that a young lady's time might be perhaps as well employed in some other acquisition, and that dancing had lost some of its charms in losing all its gayety.

* See Williams's History of Vermont; a book too little known in America.

The persons who do the honours of Paris to a stranger, are generally the bankers; the principal of these have taken the station in society of the farmers-general of former times; and composing a sort of monied aristocracy, they appear to enjoy the advantages to be derived from opulence, now no longer exposed as that of their predecessors was, to be envied by the landed interest, or hated by the people, to whom a display of ostentatious luxury gave offence, when it was supposed, and not without reason, to be connected with, and to aggravate the general distress. There is a certain equality which despotism is as productive of as republicanism, and which is of a nature to console a great part of mankind, and particularly the class alluded to for the privation of every political right. The rich were never before fully admitted to the rank and estimation which wealth ought in reason and good policy to give: I do not believe that the present rich have as yet the affectation of encouraging literature which was so honourable to the farmers-general, many of whom were at the same time so distinguished as men of letters, that Plutus, it was said, must have made up his quarrel with the Muses, who had so long spoken contemptuously of him. There are houses, however, at which a weekly dinner is given to literary men; but as the sciences now most in vogue are too abstruse for general conversation, as there are no great contests, as formerly, between the king and the different parliaments, which all could discuss, and as that spirit, which, notwithstanding the danger of the Bastile, and of Lettres de Cachet, could vent itself in epigrams, and is now effectually laid, a literary dinner must be a very inferior thing to what it used to be; the hour of dining is indeed so late, and the custom of going to some place of public amusement of an evening, still so prevalent, that there can be but little or no conversation. The supper of former times, the triumph of French manners and festivity, has disappeared, and in the room of it they have introduced an ambiguous meal, which, from some resemblance it bears to an evening party in England is called a "thé." This takes place at a very late hour, and is a sort of irregular cold supper, which some take standing, and others at different tables, so that nothing like general conversation can possibly take place, nor is there any appearance of festivity.

The distance at which we were from France during the revolution concealed from our knowledge a great many of the horrors which accompanied it, but it also kept us ignorant of some follies, and you may never have heard, perhaps, that there was a time during the power of Robespierre in Paris, when every one was obliged for a certain number of days to place his table in the street and eat by the side of his neighbour; the object of the rich man was to conceal his

opulence, to have as bad a dinner, and to drink as ordinary wine as he knew how to order, while the poor housekeeper next to him was consuming perhaps the price of a whole week's labour, that his misery might not appear.

It was impossible, notwithstanding the passive obedience of the people, that such an experiment should be often repeated, without occasioning discontent; the brotherhood which it excited between neighbours was too much, as some one observed at the time, like the brotherhood of Cain and Abel, and the government, pretending that the enemies of the republic were about converting these fraternal repasts into seditious meetings, suddenly put a stop to them. Good eating was always well understood in France. See what Arthur Young says in his comparison between an English and a French table. But the sudden opulence of obscure people during the ferment of the revolution, the destruction of every distinction in society, but what is strictly personal, the scenes of misery and distress which the nation was for so long a time enforced to, and a degree of uncertainty as to the permanence of the present order of things have been all so many additional incentives to luxury; which, if I am to rely upon the information of others rather than upon my own experience, is carried (and particularly in the articles of eating and drinking) far beyond the knowledge of all former times. A very well written book, called the Epicure's Almanac, comes out every year; it very gravely indicates where the best articles of every sort are to be had, and how they are to be dressed, how the sensuality of the guest is to be provoked, how it is to be kept alive far beyond the vulgar boundaries of natural appetite, and how he is at length to be dismissed to his digestion: with a great wit and humour the author knows how to give a dignity to trifles, and uses language in speaking of a new dish, or a vegetable lately brought into use, which Herschel might apply to the discovery of another planet. He even pretends that children might receive their best lessons of natural history and geography at table, in being called upon to give an account of the vegetables, and of the various dishes before them—a fish from Geneva, a pye from the southern provinces, and a goose from Strasburg, would carry them in imagination over a great part of France, and the history of a good desert would extend to the East and West Indies.

It would be better, perhaps, if something not quite so learned indeed, and yet a little more like conversation, took place at table; but one effect of the revolution has been to render the nation more reserved and silent, and infinitely less social; it has also had some effect upon their manners in public places, where a young man will now remain seated and with his hat on, though a lady is stand-

ing near him, and where the circumstance of being a stranger is far from commanding that respect and attention it once did, and still does out of Paris: somewhat of a more sullen and selfish turn very generally prevails, where people are not called upon by the rules of good company to make an effort to the contrary, and it may be traced, I think, in the nature of all those improvements which are conspicuous in Paris; they are generally such as a man may enjoy by himself, and all that can invite to a life of celibacy is extremely multiplied, and more seducing than ever: it happens, however, that a very different effect, to appearance, has sprung from the same cause—with all the additional incentives to selfish enjoyment; there is certainly an appearance of domestic happiness, which was not so conspicuous formerly; a man now leads his wife into a room, and ventures to speak to her, and even sometimes to sit by her side without rendering himself ridiculous.

I never heard a single person speak of the revolution, which is now considered as over, but in terms of reprehension; even the emperor, if we are to believe Monsieur Carayon Nisas, one of the grossest flatterers among the tribunes, has been heard to wish, that it had never taken place; nor is there any restraint to the style of invective and ridicule with which the first promoters of it are mentioned. Laharpe, whose work is one of the few which do much honour to French literature, of those that have been published for the last twelve or fifteen years, speaks of Brissot and of the first republicans, and of their madness in provoking the resentment of all Europe, in order to exalt the imagination, and work upon the passions of the French people, in terms that surprised me extremely, terms very remote indeed from the language of those who are considered as the friends of the French in America. "They invented phantoms, says he, to alarm the pride and wound the feelings of the nation."

A conference at Pilnitz which had no other object but to protect the sovereigns who were more immediately in danger from the political crusade of France, was artfully converted into a conspiracy, and particulars of the pretended agreement for the division of the republic were published as if derived from the most authentic information. Posterity will speak with contempt of this imaginary treaty of Pilnitz, of this stupid falsehood, which was so long made an instrument to impose upon the credulity of mankind; and history will bear witness that no power had either the will, or thought it their interest to attack us, and that those who for our sins, and to the misfortunes of mankind, were at the head of the government, were afraid of nothing so much as of the nation's being left to its own reflections.

The revolution, which has been favourable to talents of some descriptions, has been fatal to many branches of literature, the distinguished professors of which have perished together with those systems in church and state which they had so long promoted the distinction of. Their affected zeal for the poor and oppressed, their satires against the religious establishment of the country, and against religion itself, their ridicule so lavishly expended upon counts and princes, and all that was great and noble; all these which were so many claims upon the public consideration in times of popular commotion could not save them. They have either fallen victims to the comprehensive cruelty of Robespierre, or having fled to foreign countries, are now called upon to repay with flattery the permission of being allowed to return home.

It was perceivable at a very early date from the debates of the national assembly, that the distinguished orators who had sunk before their enemies left behind them no rivals for talents at least, or for general information. And the subsequent debates which have been published very often contain allusions to Roman and Grecian history, which are founded in ignorance and mistake. They sometimes tell us of those democrats, Cato and Brutus, who, in the quarrels of their country were certainly on the aristocratic side; and a great deal has been more than once said of the scaffold of Cataline, whom every schoolboy knows to have died in a very different manner; and I could mention some gross errors in geography. There has appeared of late, however, a more candid and liberal historian in Lacritelle than one would suppose the present time admitted of; the Abbè de Lisle has distinguished himself by a translation of Milton, and by another of Virgil; and the author of the Studies of Nature, and of Paul and Virginia is still alive. Lacepule too remains; but the successor of Buffon is lost in the chancellor of the legion of honour. There are chymists, botanists, astronomers, natural historians, and above all, civil and military engineers; but there is no prospect of another literary generation, like that of the last years of the monarchy, for there are no similar means of education; the colleges and academies of those times have disappeared; the central schools which might have diffused some knowledge among the people at large, have each of them been converted into a lycæum, the internal constitution of which is entirely military. What Alexander did with the thirty thousand youths whom he selected, as Plutarch tells us, in his way through a part of his conquests, Bonaparte seems desirous of effecting with the whole rising generation of the French nation. Boys who are taught very little Latin, who have a great deal of mathematics, and only now and then of geography, and arithmetic; who learn nothing of

religion, history, or moral philosophy, and acquire no modern language but their own; who are divided into companies, have their officers, wear a uniform, assemble by beat of drum, and go through the manual exercise as regularly as in a garrison; who live coarsely, and without any attention being paid to their morals in private, who are punished for offences against the discipline of the school by imprisonment within the bare walls, and upon the naked floor of a dungeon; such boys, I say, will scarcely be fit for any thing but a military life. Ninety-eight hundreths of the nation meanwhile remain ignorant of the arts of reading and writing, and as their youth seems only calculated to furnish soldiers, who are to be officered from some lyceum, the whole nation rapidly assumes the appearance of a great military establishment. How such a force, under the absolute control and akilful direction of an ambitious, unfeeling, vindictive mind, may be next directed, must be a subject of serious apprehension. One might almost compare him to those supernatural powers that Milton speaks of;

> of which the least could wield
> Those elements, and arm him with the force
> Of all their regions.

Power, says Johnson, which only the control of Omnipotence restrains from laying creation waste, and filling the vast extent of space with ruin and confusion. It is a fortunate circumstance that the ocean flows between him and us, as an ingenious member of congress once observed, and who ended with a prayer in which all America would, I believe join, if necessary, that it might long continue to do so—for it is certain that this great conqueror does not love us—our republican prosperity, our liberty of the press, and something inveterately English in our laws and customs are offensive to him, and I should not be surprised if, when he shall have settled the affairs of the continent in Europe, he were to make the same proposal to England in the execution of some hostile design against us, which one of the rival kings does in Shakspeare at the seige of Angiers. He once thought so little of the resistance to be expected at St. Domingo, that the army after halting there for a few weeks, were to proceed to Louisiana, and thence he was to assail Canada in another war with England, intending, as he declared, to render the Americans very useful in the prosecution of his designs, and resolved, if they gave him the least trouble, to throw the United States into the sea; and what will surprise you in a person of his sort, this declaration was made at a public levee. The national institute has taken the place of the four acadamies, which existed formerly, and may no doubt in time promote a taste for lite-

rature in society; but as yet the diffusion of such knowledge as I could appreciate has been very slight indeed. I have been asked by a very well-dressed well-behaved man whether the United States were upon an island, and whether it was necessary in coming thence to pass through England in order to get to France. Numbers who are little better informed confounded us with the people of the West Indies, and some I really believe with those of the East, and they are generally in total ignorance of our government. A stranger in search of information on the arts and sciences would receive a degree of instruction in Paris which our country is very far indeed from producing; but he would be struck with the superior knowledge on questions of law, and government, and perhaps of geography among the people of America, where a person who occupies but a humble station in life is occasionally called upon to fill some of its most important functions.

There was something in the conduct of the commissioners sent to France by Mr. Adams in the time of the directory, and in the spirit and firmness of the president himself, supported by the zealous and unanimous declaration of the people, that raised for a time our national character, extremely; it has since, however, subsided, and we are blamed for our undecisive pusillanimous conduct. We manifest an inclination to injure, it is said, and are yet afraid to strike we are full of whining and lamentation towards the greater powers, whilst with regard to Spain, which may be considered as in its decreptitude, we act the part of the ass's colt towards the dying lion. A great many anecdotes too are remembered of our fraudulent sales of land, of families prevailed upon to quit Paris in the hope of plenty upon easy terms in some happier region, who have afterwards found themselves exposed to all the bitterness of want in unwholesome climates, or fallen victims to the inveterate hostility of the native Indians. We are, in short, with the far greater part of the French nation but what the Chinese call a race of second chop Englishmen.

Among the few persons of great literary reputation whom I had an opportunity of seeing in Paris, was the celebrated Miss Williams, whom Boswell speaks so handsomely of in his life of Johnson, and afterwards abuses in a note. She has very evident remains of beauty, is polite, and receives her company on particular evenings in a spacious room, which is very fancifully decorated. The walls are entirely covered with various authors in all languages, but this lettered uniformity is broken by pilasters at regular distances, on a projection from which are very handsome lamps, and at the foot of each is a flourishing cedar in an ornamental vase. Some circumstance or other, perhaps the reading of theoretical books on government, whose boards were stamped with daggers and caps of liberty, like those

which Mr. Hollis sent over to Europe, gave this lady a very decided partiality in favour of the French nation at the commencement of the revolution, nor did she cease to praise and to palliate their conduct, and to promote, what she termed their most sacred cause, till the last important change proved too much for all her ingenuity, and even for all her partiality. She is now satisfied to be silent, and speaks of that golden dream of liberty which for a time amused the imaginations of her friends the Girondists, like a person rendered prudent by experience, but with what seemed to me, to be marks of very deep regret. Her last work is a collection of letters written by some of the late royal family during their confinement in the temples, and chiefly by the king, to whose mental arguments she does justice, while she accuses him of dissimulation, and indirectly makes him the author of all the horrors that ensued. I have heard Mr. Necker say, that these letters were not, and could not be genuine; but presuming, that they are genuine, or at least that Miss Williams thinks so, I cannot conceive how she could bring herself to publish them, and with notes and observations expressive of so much acrimony. The distress of a respectable and much-lamented individual is thus once more uselessly exposed to public view; his sighs and his groans are numbered; his intentions mistated, and his expressions perverted into a malignant note, which it is intended shall diminish the sympathy of the reader, whose attention is dragged along through scenes which begin in doubt and discouragement, and end in desolation and despair: all the nonsense too which has been alledged of the queen by her enemies, and believed by the ignorant alone, is alluded to in this publication as true; and yet if Miss Williams could but know, what the malevolence of Paris accuses herself of, the circumstances to which it attributes her safety during the revolution, and the motives to which it, falsely as I am convinced, ascribes her present residence, she might be more careful how she insulted the memory of an unfortunate family.

In addition to the acquaintances which our letters procured us in Paris, we had the advantage of being frequently at the house of general Armstrong, whose kindness and hospitality I can never forget; and we lived in some degree of intimacy with the family of Mr. Bowdoin of Boston, who is appointed to the court of Madrid, but is detained in Paris, by some circumstance of public business. An American ambassador derives satisfaction, it is to be hoped, from filling an exalted station in a foreign country, and from a consciousness of the service that he renders, for his situation is in many respects an unpleasant one. He is frequently called upon to transact business which his former pursuits in life have not probably prepared him for, and he is obliged to live at an expense which, from the scantiness of the provision made by law, must encroach upon his private fortune.

We met with several young Americans also, whose time might have been better passed, perhaps, in some provincial town, where they could have gone into company and have acquired the language; advantages which, singular as it may seem, are not to be enjoyed in Paris, but with more exertion and more philosophy than very young men are generally capable of; it is too much their custom to live together, and in a circle of idle amusements. They were chiefly from the southern states, and among them were some Virginians. It will be interesting to perceive the effects of a more polished education upon these last, who, though strong in numbers, and distinguished by their talents, owe a great part of their influence in public affairs to a sort of national character. People who never enjoy the amusements of society in cities, who consider their citizens as the tallest, their State as the largest, and its natural characteristic as the most stupendous in America; who govern several of the neighbouring States by the colonies they have sent out, who have their university within their own jurisdiction, and who have furnished from among them our greatest general, and our most distinguished philosopher and author, to say nothing of our present first magistrate, whom they so universally think highly of,—such people, I say, very naturally assume an ascendency, which is not easily resisted: it will be a long time before the foreign polish, which they seem at length desirous of acquiring, will have any visible effect, and before they lose somewhat of that loftiness of mind which is founded upon so many circumstances, which acquires strength upon the solitary domain of a planter, and which learns to aid itself with the powers of popular eloquence in the tumultuous assembly of a county court. I should not be surprised if the Virginians, in losing somewhat of their native roughness, should also lose a portion of their energy, and consequently of their preponderance in our national councils.

We were at two or three private balls in Paris, where you would have been pleased with the dancing, and with the elegant simplicity which distinguished the dress of the young ladies. In America, a mother makes every sacrifice to the appearance of a daughter, and attaches but little importance to her own; in Paris it is quite the contrary. Feathers, lace, jewels, and rouge are for the mother, while the daughter in white, of muslin, or of crape, with a wreath of flowers in the hair, and a string of artificial pearls around the neck, is sufficientiy dressed for any occasion whatsoever. The restraint to which a lady in France is subjected, lasts till she is married, but her freedom then operates like a spring, that has been violently compressed. It is now time that I should finish this letter, in which I thought to have comprised all that I had to say of Paris, but I hope in my next to set you down at Nants.

RHETORIC—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## LECTURE VII.—ON LOOKS;

*Their proper application to language, and powerful influence when judiciously exerted.*

GENTLEMEN,

THE natural connexion which exists between tones, looks, and gesture, those external channels, by which we convey our sentiments and emotions to others, induces me to direct your attention this evening, to the *second* of those important principles of elocution, having discussed in my last lecture the subject of *tones*. Every part of the human frame contributes to express the passions and emotions of the mind: especially the *face;* being furnished with a great variety of muscles calculated to produce that effect. The countenance may be called the seat of the soul. Every passion whilst uttered with the tongue should, at the same time, be painted in the face. There is often *there* more true eloquence than any words can express. By looks we are awed, charmed, incensed, softened, grieved, rejoiced, raised, or dejected, according as we catch the fire of the speaker's passion from his face. As what passes in the mind of one man cannot *itself* appear to another man; it must be imparted by means of *signs*, or outward actions, obvious to sense. These signs may be divided into natural and artificial.

The natural signs of thought are those changes in the complexion, eyes, features, and attitude, and those peculiar tones of the voice, which all men know to be significant of certain passions and sentiments. Thus, anger, joy, sorrow, hope, fear, scorn, contentment, pity, admiration, appear in the voice, looks, and gesture; and the appearance is everywhere understood, either by a natural instinct; or by our having learned experimentally, that a certain sign accompanies and indicates, a certain feeling, or idea. And that this kind of sign admits of considerable variety is evident, not only from the pantomime, in which the whole progress of a dramatic fable is represented in dumb show, and by natural signs only; but also from the manifold expressions of human thought, which are exhibited to the eye by painters and statuaries. Yet, when compared with the endless variety of our ideas, these natural signs will appear to be but few. And many thoughts there are in the mind of every man, which produce no sensible alteration in his body.

Artificial signs (or *language*) have therefore been employed universally for the purpose of communicating thought; and are found so convenient, as to have superseded in a great measure, at least in many nations, the use of the natural. Yet, where language has been little improved as among savages, and is of course defective in clearness and energy, it is for the most part enforced by looks, gestures, and tones naturally significant: and even some polite nations (the French, for example) from an inborn vivacity, or acquired restlessness, accompany their speech with innumerable gestures, and contortions of countenance, in order to make it the more emphatical, while people of a graver turn, like the English and Spaniards, and who have words for all their ideas, trust to language alone for a full declaration of their mind, and seldom have recourse to gesticulation, unless when violence of passion throws them off their guard. However, as the natural signs may give grace and strength to the artificial, it is expected, even where the greatest national gravity prevails, that in his public performances, the former should in such a degree be adopted by the orator, as to show that he is in earnest, and by the stage-player, as that he may the more effectually imitate nature. For elocution is not perfect, unless the *artificial* signs of thought are enforced by the *natural*; or at least by such of them, as are neither troublesome to the speaker, nor offensive to the hearer. Words of indignation pronounced with a soft voice and a smile, jokes accompanied with a melancholy countenance and weeping, or lamentation with laughter, would be ridiculous, and consequently disgusting: but, on the other hand, in reciting a melancholy strain, were the speaker to burst out into real tears, he would lose that self-command, without which nothing can be done with elegance. No man will ever express naturally what he does not intensely feel. Horace justly says,

> Tristia mœstum
> Vultum verba decent; iratum, plena minarum;
> Ludentem, lasciva; severum, seria dictu.
> Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem
> Fortunarum habitum; juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
> Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, et angit;
> Post effert animi motus interprete linguâ.
>
> *Arte Poetica*, l. 105.

"Pathetic accents suit a melancholy countenance: words full of menaces require an angry aspect: wanton expressions a sportive look; and serious matter an austere one. For *nature* forms us *first within* to every modification of fortune; she prompts or impels us to anger, or depresses us to the earth, and afflicts us with insupportable sorrow: then expresses those emotions of the mind by the tongue its interpreter."—*Art of Poetry*, l. 105.

In that oratory which is addressed to the passions, the natural signs of thought must enforce the artificial with a *very strong energy, when exhibited on the stage.* But the public speaker, whose aim is to instruct and persuade, should give scope to those natural expressions only, that imply conviction and earnestness, with a mild and benevolent demeanor, and sometimes a modest dignity, becoming the cause of truth and virtue. And in polite conversation, no tones, looks, or attitudes are allowable, but such as betoken kindness, attention, good humour, and a desire to please. Descartes and some other philosophers have endeavoured to explain the physical cause which connects human passion with its correspondent natural sign. They wanted to show, from the principles of motion, and of the animal economy, why *fear*, for example, produces trembling and paleness; why *laughter* attends the perception of incongruity; why *anger* inflames the blood, contracts the brows and distends the nostrils; why *shame* is accompanied with blushing; why *despair* fixes the teeth together, distorts the joints, and disfigures the features, why *scorn* shoots out the lip; why *sorrow* overflows at the eyes; why *envy* and *jealousy* look askance, and why *ambition* raises the eyebrows and opens the mouth. Such inquiries may give rise to ingenious observations, but are not in other respects useful, because they are never attended with success. He who established the union of the soul and body knows how, and by what intermediate instruments, the one operates upon the other. But to man this is a mystery unsearchable. We can only say that tears accompany sorrow, and the other natural signs their respective sentiments and passions, because such is the will of our great Creator, and the law of the human constitution.

The artificial signs of thought derive their meaning from human custom and compact; and are not understood except by those who have been taught how to use them. Of these any man may invent a system; and by their means converse with those who are in the secret, so as that nobody else shall understand him. Such is the art of conveying thought by the motions of the fingers, &c. Human sentiments may no doubt be thus expressed; but visible signs of this kind are of no use in the dark, and when distant are not perceptible; nor do they admit of sufficient variety; nor are they so easy in the performance, as the necessities of life would often require. Any human action, indeed, may by previous agreement be made the sign of thought; but is incompetent to the full, proper, and continued expression of sentiment. For our ideas arise and change with great quickness; and therefore, those actions or signs can only do them justice in the expression, which are easily performed and of great variety; and, in each variety, obvious to sense: *audible* signs therefore,

or language, constitutes the general channel through which thoughts are conveyed in all nations.

But the eyes and countenance, as well as the voice, are capable of an endless variety of expression, suited to every possible diversity of feeling; and with these the general air and gesture naturally accord. The use of this language is not confined to the more vehement passions. Upon every subject and occasion on which we speak, some kind of feeling accompanies the words; and this feeling, whatever it be, has its proper expression.

Thus, besides the particular tones and modifications of voice which always accompany and express our inward agitations, nature has endowed us with another language, which instead of the ear addresses itself to the eye, thereby giving the communications of the heart a double advantage over those of the understanding: every one being formed to understand, by a kind of intuition, the different emotions of the mind, by the configurations and movements of the face and body. He, for instance, who puts his hand upon his sword, shakes his fist at us, or holds a cane over our heads, affects us much more sensibly than he who only in words threatens to assault us. It is an essential part of elocution therefore, to imitate this language of nature. No one can deserve the appellation of a good reader or speaker, much less of a complete orator, who does not to a distinct articulation, a ready command of voice, just pronunciation, accent and emphasis, add the various expressions of emotion and passion, by his countenance and gesture; particularly the former; the face being furnished with a variety of muscles calculated to express the passions of the mind. The change of colour shows by turns, anger by redness and sometimes by paleness, and shame by blushing. Every feature contributes its part. The forehead wrinkled into frowns shows one state of the mind—the forehead smoothed, and the muscles of the mouth expanded into a smile designates the opposite state. The force of looks alone appears in a wonderfully striking manner in the works of the painter and the statuary, who have the delicate art of making the flat canvass and the rocky marble utter every passion of the human mind, and touch the soul of the spectator, as if the picture or statue spoke the pathetic language of Shakspeare.

Hence we form a judgment not only of a person's present temper, but of his capacity and natural disposition; the several parts of the face bearing their part, and contributing to the proper and forcible expression of the whole. In a calm and sedate discourse, for instance, all the features retain their natural state and situation. In sorrow the forehead and eyebrows lour, and the cheeks hang down: but in expressions of joy and cheerfulness, the forehead and eyebrows are

expanded, the cheeks contracted, and the corners of the mouth drawn upwards: anger and resentment contract the forehead, draw the brows together, and thrust out the lips: terror elevates both the brows and forehead, expands the eyes and nostrils, and opens the mouth. As these are the natural signs of such passions, there can be no true oratory without them.

But as the eyes are most active and significant, it is the advice of Cicero, that the greatest care should be taken in their management. And he gives this reason for it: "Because other parts of the countenance have but few motions; whereas all the passions of the soul are expressed in the eyes, by so many different actions, which cannot possibly be represented by any gestures of the body if the eyes are kept in a fixed posture." Common experience does in a great measure confirm the truth of this observation. We readily guess at a person's intentions, or how he is affected towards us by his eyes; and any sudden change or emotion of the mind is immediately followed by an alteration of the look. The divine author of our religion, agonized by a *look* the soul of his perfidious companion Peter, and without uttering a word, produced thereby the most sincere contrition:

"And the Lord turned and *looked* upon Peter: and Peter remembered the words of the Lord, how he had said unto him, "Before the cock crow twice thou shalt deny me thrice." And Peter went out and wept bitterly."—*Luke* c. xxiii. v. 61.

Thomson, in his poem on summer, thus beautifully characterizes the mutual affection of Celadon and Amelia:

"Alone amid the shades,
Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or sigh'd, and *look'd* unutterable things.—L. 1196.

And again, speaking of the power of beauty, he says:

"The *look* resistless, piercing to the soul,
And by the soul informed, when, drest in love,
She sits high smiling in the conscious eye."—L. 1291.

Dryden in his inimitable poem entitled Alexander's Feast, represents the most powerful influence of music upon the king as expressed, not by words, but by *looks*:

"The prince unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the Fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and *look'd*, sigh'd and *look'd*,
Sigh'd and *look'd*, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast."

In speaking, therefore, upon pleasant and delightful subjects, the eyes are brisk and cheerful; as, on the contrary, they sink and are languid in delivering anything melancholy and sorrowful. This is so agreeable to nature, that before a person speaks, we are prepared with the expectation of one or the other, from his aspect. So likewise, in anger, a certain vehemence and intenseness appears in the eyes, which, from want of proper words to express it, we endeavour to represent by metaphors taken from fire, the most violent and rapid element, and say, in such cases, the eyes sparkle, burn, or are inflamed. In expressions of hatred or detestation, it is natural to alter the look, by turning the eyes either aside or downwards. If at any time, a particular object be addressed, whatever it be, the eyes should be turned that way; and therefore a speaker would very justly incur ridicule, who, in reciting Satan's address to the sun,

> "O! thou, that with surpassing glory crown'd,
> Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
> Of this new world;—"

should turn his eyes downward towards the earth: or in repeating Adam's address to the earth, immediately after his creation,

> "O! thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay:
> Ye hills and vales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
> And ye that live and move, fair creatures! tell,
> Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here."

should look up to heaven.

As all the passions are, in the most lively manner, expressed in the eyes, their motions ought to vary, according to the different nature of those passions which they are suited both to discover in the speaker, and convey to his hearer; since as the quickest access to the mind, is by the sight; a proper, well-timed look will sometimes effect this, sooner than it can be done by words: as, in discharging a cannon, we are struck with the light before we hear the sound.

The most accurate rules for the management of the features, in expressing the various passions and emotions of the mind, with corresponding passages extracted from the best authors, may be found in Walker's "Elements of Elocution." But, unless a speaker feel the force of his subject, he can never manage his countenance properly. Mr. Burke, in his book on the sublime and beautiful, observes, that there is such a connexion between the internal feeling of a passion, and the external expression of it, that we cannot put ourselves in the posture or attitude of any passion, without communicating a certain degree of the passion itself to the mind.

In ordinary discourse, when we are particularly pressing and earnest in what we say, the eye is naturally directed to those to whom we address ourselves; and in reading, a turn now and then of this organ upon the hearers, when anything very remarkable or interesting occurs, has a good effect in gaining it a proper attention.

But it is seldom that sentiment is conveyed by the eyes only: the other features generally lend their aid in enforcing its expression. The mouth has (by some physiognomists) been considered as the most intelligent feature of the whole assemblage. Whether, however, it be so or not, it generally acts in concert with the eyes.

To elucidate, and to enforce the foregoing observations, I shall devote the remaining pages of this lecture to some of Mr. Walker's most striking delineations of the passions; with corresponding extracts.

The first picture of the passions (if it may be so called) says he, is

*Tranquillity.*

Tranquillity is expressed by the calmness of the countenance, and general composure of the whole body, without the exertion of any one muscle. The countenance open, the forehead smooth, the eyebrows arched, the mouth not close shut, and the eyes passing with an easy motion from object to object, but not dwelling long upon any one. To distinguish it however, from insensibility, it seems necessary to give it that cast of happiness which borders on cheerfulness.

This expression of calmness and solidity has even been attributed to inanimate things, as in Congreve's description of the temple in his Mourning Bride:

"How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose antient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made stedfast and immovable,
*Looking* tranquillity!"—*Mourning Bride.*

*Cheerfulness.*

When joy is settled into a habit, or flows from a placid temper of mind, desiring to please and be pleased, it is called gayety, good humour, or cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness adds a smile to tranquillity, and opens the mouth a little more.

*Cheerfulness in retirement.*

"How my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?

Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference; as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites, and blows upon my body
Ev'n till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
That like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head:
And thus our life exempt from public haunts
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
*Shakspeare*, "As You Like It."

## *Mirth.*

When joy arises from ludicrous or fugitive amusements in which others share with us, it is called merriment or mirth. Mirth or laughter, opens the mouth horizontally, raises the cheek high, lessens the aperture of the eyes; and, when violent, shakes and convulses the whole frame, fills the eys with tears, and occasions holding the sides from the pain the convulsive laughter gives them.

### *Invocation of the Goddess of Mirth.*

But come, thou Goddess, fair and free
In heav'n y' clept Euphrosyne:
And of men, heart-easing mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.
Come, thou Nymph, and bring with thee
Mirth, and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles;
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimples sleek:
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter, holding both his sides:
Come and trip it as ye go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand bring with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.—*Comus.*

## *Anger, rage or fury.*

When hatred and displeasure rise high on a sudden from an apprehension of injury received; and perturbation of mind in consequence of it, it is called anger; and rising to a very high degree, and extinguishing humanity, becomes rage and fury.

Anger, when violent, expresses itself with rapidity, noise, harshness, and sometimes with interruption and hesitation, as if unable to utter itself with sufficient force. It wrinkles the brows, enlarges and

heaves the nostrils, strains the muscles, clinches the fist, stamps with the foot, and gives a violent agitation to the whole body. The voice assumes the highest tone it can adopt, consistently with force and loudness; though sometimes to express anger with uncommon energy, the voice assumes a low and forcible tone.

Collins in his Ode on the Passions has given a fine description of anger.

Next anger rush'd, his eyes on fire
In light'nings own'd his secret stings;
In one rude crash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hands the strings.—*Ode on Passions.*

*Fear and terror.*

Fear is a mixture of aversion and sorrow, discomposing and debilitating the mind, upon the approach or anticipation of evil. When this is attended with surprise or much discomposure, it grows into terror and consternation.

Fear, violent and sudden, opens wide the eyes and mouth, shortens the nose, gives the countenance an air of wildness, covers it with deadly paleness, draws back the elbows parallel with the sides, and lifts up the open hands with the fingers spread, to the height of the breast, at some distance before it, so as to shield it from the dreadful object. One foot is drawn back behind the other, so that the body seems shrinking from the danger, and putting itself in a posture for flight. The heart beats violently, the breath is quick and short, and the whole body is thrown into a general tremor. The voice is weak and trembling, the sentences are short, and the meaning confused and incoherent.

*Horror at a dreadful apparition.*

How ill this taper burns! ha! who comes here!
I think it is the weakness of my eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition—
It comes upon me—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makes my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art!
*Julius Cæsar.*

*Sorrow.*

Sorrow is a painful depression of spirit upon the deprivation of good, or arrival of evil: when it is silent and thoughtful, it is sadness; when long indulged, so as to prey upon and possess the mind, it becomes habitual and grows into melancholy; when tossed by hopes and fears, it is distraction; when these are swallowed up by it, it settles into despair.

In moderate sorrow, the countenance is dejected, the eyes are cast downwards, the arms hang loose, sometimes a little raised, and suddenly fall again: the hands open, the fingers spread, and the voice plaintive, frequently interrupted with sighs. But when this passion is in excess, it distorts the countenance, as if in agonies of pain; it raises the voice to the loudest complainings, and sometimes even to cries and shrieks; it wrings the hands, beats the head and breast, tears the hair, and throws itself on the ground; and like other passions in excess, seems to border on frenzy.

*Deep melancholy described.*

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek. She pin'd in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like Patience on a monument
Smiling at grief. *Twelfth Night.*

*Grief approaching to distraction.*

Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel;
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doating like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.
*Romeo and Juliet.*

These short exemplifications of some of the most active and powerful passions, will, I trust, be sufficient to elucidate and confirm the preceding principles.

The subject of *Gesture* will be considered in my next address to you.

MEMOIRS OF HAYTI—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## LETTER. X.

*The Cape, Island of Hayti, Nov.* 1805.

I ARRIVED on my second visit to this island, at Port de Paix on the 14th instant, whence, after a delay of two days, we sailed for the Cape, and reached it on the 18th.

Being now upon the spot from which, in the early part of last year, I so frequently endeavoured to interest or to amuse you, I shall, agreeably to promise, proceed to attempt a continuation of my narrative of the affairs of this country. In doing this I shall commence where I then broke off, in order that you may be in possession of a connected series of facts, down to the present day, leaving the occurrences which may take place, during my present sojourn here, to be related in their turn.

You will recollect that when I left this island, on the 13th of April, 1804, many circumstances united to prove that a general massacre of the French whites at the Cape, might shortly have been expected. This melancholy anticipation was realized, and on the nineteenth of that month, six days after my departure, a carnage of a most horrible and barbarous nature commenced. To paint in true colours the horrors of this shocking butchery, and to describe with full effect the sufferings of the wretched victims who were upon this occasion devoted to such a wicked system of destruction, would afford employment for the pen of a more able writer, than your correspondent. Incapable of embellishing my narration with those touches of sensibility which are with such happy effect so frequently addressed to the feelings of a reader, I shall confine myself to a simple recital of facts.

At this awful period, the number of white inhabitants at the Cape was computed to be about *twenty-eight hundred* men, women, and children. Many of them had money, and most of them trinkets, plate, furniture, or other articles of value. They were entirely destitute of arms or any means of defence, and on the arrival of Dessalines with his troops, they saw themselves completely in the power of their foes, without the least prospect of escaping from their merciless fangs. Those who had been courtiers and flatterers of the great, finding that affairs were about to be brought to a crisis, and forseeing that the time was fast approaching when they should stand in need of the protection of their good friends, redoubled their attentions and adulation. Some left their habitations and took up their abode in the obscure hovels of negro or mulatto women, who generously granted them a shelter from the impending storm, where they concealed or painted themselves to re-

semble people of colour, while others fastened themselves up in their houses, to await with resignation the threatened blow. Among these unfortunate persons were some whose talents and professional services were of great utility to the government, and they were accordingly marked for preservation, and conveyed to a place of safety. Of these there were two priests, a physician, several engineers and architects, a printer and a number of mechanics of different branches. Mr. Dodge, a resident merchant who had been under the French administration, American consul at the Cape, and who though invested with no powers to act under the Haytien government, had always been respected as such, was authorized to collect and preserve in his house, all such individuals as he knew or supposed to be Americans. By virtue of this permission a number of Frenchmen who had been naturalized in the United States, and several women had taken refuge with him. The Americans generally either remained on board their vessels, or took up their residence at the houses of some of their countrymen, where they kept themselves closely confined.

Soon after the arrival of Dessalines he notified Mr. Follin, a French merchant, that he intended to dine with him that day. Mr. Follin prepared an elegant dinner, and invited several of his friends to be of the party. Dessalines came, and conducted himself towards his host with every appearance of friendship and respect. The time passed on with great cheerfulness and conviviality, until the harmony of the company was interrupted by the governor's asking Mr. Follin to take him into his store and show him the contents of his iron chest. The latter supposing him to be in jest, pleasantly replied "general, I have nothing there that belongs to you." "We will see that, you must have money there," retorted the governor. Mr. Follin assured him that he was mistaken, as that all the money he had received had been remitted to his wife who was in New-York, or had been appropriated to the payment of his debts. Dessalines instised upon going, and Mr. Follin finding him to be in earnest, conducted him thither. When they entered the store, the key of the chest was not to be found, and the clerk who had it in possession was missing. At that instant the black chief gave a signal, and a party of soldiers rushed in, some of whom endeavoured to force the chest, whilst others attacked Mr. Follin with their sabres. On this sudden and unexpected assault, Mr. Follin picked up a stave with whic hhe defended himself for a short time, but being overpowered was compelled to retreat. He ran up stairs into the dining room, where he again turned upon his pursuers, and fought like a hero, but finding his situation becoming extremely hazardous, he leapt from his balcony into the street. The fall stunned him for a short time, but when he recovered, he arose, seized a piece of an iron hoop to use as a sword, fled

towards the wharf which was about forty yards distance, cut his way through the guards, and threw himself into the sea for the purpose of swimming to some of the American vessels. But he had not proceeded far from the shore, when the soldiers fired at him from the wharf. The unfortunate man was shot in the head, and immediately sunk. During this transaction, an attack was made by the soldiers and some of the officers who were of the party upon the white guests, and they were all murdered. General *Moreilly*, a mulatto, whom I shall hereafter perhaps have occasion to introduce to your notice, was one of the visitors, and he has since repeatedly boasted at table, that he was the man who killed Follin. He may indeed have assassinated some other Frenchman, upon this occasion, but the above story has been too fully corroborated to admit of his assertion. Mr. Follin was one of those Frenchmen who paid no more attention to the black gentry than he could well avoid, and I recollect once seeing him at an entertainment, where he pointed out to me several haughty black officers who had once been his barber or his servants. His destruction may be attributed to an unfortunate intimacy, which he had with citizen A. He informed me that he would have attempted to effect his escape, had it not been for the vigilance of this creature, who fearful of such an event, had kept so watchful an eye over his movements, that he could not be absent an hour from his house, without being sought after by him. Whether this vigilance had been preserved by the orders of Christophe I cannot say, but it is very certain that any knowledge of such a design would have been immediately communicated to the general, by this faithful myrmidon.

It is worthy of remark that Dessalines had one regiment called the fourth or *quatrieme*, which was his particular favourite, and generally employed near his person. As an indulgence shown these ruffians for their attachment to his interests, the governor, to gratify their insatiable appetite for blood and rapine, had selected these men as the principal actors in the several massacres. These detestable villains, by frequent employment in the horrible business of assassination had acquired a wonderful dexterity in cutting throats, stabbing and bayonetting men and women, and dashing out the brains of children. Their highest enjoyment consists in this species of occupation, and so great was their renown for barbarous deeds, that the name of a soldier of the *quatrieme* is, even at this day, pronounced by the humane with a degree of horror, while among the ignorant and wicked it is regarded as the very acmé of heroic perfection. Such were the wretches who accompanied the governor general, and to whom the unfortunate French were to look for mercy.

The affair at Follin's house was, I believe, the first signal for the general attack. The infuriated soldiers, thirsting for blood, and impatient for plunder, were left loose like hell hounds upon the defenceless whites. Their habitations were broken open and a scene of horrible butchery and carnage immediately commenced. Those who were supposed to have money or valuable articles, were promised their lives, if they would disclose where their wealth was concealed, which as soon as they had done, they were destroyed. The sword, the sabre, the bayonet, the dagger, and the knife reeking with gore, were drawn from one bosom only to be plunged into another. No distinction was made of person, age, or sex. Shrieks of women and dying groans filled the air, and were reechoed through the town. In one place would be seen a distracted female, flying through the streets, with an infant in her arms, pursued by a soldier, who taking particular aim to pin them together with his bayonet, would plunge it through their bodies, while another villain, brandishing a child in his hand, would dash out its brains against the pavement or the walls. The gutters ran a stream of blood, while hundreds of mangled corses, stripped of their vestments, lay scattered through the streets. Every barbarous mode of assassination, which suggested itself to the minds of these relentless murderers, was practised, and the shouts, which every where proclaimed the triumph of their joy, was only interrupted by their broils and quarrels respecting the division of the spoils.

This massacre was carried on without intermission for about six days. The dead bodies in the streets, from their putrefaction, had produced an unwholesome state of the atmosphere, and in order that they might be removed, it was ordered that each citizen should cause to be carried away, all those which were within a certain distance of his house. They were conveyed to a place called the *Fossette*, a little beyond the southern extremity of the town, where they were loosely thrown upon the ground as food for dogs and vermin, and afterwards cast into a trench and slightly covered over. Even at this day, in that neighbourhood, sculls and bones are to be seen in many places, sufficient to remind one of the ancient *Golgotha*.

At this same time the soldiers were ordered to desist from any further assassinations in the town, but were directed to search strictly in every place and bring forth all the Frenchmen they could find. In this manner many unhappy victims who had so far eluded the search of their fiend-like persecutors, were discovered, and being assembled on the *place d'armes* were marched in companies a short distance out of town, and there wantonly put to death.

The agency in this sanguinary business was not confided solely to the common soldiers. Most of the inferior officers, and indeed many of

those high in rank were very active. The love of money and pillage seem to have actuated them all, and from their superior knowledge or talents, they were enabled to practise more effectually those artifices of dissimulation which were intended to produce disclosures of the concealment of property. It was usual to see an officer of distinction enter the house of a Frenchman with whom he had been intimate, address him in friendly terms, and after obtaining from him his watch, plate, and money, under a solemn promise of saving his life, murder him.

Having now given you a general view of the whole system of the massacre, I shall proceed to the relation of some particular instances, with which I have become acquainted.

Mr. Lacairssade, the same whom I have mentioned under the initial letter of his name, was one of those gentlemen who had taken great pains to ingratiate himself into the favour of the grand dignitaries, by paying court to them and entertaining them at his table with splendor and luxury. He was invited to dine at Follin's, but suspecting perhaps some foul play, he declined the invitation. A party, however, of officers determined that he should not outlive that day, and in all probability wishing to satisfy *their* curiosity as to the contents of *his* iron chest, went to dine with him, and inhumanly killed him at his table.

Mr. Arnaud, the interpreter, of whom I have frequently spoken under the appellation of citizen A. who, from his services to Christophe, as a spy upon the whites, was the last man that one would have supposed to be a victim, was one of the first to feel the ingratitude and treachery of his black friends. He was stabbed and thrown from his balcony into the street, where he lay until night. His housekeeper, a woman of colour, finding that he was then not quite dead, took him into the house. On the following morning a searching party entered his room, and quickly despatched him with their bayonets.

Rimet, nominal commandant of the place, was also killed; and, in fact, not one of the courtiers, except the physician and a priest, who were preserved for their professional services, was left alive; a striking instance of the rewards with which flatterers and hypocrites may expect to be recompensed, when their utility no longer exists.

Madame George had once been a lady of respectable fortune, but having lost her estate by the revolution, she had been reduced to moderate circumstances. She was one of those females, who not having the means of supporting themselves and families in any other part of the world, had resolved to take their chance in the island, in preference to wandering among strangers in foreign countries, in poverty and distress. She had three amiable and beautiful daughters, the eld-

est of whom was about seventeen years of age. She and the two youngest were hanged upon the balcony before their own door, and the eldest was either carried off into the mountains by some officer, or put to death, because she would not consent to become the wife of a black general who had seized upon her, and who, it is believed, had been instrumental in the murder of her mother and sisters.

Mr. Simonet, formerly a pastry cook in Philadelphia, was also among the victims. They hung him out of his window with a Bologna sausage round his neck, and the bone of a ham suspended over him. He had been employed to prepare nearly all the entertainments of the great men, for which he never was paid, and by putting him to death, they no doubt considered their debts as cancelled.

On the fourteenth of May, Dessalines left the Cape for Gonaives, by the way of Port de Paix, where he stopped to strike another blow. The massacre at the Cape was not completely suspended until his departure, by which time, *two thousand five hundred* persons had been barbarously murdered. It was then discovered, that notwithstanding the exertions of the *quatrieme*, many individuals had been so effectually concealed and protected by some humane citizens, that they had escaped the general wreck. These, with the number that had been saved by the government, amounting in all to about three hundred, now crept forth from their places of concealment, and were suffered to exist. Most of them are living here at this day.

I have several other circumstances to relate respecting this melancholy affair, which I shall defer until my next communication.

R.

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## CRITICISM—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*The life of Thomas Paine, author of Common Sense, the Crisis, Rights of Man, &c. &c. By James Cheetham. 8vo. pp* 347. *New-York. Southwick & Pelsue.*

PAINE, like most of those characters whom the volcanic eruptions of revolutionary contest so often throw up from profoundest obsurity to amaze and terrify mankind, and who derive their celebrity from their ardor in the cause of reform, or their boldness in the attack of established truth, will seldom be fairly and impartially estimated in

his own age or country. These meteor exhalations which, rising from the disturbed feculence and sediment of society, thus flit and glitter through the gross atmosphere of the political world, appear to one eye as the friendly stars of the north, cheering and guiding the wanderer on his way, to others they blaze as fiery comets, the harbingers of pestilence and war; while in a third point of view their lustre disappears, and nothing is visible but a foul collection of heavy and pestilential vapors. Such is peculiarly the lot of Paine. Of those who know him but by his writings or his public character, and who have seen him only at a distance in the meridian splendor of his intellect and reputation, the friends of establishment and received opinion regard him with horror as the high-priest of infidelity, and the chief architect of that great system of revolution in which he bore so conspicuous a part, but of which he was in fact but a very inferior and subordinate agent; the political fanatic, on the other hand, and the bigoted and proselyting infidel gaze upon him with reverence as their venerable patriarch—the Newton of the moral world. We, have seen him in his last years of imbecility, brutal with intoxication, dull with disease, the powerless engine of party virulence and local faction, the petty fomentor of petty discord, and the name of Paine at first recalls to our mind no other recollection than that of the garrulous egotist, the vain, querulous and sometimes doting old man. It is sometime before we can reflect that the very reverence or abhorrence thus entertained by different parties towards a man eminent only for intellectual exertion and little otherwise gifted either by nature or fortune are alone sufficient to evince him to have possessed no common powers of mind. A great mind like a great edifice cannot be judged of by too near an inspection, to examine it fairly we must retire to the proper point of view. Posterity will do this. Let us cast aside the feelings of the moment, endeavour to place ourselves in the situation of posterity, and like *honest chroniclers* "speak of him as he was."

The great and most striking feature in the character of Thomas Paine is that intellectual courage, that bold decision and unwavering confidence in his own powers which enable the possessor coolly to mark out with the eye his destined course, and then to advance with firm and steady step, careless of consequence, fearless of public opinion. When at the commencement of our revolution our chiefs and leaders stood hesitating between remonstrance and rebellion, Paine first burst forth upon the world. The language, if not the feeling of loyalty was at that time, everywhere prevalent, and the colonists had not learnt to look upon themselves in any other light than as "his majesty's most oppressed but still dutiful subjects. He marshalled them the way where they should go, and pointed out the path which

led to independence. His COMMON SENSE, speaking a language (which, to borrow a happy phrase of Mr. Cheetham's) the people *had felt but not thought*, was received at once with that lucid conviction with which we receive a mathematical truth for the first time, and every man wondered why that which was now so clear had not always been familiar. The impulse thus given, ceased not till it had vibrated throughout the whole continent, and to the mental intrepidity of this single man must be ascribed the praise of having hastened although not of having caused the revolution.

The same hardihood of mind is visible throughout every act of his literary life, from his daring attacks upon the established creed of his country, down to his virulent invective against general Washington, at that time the favourite of every friend of regulated liberty and the idol of popular applause.

The peculiar advantage of this trait of character as it respects the individual, is to give to every power of his mind the fullest and most entire effect of which it is capable, to suffer no talent to wither and die away in neglect, chilled by diffidence or nipped by disappointment, to enable him to seize upon every auspicious moment of his life, to spread wide the canvass to every favouring breeze, and to take at the flood every tide in the affairs of men. With respect to its effect upon society, it is of a more ambiguous nature, and powerfully tends either to good or evil, as it arises from generous or selfish motives. To good, when its source is from without, when it springs from high and honourable principle or from benevolent zeal for the service of our friends, our country, or our kind. Generally to evil—when it springs from *self*, and is supported by the mere conceit or consciousness of intellectual strength. This remark applies with peculiar force to the influence of this disposition upon moral speculation and the elucidation of truth.

Our moral habits and affections are so intimately connected and blended with our rational powers, that humility of heart is not less necessary to the successful investigation of truth than clearness of head; and the most eagle-eyed acuteness may mistake the path of knowledge when we are hurried forward by arrogance, which will never pause to doubt its own conclusions or by passion seeking only its own gratification and blinding us to every obstacle that may oppose or check our desires. Hence it is that revelation in strictest conformity with good sense, assures us that divine truth to be fairly weighed must be received with the simplicity and purity of *little children*, that they *cannot* believe who *seek only to receive honour from men*, but that if *any man be willing to do the will of the Father he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.* We cannot give a nobler literary example of this truth than by referring our readers to the admirable Analogy of bishop Butler, where Reason may be seen exerting herself

in her true sphere of action, humbly yet cautiously advancing step by step in the examination of the great laws of natural and revealed religion, looking upon things as they are, but never indulging idle dreams of what they might be; borrowing light from our very ignorance and never daring to reject that which is tendered upon sufficient evidence, merely because she cannot comprehend. The argument upon which the system of Butler is founded, is indeed a noble one: it is not merely conclusive as to the subject in question, but places in the hand of the student a weapon from the armoury of heaven, which no invention of sophistry or scepticism can withstand. A more perfect contrast to bishop Butler as a reasoner than Thomas Paine cannot well be selected. The first principle of the one is, that we are ignorant of many things, that of the other seems to be, that he at least, understands the whole plan of creation as it is or as it ought to be. Butler argues from individual facts upwards to general system. Paine boldly assumes his theory, sometimes true, always plausible, and then argues downward to the particular fact.

Confident in his own strength, and too proud to doubt, Paine very seldom paused to consider whether his argument was conformable to the great analogy of nature, and founded upon broad and general principle, or whether he reasoned merely from prejudice or falsehood, or from some individual principle of human policy or feeling, just indeed in itself, but too narrow for the foundation of any general rule. Take, for an example of this mode of reasoning, his favourite argument against hereditary succession, viz. "That although men might by compact give up some portion of their own rights, this compact cannot possibly have any binding effect upon their posterity who were not parties to it." This, although founded upon a proposition true to a certain extent, yet if it prove any thing, proves too much; for the argument if good thus far must also hold good against the justice of the whole of the present system of society; since the necessary constitution of every civilized nation must always compel the children to submit to the whole system of laws and customs which had been ordained by their fathers, and to which they had never at any time given their express assent. Besides, what is the general operation of nature? has she not made one generation in no small degree dependant upon that which preceded it? are not parents enabled by their enterprise, their activity, or their invention, to better the condition of their posterity? and, on the other hand, must not the sons often necessarily succeed to the diseases, the ignorance, or the poverty of their sires?

Again—in his attempt to prove by what he terms *moral evidence*, the falsehood of the Mosaic history, he affects to consider the circumstance of the Israelites being commanded to extirpate the whole nation

of the Canaanites, as so contrary to the moral perfections of the Deity, as completely to brand the whole history as an impious and clumsy imposture: forgetting or not choosing to recollect that the punishment of human guilt by human agents is in strict conformity to the general laws of the divine government, and that the Jewish nation were in this instance but the executioners of the just judgments of that Being who is every day seen to act in the same manner by natural agents, and to sweep away whole generations by war or pestilence or famine.

This moral defect of Paine's mind, although it thus perverted and clouded his faculties for the discernment of truth, and incapacitated him from acting as an upright judge, did not, however, lessen his powers as an able advocate. Drawing his arguments from his own feelings, his pride, his passions, or his prejudice, he argued boldly and forcibly to the pride, the passions, and the prejudices of his readers. He produces his effect of conviction or persuasion rather by a certain imposing air of confident assertion which at once browbeats and silences opposition, than by any dexterity or ingenuity of sophistry. Indeed the great art of his sophistry, as we have before hinted, consists in the plausibility with which he advances (or rather without formally advancing takes at once for granted) false or doubtful positions as general and undisputed truths. These once allowed, the conclusions of his coarse but powerful logic are generally irresistible.

It was a favourite boast of Paine's that he "read no books, studied no man's opinions." This is a very common weakness of men of vigorous and original mind who have not enjoyed the advantages of early education. Observing among those who pride themselves upon their literary acquirements, many who have attained to the highest rank of erudition solely by the patient labour of plodding dulness, and who regard letters as the end of their being, not as the means of utility to others;—many too, who seek in them nothing more than the means of elegant amusement, and are content to trifle life away without turning their knowledge to any valuable purpose of existence; they proudly measure themselves with these learned idlers, and then hug themselves with joy that *their* minds have not been cramped and fettered by the shackles of classic discipline, and *their* originality destroyed by the habitual recurrence to the opinion of others. They do not consider that learning however disguised by pedantry or affectation, is in substance nothing more than knowledge—that as man is not an independant but a social being, to attain to the highest excellence of his nature he must call in the intellectual as well as the corporeal aid of his fellow-men—and that even if in the full confidence of native strength they feel enabled to rely upon their own powers of specula-

tion, and to reason and to judge solely for themselves, still without the knowledge of *facts* their strength is impotent and their reason vain; they may indeed have the lever of Archimedes, but the fulcrum and the point of application must be supplied by the labour of others. This cant of affecting to despise what one does not possess, is in perfect conformity to the general character of Paine; for it is one of those comfortable suggestions which vanity so readily ministers to our consolation when we find ourselves mortified by conscious ignorance or manifest superiority. But ignorance, when it loses its modesty, ceases to be innocent. Error has no apology when it arises from wilful neglect of the means of information.

It is an acute remark of Hooker, borrowed we believe from some elder logician, that there is scarce any truth of moment, from which by some circuitous deduction every other truth may not be rationally inferred. Although this is not practically true, nor perhaps even theoretically, to its full extent, yet the mutual connexion and dependence of every individual part of human knowledge prove that it is not without some foundation in reason. It is perhaps impossible for man to know but one branch of science perfectly, and to know but that one. This is true even of mathematical and natural science, but peculiarly so of those higher and more important subjects which employed the pen of Thomas Paine. The divine and the politician, if they have any higher ambition than that of being sectarians and partisans, must borrow light from every quarter. Much as Paine might have despised the humble drudgery of philologists and grammarians, perhaps even the study of words might have preserved him from many an absurdity, and from some mortification.

Every one, at all versed in the theological warfare of the day will recollect the confusion in which he involved himself, and the consequent triumph of bishop Watson from the not duly distinguishing between the analogous, but not synonimous words, *genuineness* and *authenticity*. And if he had condescended to learn from his friend and fellow-labourer in the revolutionary vineyard Horne Tooke, the true force and meaning of his favourite phrase, *the rights of man* (i. e. that which is *ruled* or ordained (RECTUM) for man to do or to enjoy,) he might have saved himself and his followers from the mischievous error of supposing that mankind have any *right* to liberty farther than they are able properly to enjoy it.

From all these circumstances of Paine's character, it very naturally followed that he was much better calculated to attack than to defend—to overturn than to build up. To elicit general truth from a various and confused mass of particular facts, or ably to defend the great outworks of society against the cavils of men, who, *professing themselves to be wise have become fools*, demands humble and pa-

tient diligence, and much and accurate knowledge. To attack, requires little other previous information than may be gleaned from a hasty examination of the subject immediately in question: and confident assertion and invective, may often supply the place of sober reason. For (in the words of the *judicious* Hooker) "he that goeth about to persuade a multitude that they are not so well governed as they ought to be, shall never want attentive or favourable hearers; because they know the manifold defects whereunto every kind of regiment is subject; but the secret lets or difficulties which in rules of state or church are innumerable and inevitable, they have not ordinarily the judgment to consider. And on the other hand, when they who withdraw their obedience pretend that the laws which they should obey, are corrupt and vitious; for proof of their goodness, it behoveth the very foundation and root, the highest wellspring and fountain of them, to be discovered." A town may be carried by assault at the point of the bayonet by a single effort of irregular courage, but for its defence, enfeebled as it is for the purposes of war by the arts of peace and the charities of civilized life, it has need of every protection which can be supplied by military science, disciplined valour, and veteran experience.

But the argument and the sophistry, the ingenuity and the absurdities of Paine, have, in themselves little to interest posterity. When the passions and interests of the present day shall have gone by, and the tide of party feeling spent its force, Common Sense and the Age of Reason, may perhaps be left to moulder on the same shelf with the political reveries and the sceptical cavils of the Tindals, the Tollands, and the Gordons of the last century. If they are preserved at all, they will be preserved by style. As the malignity of Junius, so too the vulgar hardihood of Paine, may be rescued from oblivion, and preserved like toads in marble, solely by the vigour, the perspicuity, and the purity of his language. His conceptions though seldom profound were always clear; and as his style is purely English, without any taint of foreign idiom, and unencumbered by any ambitious ornament; (for he wrote to be understood and felt, not to be admired,) what he clearly conceived he as clearly expressed.

He had the rare faculty of being able to present to the minds of others the same images which filled his own, as distinctly and as clearly as he perceived them himself. Such is his lucid prespicuity that the dullest reader cannot, for a moment, mistake his meaning; and such his exquisite simplicity that the attention is never distracted from his idea by any adventitious or useless image. Not that he totally disdains the use of ornament—but his ornament is never idle or ostentatious, and from the usual chaste and temperate tone of his composition his imagery produces a more striking effect than that of the most gorge-

ous and splendid style. He is sometimes animated but never extravagant, occasionally concise but never obscure.

We know of no modern writer of equal and similar excellence except Jones of Nayland, who, by a singular coincidence, as nearly resembled Paine in style as he widely differed from him in opinion; so that at the same time that the one was busied in disseminating the doctrines of anarchy and disbelief, the other was wielding the very same arms with equal ability in defence of the wildest tory notions of the divine right of kings, and the most extravagant and exclusive doctrines of the highest school of high church divinity. But the errors of Jones were of the head not the heart, and though on some points extravagant, his principles, in the main, were sound and excellent. Paine's object was evil; the good which he sometimes effected was, as far as regards himself, accidental, and his literary excellence served no other end than to render palatable the poison which he prepared—he profaned his "God-given strength"—*liquidam temeravit crimine vocem.*

Such is the light in which this extraordinary man appears to us as an author. Let us now examine his character as it stands in Mr. Cheetham's biography and see how well the story of his life "tells in history."

The education and early life of Thomas Paine differed in nothing from that of any other intelligent and enterprising young mechanic. As soon as he had acquired the knowledge of his trade he left his native town of Thetford, and rambled up to London, with no higher ambition than that of establishing himself in business as a master stay-maker. Not immediately succeeding in his trade he abandoned it and went to sea in a privateer, which, however, he soon left to return to his original occupation. In this he remained for some time till he obtained a place in the excise, which he held for about twelve years, when he was dismissed, as it was said, for some malepractice.

Having about this time failed in business as a grocer, and soon after separated from his wife, (for what reason it is not exactly known) he found himself at the age of thirty-seven, alone, destitute, and friendless. After having scantily supported himself for a short time as a garret writer in London, he emigrated to this country, by the advice of doctor Franklin, in the year 1775. And here his literary and political career commenced. At that moment, when all the talents and enterprise of the country were roused into activity, as by an electric shock, the faculties of Paine partook of the general impulse and seemed at once to evolve themselves. He started into political existence, like the Minerva of Grecian fable, in the full maturity and perfection of popular eloquence. The popularity and effect of his Common Sense was

wonderful and unexampled. Whether this was produced by the excellence of its manner, or principally by its happening to chime in with the feelings of the hour may be a fair subject of discussion. Still, however, the *fact* of this popularity and effect is undeniable, and Paine must be allowed the praise of having performed (like Columbus with his egg) what few had deemed practicable and none had dared to attempt. The success of this performance encouraged him to abandon some other literary occupations in which he had engaged on his first arrival and to devote himself entirely to politics. The chiefs of the revolution were too wise to neglect availing themselves of his popular talents, and he "accompanied the army of independence as a sort of itinerant writer, of which his pen was an appendage almost as necessary and formidable as its cannon. When the colonists drooped he revived them with a CRISIS." This publication possessed much of the same kind of excellence which marked his COMMON SENSE; yet, considering that the people had now become fully familiarized with the idea of revolution, and that the boldness of manner and daring novelty of design which had so effectually awakened the public attention to his former production, must have now lost no small part of their power of exciting interest or curiosity, it is not a little surprizing that their influence upon the community should have been so great. Perhaps it may be accounted for from this circumstance, that the popular mind at that time unaccustomed to this sort of political appeal, which has since become so frequent as to deaden all sensibility to it, was then in a state to receive a very high degree of excitement from a stimulus which in its present comparative apathy and exhaustion would scarcely be felt: upon the same principle that the effect of music, eloquence, and poetry is most powerful among the rudest nations. As a reward for the service thus rendered by his pen he was, in 1777, appointed by congress secretary to the committee of foreign affairs, a sort of under clerkship, at a low salary, but from which he afterwards sought to derive some degree of consequence by dignifying it with the title of secretary of foreign affairs. In this station he continued for nearly two years, when he was forced to resign his employment in consequence of a breach of his official oath of secresy—a very wanton violation of duty; to which he seems to have had no higher inducement than the idle desire of gratifying his vanity by a newspaper triumph. He supported himself for some time first as a clerk to a merchant of Philadelphia, and afterwards to the assembly of Pennsylvania, still continuing his Crisis with unabated zeal and power of popular persuasion until 1781, when a mission was despatched to France for the purpose of obtaining a loan, and Paine was selected by colonel Laurens, the envoy, to accompany him as a kind of unofficial secretary. The whole merit of

this project, as well as of the success of the mission he was accustomed to arrogate to himself: but, as Mr. C. has very clearly shown the falsity of one part of this boast, (that it was by the supply thus procured by his instrumentality, that general Washington was enabled to proceed in the operations of his last campaign) we may reasonably infer, that, to say the least, he very grossly exaggerated his share in this transaction. Upon his return, he resumed the pen, and continued to employ it on various political subjects till the peace of 1783. His mind had now become so much habituated to the bustle of politics and the tumult of revolution that it could not easily adapt itself to this weak and piping time of peace. After having obtained from congress and several of the state legislatures liberal grants of money and confiscated lands, he returned to Europe ostensibly with the view of procuring the assistance of the opulent or enterprising in carrying into effect a very ingenious mechanical improvement in the structure of bridges; but probably, secretly and more powerfully influenced by some distant hope of exciting a revolutionary spirit in Great Britain, which, if once raised, his vanity doubtless led him to believe, he could easily divert to his own purposes of policy or ambition. But France, and not England was destined to "have the honour of leading up the death-dance of Jacobinic reform."*

Paine gladly seized the opportunity to snatch a brand from the conflagration which desolated the continent, and rushed with furious joy to fire his native land. In 1791 he published the first part of his Rights of Man, in answer, as he thought fit to style it, to Mr. Burke's Reflections. This production "was from similarity of cause as popular in England as his Common Sense had been in America." It was followed in February 1792, by the second part, in which "he openly and fearlessly called upon the people to revolt, and unequivocally advocated a subversion of the government." This at length awakened the indignation of the administration, and the attorney-general was instructed to commence a prosecution against the author. Fortunately just before his trial a French deputation announced to him that he had been elected a member of the national convention, a compliment which had been also paid to Dr. Priestley, and several others of the most active enemies of establishment in different parts of the world,—he immediately embraced the opportunity of retiring without disgrace from his native country, and fled to France to ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm of anarchy. Here we find him for some time buffeting the billows of faction—*mersus civilibus undis*—till the end of 1793, when he was thrown into prison by the Robesperian committee

* Burke.

of safety. As soon as he was liberated he made his appearance in a new character, as the assailant of christianity, by the publication of his Age of Reason, which had been written a short time previous to his imprisonment. There was little of novelty in the argument of this work, which consists chiefly of such hackneyed and often answered objections as he might very easily have gleaned up at second hand from Voltaire, Diderot, or Bolingbroke, from the conversation (for he assures us that he never read) of the *literateurs* and philosophists of Paris. But the manner is his own, and that manner added to the popularity of his name, could not fail of giving it currency. This was succeeded by a number of unimportant tracts, and in April 1796, by a virulent attack upon general Washington, on the ground of his not having exerted his official influence with the French government to obtain his liberation from prison. He remained in Paris, continuing to propagate his doctrines by every means in his power, for six years longer, "associating during that period with the lowest company, and indulging his thirst for liquor to the greatest excess. He became so filthy in his person, so mean in his dress, and so notorious a sot that all men of decency in Paris avoided him." The tumultuous uproar of revolution having now settled down into the awful stillness of despotism, he found his occupation at an end, and in 1802 finally returned to America, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. From this period until his death in 1809. Mr. Cheetham's narrative is minute and particular, gathered partly from personal knowledge and partly from information obtained from persons who had lived during that time in habits of frequent intercourse with Paine. Its particularity and anecdote would be amusing did not the subject of his biography present such a gross and nauseous compound of petulance and malignity, of garulous vanity and grovelling avarice, of disgusting filth and beastly intemperance, as cannot be contemplated without disgust and horror. The exhibition of this vulgar vice and coarse debauchery is rendered more unpleasant by their being evidently neither caused nor accompanied by any decay of the intellectual powers. The narrative is like a portrait of the Dutch school, every wart and excressence, every blotch and sore of the original is accurately transferred to the canvass. Yet we cannot blame Mr. Cheetham. Paine never omitted any opportunity of giving weight to his opinions by referring to his former services to the state, and the long established reputation of his character—let his character then be perfectly known, and let it have its full effect.

Mr. C.'s style, bating some few inaccuracies, is in general chaste and energetic, and occasionally forcible and elegant to no common degree. He deals too much in general terms of disapprobation and invective, and talks too often of the "vulgarity," the "filthiness," and

the impiety of Paine, when the simple narration of the facts would have produced all the intended effect on the mind of the reader, and would have given to the biography an air of dignified impartiality which this sort of vague declamation and censure is calculated to lessen. Neither does he appear willing to allow Paine all the praise of ability in the dissemination of his doctrines to which we think him entitled: this is particularly observable in his remarks on Paine's style. He has been diligent in the collection of facts, and is, we believe, usually accurate, but we could have wished more pains had been taken to collect and preserve some portion of that immense fund of anecdote and secret history with which the memory of Paine was stored. Yet perhaps he did not deserve a Boswell, and he may be considered upon the whole as fortunate in having obtained a more able biographer than most of the great men of his day.

The political opinions of Mr. C. as they appear in his book, are moderate and temperate, and therefore for the most part just—untainted by extravagance of democracy, yet free from any affected disregard of the rights of the people. We do not wholly agree with him in some of his speculations on British politics, nor in his despondings views of the future destinies of the liberty of our own country. These are subjects however upon which difference of opinion may be very harmlessly indulged.

The following passage is no unfavourable specimen either of Mr. C.'s style or his opinions.

> The usurpation of the national assembly, necessary in the process of confounding valuable, essential, and unalterable distinctions; necessary in the process of tumult and carnage; necessary in the throes which a great nation must suffer in going down from some oppression to all anarchy, and from all anarchy to what we now see and feel, all possible despotism; that act of assumption worked up all England, a few men of cool reflection, deep penetration, great experience, and greater solidity excepted, to a pitch of enthusiasm little short of madness. There was indeed something perhaps awfully grand, certainly horror-exciting, in the ruins of an ancient and splendid government; in the transfer of all power from those who had excluded the people from any participation of it to the people themselves, who knew not what to do with it; who could give it no form, no direction, and who, in a tumult of joy, excited by being masters, without knowing how to master themselves, could not but commit in a few months, probably in so many days, acts of tyranny and cruelty for which an age of well regulated freedom could not adequately compensate. Englishmen, whose hearts were sound, whose intentions were good, who loved their country, who idolized its solid and venerable freedom, but whose notions, as events have proved, were visionary, were in raptures at the disenthralment of a neighbouring nation, from long continued bondage. If excess of gratulation, and, to England, the danger of es-

cess, could have been avoided, there would have been in all this a humanity of character, a generosity of feeling, a nobleness of spirit, which future ages would have admired and applauded. But men of property, men of sense, men of letters, men who therefore should not have suffered reflection to be overpowered by gorgeous novelties, by real mockeries, by changes which are productive of nothing but mischief, forgot that they were free, forgot that they were Englishmen, and, bounding in exulting thought over the precincts of their isle, became Frenchmen; not of the notables, nor of the states-general, nor of the national assembly, nor of its famous declaration of rights, for they had more liberty than the national assembly could comprehend, or France enjoy, but in the moments of frenzy, for frenzy it surely was, deposing Frenchmen; Frenchmen of the national razor stamp. The *world* was to become a republic of licentiousness in fact; a fraternity of incongruous and repelling atoms; a brotherhood of absurd principles and irreducible rules. This was the philosophy; this the charm; as if all nature, at the command of presumptuous and impious Frenchmen, would at once give way; as if, to use the language of Fielding's Square, the eternal fitness of things could be unfitted, recreated, and now modelled. Parisian jacobin clubs were imitated in London. Fraternal hugs were interchanged by jacobin plenipotentiaries. Revolution dinners were had all over England, and revolutionary toasts drank. Even Dr. Price gave for his toast at one of these jubilees of preparatory commotion, "the parliament of England; may it become a *National Assembly!*" Could his meaning be mistaken? The National Assembly of France had declared for a limited monarchy, which England had. It had established, or rather it had prescribed upon paper, trial by jury. Was England without this palladium of safety? All the *paper* immunities which the National Assembly had allowed in its declaration of rights, which were never reduced to practice, fell vastly short of the excellence of British enjoyment. But France was only in the adolescence of her work. From limited monarchy she was verging to unlimited devastation. She was to be a spick-and-span new nation. All old things were to be done away. England too was to be new-born. The world a republic or a desert was one of the humane dogmas. Hunted, pillaged, and blood-sucked, a desert it might be, but a republic, and least of all, a republic like that to which France was hastening, it could not be.

To the biography is prefixed a dedication to the venerable vice president of the United States. It is perhaps overloaded with allusion to the factious politics of the day, but much of the eulogy is just and elegant. We cannot refrain from extracting a single paragraph of well-turned and well-merited panegyric.

The peace, which gave you a nation and crowned you with immortality, did not efface from the minds of your fellow citizens the just impressions which your meritorious services had stamped upon them. For twenty-one years you administered the government of the state! There is no eulogium of language that can equal the eulogium of the fact. He who in a republic like

ours, where a revolution had let loose the passions—where the press is licentious beyond all example—where suffrage, with few exceptions, is in every man's hands—where the popular will is almost without restraint—where demagogues, greedy of money, avaricious of popular honour, are numerous, and ambitious, and like all other demagogues, hypocritical, perfidious, remorseless; in such a republic, under such circumstances, his merit must be great, who, without flattering the vanity of the multitude, without courting their capricious favours, dignifiedly retains a station so elevated for a period so long. I like, said Lord Mansfield, that popularity which follows, not that which is run after. That great man liked, I fear, what he never enjoyed. You, sir, more happy, enjoyed, in plenitude, that which he liked.

## SCIENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*Boschetto, near Richmond, Dec.* 17, 1809.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I observe, with pleasure, that The Port Folio realizes an ingenious allegory of antiquity, which represented the Muses as sister deities, walking hand in hand. Your pages are so happily diversified that every one of your readers, whatever his taste may be, finds in them a luxurious banquet. It is true that you particularly delight to explore the flowery field of elegant literature, as a sovereign his favourite dominion; yet you do not refuse to wander, with the votary of the exact sciences, into the fertile though unadorned regions of abstruse research. Possessed of versatile powers, the genius that presides over your inteteresting miscellany excels in the art "*delectandi pariter pariterque docendi.*"

This well-known character of The Port Folio induces me to invite your attention, and that of your readers, to the contents of a small work, just published in Richmond, and which professes no less an object than to account, upon a principle entirely new, for several important phenomena in the physical world, and, especially, for those exhibited by the tides, the trade-winds, and the singular compound substances, which have frequently been observed to descend from the upper regions of the atmosphere on the surface of the earth, and are generally known under the name of *falling stones*.

The work alluded to is entitled " A new theory of the diurnal rotation of the earth, demonstrated upon mathematical principles, from the properties of the cycloid, and the epicycloid, by John Wood."

Beside the important curves obtained by cutting a cone in different manners, several curves of various origin and denominations are well-known to have employed the attention of the most eminent mathematicians. Such are, among others, the cycloid and the epicycloid. The labours of Paschal, Huygens, Bernouille, &c. have, in some measure, consecrated the cycloid, and Mr. Wood's application of its principal property will, no doubt, render that curve still more celebrated, and more precious to science. That principal property of the cycloid is, that a body revolving along it describes unequal arcs in equal times; or (to use the very instance which has certainly given rise to all the researches on this subject, from those of Mersenne to the present theory) " the top of a carriage-wheel in motion moves with greater velocity than the bottom." This results from the compound motion of the wheel, viz: a motion round its axis, and a motion along a horizontal plane. As this truth stands on the strong basis of demonstration, it may be assumed as a fundamental principle, the applications of which may become very numerous, and productive of the most satisfactory results.

Of this important property of the cycloid, two applications only seem to have been made, before Mr. Wood's ingenious idea of applying it to the diurnal rotation of the earth. Huygens obtained a very desirable object by making pendulums describe cycloidal, instead of circular arcs; and M'Laurin, in his account of sir Isaac's Newton's discoveries, determined the path of a satellite to be an epicycloid of a certain description, arriving, as he himself observes, at the same result as the great Newton, though by a more circuitous route.

Mr. Wood's application, therefore, is altogether new and original. It consists in his considering the earth as a wheel, or, if you like it better, in considering the equator, and all the parallels of latitude as so many wheels, having a common axis, viz. the axis of the globe. The motion of every point on the earth's surface is, therefore, compounded of two motions, a rotary motion round the axis, and a progressive motion along the plane of the ecliptic. Hence, it follows that every such point must describe a curve of the epicycloidal kind. Upon this application the whole fabric of the author's ingenious theory is erected.

In the first book of his work wherein he demonstrates whatever belongs to the cycloid, and the epicycloid, he scarcely claims any other merit than that of having luminously arranged and developed the discoveries of his predecessors in the same career. Yet, even here, I observe several corollaries, and some propositions, entirely new. The twelfth proposition particularly deserves attention as immediately and essentially connected with the inquiry. It serves to establish the ratio

of any one point in the upper hemisphere to that of the point diametrically opposite; and supplies a formula which, being applied in the second book to the motion of the earth, shows the difference of velocity of any point under the equator, at noon and at midnight, and at other corresponding hours. By this difference of velocity, the action of gravity is necessarily affected. Hence, a body is found to weigh less at noon than at midnight, &c. This consideration our theorist afterwards extends to the fluids which encompass the earth, and proves that the difference of gravity resulting from epicycloidal motion has upon such fluids an effect considerably greater than that of either the sun, or the moon. The Newtonian theory of the tides being, as is well known, unsatisfactory in some of its essential points; and the polar effusions of the amiable and justly celebrated St. Pierre not appearing adequate to their supposed effects, Mr. Wood easily evinces the insufficiency of former causes to account for the phenomena under consideration, and substitutes to them his fundamental principle, which, in the second chapter of the third book, he states to raise the tides about thirteen feet, twice every twenty-four hours. To the same cause he refers the trade-winds, and those *stony substances* which are said to have descended from Heaven. These he considers as volcanic products, projected from the earth and carried to an immense distance from the place of projection by the difference of velocity in opposite points of the globe, under the same parallel of latitude.

Time does not permit me to abridge or condense the train of reasoning used by the theorist. The inquisitive are referred to the work itself, where extent of research, and mathematical profundity and accuracy are eminently conspicuous.

This theory, Mr. Oldschool, though I do not yet assent to all the inferences of the author, I consider as a new and important link in the vast chain, which will probably constitute, at some future period, a satisfactory ensemble of physical knowledge. Its fundamental principle is not a gratuitous and merely explicative hypothesis: it does not substitute for the unknown cause of existing phenomena some obscure and indefinite agent, which, if not a reality, may, upon the whole, stand as the representative of truth. Here we have history and not romance. In effect, grant the diurnal and annual motion of the earth, every point of its surface must necessarily revolve with unequable velocity, and, of course, describe unequal arcs in equal times. And who will deny that difference of velocity must be attended with certain effects? Though itself an effect, it becomes for us an important cause, to which we may legitimately refer certain phenomena. And here, Mr. Oldschool, candour, perseverance, and patient investigation must be our guides. Let us spurn the fetters of antiquated error, and a servile acquiescence in all received doctrines—"*nullius jurare in verba magis-*

*tri*"—but let us not yield too much to the enthusiasm of novel conceptions. We cannot hope to develop all the mysteries of nature, but we may hope continually to approximate towards the focus of complete philosophic illumination. Shall I confess it? Our light in many branches of physics appears to me yet crepuscular. Let, therefore, each votary of science endeavour to contribute a few rays, and let those rays be made to converge in one point. The great Newton has observed the lunar and solar influences upon the tides: St. Pierre has proved alternate effusions from the poles: both these are demonstrated to be insufficient for the production of the phenomena attributed to their agency; and a new cause occurs to the sagacious mind of Mr. Wood. Why not admit all those agents as concurring in the completion of the result under consideration, the tides? Why that singular propensity of the human mind to refer as many effects as possible to one single cause? We call this *simplifying*, and *simplicity* is, according to us, the true march of nature. The very structure of animals and vegetables, and the complex agency of their various organs, evince the contrary. I know that I directly oppose one of the *rules of philosophizing:* but that rule was made by one intent upon a theory, where a single principle predominates; and I may well contest its legitimacy. Even in intellectual and moral researches, this exclusive spirit is observable. Helvetius ascribes every thing to education; doctor Gall of Vienna every thing to nature; and he finds the *morality* of man in certain prominences, and depressions of the head. Here we have the materialists, there the idealists. Many attempts have been made to refer the "Beautiful and Sublime" each to a single fundamental principle. Medicine has not been free from this spirit of system. In short, as every religious sectary pretends to have God in his chapel, so every philosopher will have the truth, and the whole truth on his side. But this is idle digression.

To conclude—Mr. Wood shall long be remembered in the scientific world as having exploded the opinion hitherto generally received, that, every twenty-four hours, each point on the surface of the earth revolves from west to east, all round, with an equable motion, thereby describing, during every successive hour, an arc of fifteen degrees; and as having clearly demonstrated that each such point describes epicycloidal arcs, and, of course, moves with a velocity that continually changes. The discovery of this important fact would alone suffice to insure him a niche in the temple of fame. The ingenious application of his fundamental principle to the tides, the trade-winds, and other phenomena, whether it be considered as entirely satisfactory, or only as a happy accession to the materials already extant for the formation of a general theory of nature, also entitles him to the gratitude of the learned. Newton himself, the modest, the truly great and good Newton, would, no doubt, if living, thank himself indebted to Mr. Wood for res-

tifying aberrations which even his sublime genius could not avoid—because it is the lot of man to err—and that Newton was diffident of the truth of some points in his "Theory of Universal Gravitation," is well known to those who have read his life.

In unavoidable haste, but with truest esteem,
I am, Mr. Oldschool,
Your obedient servant and subscriber,
L. H. GIRARDIN.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*To Benjamin West, Esq. historic painter to the king of Great Britain, London.*

DEAR SIR,

IN reading your very sensible and entertaining letter to Mr. Peale, lately published in The Port Folio, I was much struck with the information you gave him of the limited patronage of the art you have exercised with so much honour to yourself and country, in Great Britain. It led me to inquire into the cause of it. I submit to your judgment the result of this inquiry.

In proportion as nations become civilised and refined, they become artificial in every thing. Nature is banished from their buildings, dresses, manners, and, above all, from the human countenance. But even in this state, from an indestructible instinct in the human mind, she does not lose her charms, and, in spite of fashion and habit, never fails to please whenever she is exhibited, particularly in the works of the painter and the statuary. Let us examine this principle by the taste of three of the nations of Europe.

In Italy, where nature has been completely driven from her empire, an artificial uniformity pervades every face; hence painting and statuary, which restore a part of that empire, are universally admired in that country. In France

nearly the same artificial uniformity appears in the human face, and hence her general taste for those arts, as they are called, which revive the knowledge and beauties of Nature in that preeminent part of her works.

In Great Britain Nature still retains a large portion of her dominion over manners and character as expressed in the character. " The *Volto Sciolto*, with the *pensieri stretti*," of lord Chesterfield, is occasionally seen, it is true, in the higher ranks of British society, but the expressions of the understanding and of the passions in the countenance are to be met with in their full force in all the middle and lower walks of life in the inhabitants of that country. It is for this reason that they do not crowd an exhibition room, nor spend large sums of money in purchasing the representations of thoughts and passions which are familiar to them in their daily intercourse with each other. The country gentleman stands in no need of boxes of flowering shrubs in his parlour, to remind him that " Nature still lives," to use the words of Mr. Cowper; but they constitute a delightful part of the ornament of the house of a citizen, whose eyes are met in all other places, with the artificial and mercenary productions of the hand of man.

In support of the assertion that Nature still lives in the expression of the passions in Great Britain, I shall remind you of a fact you mentioned to me, at a late hour, by your hospitable fireside in the winter of 1769. Upon your landing at Dover, in England, after spending several years in Italy, the first object, you informed me, that arrested your notice was the sight of two boys fighting upon the shore. You beheld it, you said with great pleasure. It was an open and natural expression of the passion of anger, and formed a striking contrast to the composed manner in which you had been accustomed to see the same passion vent itself by means of the stiletto, and other instruments of death in the country you had left.

If the explanation I have given of the fact contained in your letter be just, it will account for the little encourage-

ment which history painting and statuary have met with in the United States. We are still, in one sense of the word, in a state of nature, and while we possess and express so much of her native manner in the countenance, we stand in no need of copies of it. The child that is still in the lap of its mother, can have no relish for her face upon marble or canvass.

I am the more disposed to admit the truth of my remarks upon this subject, from their tendency to appreciate the two imitative professions that have been mentioned, and to suggest a reason why such precious and expensive talents are given for the purpose of exercising them. They appear to have a much higher office assigned to them than simply to please the eye, or to pamper the pride of wealth. To restore the knowledge of the human countenance, defaced by folly and vice, the Creator of the world kindly confers upon the pencil and the chissel the deputy-power of creating a resemblance of it, in order to remind the votaries of art, that not only Nature, but Nature's God "still lives," and that he continues to will the happiness of his creatures, by this representative mode of calling their admiration and love to the wisdom, variety and beauty of his original works.

With the greatest respect and esteem for your professional talents, and personal character, I am, dear sir,

Your sincere friend,

A CITIZEN OF PHILADELPHIA.

Philadelphia, Jan. 24, 1810.

## CORRESPONDENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*Account of French's improvement on the Steam Engine, in a letter from Dr. Mitchell to James Sharpless, Esq.*

THAT useful machinician, Daniel French, after a number of years study and labour in inventions, has succeeded in improving the steam engine, so as to make it one of the most simple machines in use. It is now of very little expense and work to build, compared to other forms of the engines now in use; and may be reckoned as one of the first and most important discoveries of modern American ingenuity, being so happily constructed that with the utmost ease it can be adapted and accommodated to move any machinery whatever, and work in any situation at pleasure.

Some of the most important features and principles of this important and simplified engine are the following: viz. The main cyllinder of the engine has two gudgeons on opposite sides on which it is suspended and movable. To one side of said main cyllinder is joined a small cyllinder, or tube, to convey steam to each end of said main cyllinder. To put the piston in motion, the steam is introduced into the small cyllinder by a short pipe joining it at, and parallel with, the centre of the gudgeons on which the main cyllinder is suspended. This short pipe receives the end of another which joins the boiler.

The piston rod of the main cyllinder, at its outer end, has a perforation and receives the end of the crank of the balance wheel, to give it motion; and as the crank revolves round its centre, carrying the end of the rod with it, it causes a vibratory motion of the main cyllinder on its gudgeons. In this way the great lever beam, with its numerous appendages, is dispensed with, and becomes of no use.

Steam is let in and out of the main cyllinder thus: on a straight rod passed into the small cyllinder are made fast two pistons, exactly fitting the bore of the cyllinder, and so situated and corresponding to two perforations from the small to each end of the main cyllinder, as that when it is in one situation, it admits steam in at one end and out at the other, and the rod with the pistons being shifted a little, reverses it, and lets in and out at the other ends.

Motion is given to the rod of the cyllinder, as required, by means of a single lever being joined at right angles to it, one end of which lever is fixed and movable in a piece joined to one end of the main cyllinder; the other end moves through and back and forward in a crooked and curve lined channel, slit, or groove, of such form as to shift or change the situation of the rod and pistons as occasion requires, by the vibratory motion of the cyllinders, and it may be done without

any lever, by having a projection on and at right angles with the length of the rod, the said projecting part moving in said crooked channel, and thus with a single rod only can be performed all the movements necessary to give and let off steam, and all that multiplicity of work, parts, and movements in other forms is dispensed with, and of no use. This form is admirably adapted to give motion to boats, as it can be done without any expense of machinery, except the steam engine, as the balance wheel may at the same time be the wheel to drive the boat, so admirably is this engine constructed.

Mr. French expects to be able to build steam engines with equal power for less than one half that the other forms in use come at, and to make it useful for all purposes where a cheap power is wanted to move any kind of machinery.

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*Anecdote of the late Mr. Rumsey, and remarks on the steam engine, in a letter from James Sharpless, esq. to Dr. Mitchell, dated New-York, Oct. 3, 1809.*

DEAR SIR,

As I expressed to you in a desultory conversation on Sunday last, several objections to the applications made by the ingenious Mr. Fulton for impelling boats by steam, which I presume you did not wholly comprehend, on account of my defective mode of expressing myself, I take the liberty of endeavouring more fully to explain myself and offer my reasons for the preference I give to the applications of the late Mr. Rumsey, in order that, if my observations should be found correct, some advantages may be thereby derived to society.

The float boards of Mr. Fulton's engine, as near as I can recollect, pass through the water at the rate of seven miles per hour, and it is to be presumed that the power of the engine would support this velocity of the float boards, though the boat were at rest. Then this striking force of the boards against the water is seven at the commencement of action, but when the boat has attained its utmost velocity of five miles per hour, its striking force, or resistance to the water is only two: for when the boat has attained this uniform velocity of five miles per hour, the water in respect of it is passing on in the contrary direction at five miles per hour, and the propelling power is diminished in the same ratio, hence it is evident that two sevenths of the power of Mr. Fulton's engine would be necessary to sustain the same boat at five miles per hour, provided the apparatus were so constructed as to support a uniform action from the commencement, so that the reacting inert force should be the same with whatever velocity the boat might be sailing at. This property I have always considered Mr. Rumsey's plan to possess, which is extremely simple, ingenious, and philosophical. His inventions were carried into effect about twenty

years ago, upon a small scale, both in America and England; and had he not been injured in his constitution by intense study, and in his pecuniary circumstances by a constant change of his mechanical pursuits, he probably would have enriched himself, and have been considered as one of the greatest ornaments of his country. Drawings of his hydraulic inventions were laid before the society for the encouragement of arts, and a committee appointed to inspect them, and they were considered so ingenious and of such general importance that the society petitioned him to give an explanatory lecture. He appointed an evening; his drawings were spread on the table; at the time appointed the society and a number of visitants interested in mathematical and mechanical subjects, were collected; a pause of perfect silence marked the general esteem, as the self taught philosopher approached. He commenced with modest confidence; but, unused to the sound of his own voice in public, and struck with the respectability of the assembly to whom he was acting as preceptor, his extreme sensibility overcame him, and a few sentences that he uttered were his last! He spoke no more! and the tears of general sympathy and regret were increased by the peculiar circumstances of his death.

## LEVITY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IN the last number of your Port Folio, I met with a meteorological journal, which a *gentleman* of this city kept of his wife's temper—now supposing you not to be prejudiced in favour of *either sex*, I send you the following table in which I have noted as accurately as possible the variations in the temper of a husband, whose disposition you may form some idea of, when you have examined the table, and pronounce without much difficulty whether I live in a temperate, torrid or frigid zone.

Yours, &c.

VEXATA.

*Sunday.* Extremely cold.

*Monday.* Moderated a litttle.

*Tuesday. Temperate all day.*

*Wednesday.* Morning—inclined to *storm*. Afternoon—dark and gloomy.

*Thursday.* Morning—very dull and heavy. Afternoon—cleared off a little.

*Friday.* Remarkably *dry* and rather cold.

*Saturday.* Morning—at 32°. Afternoon—sudden change to *warm*; but towards night, frequent *blasts*.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THE POST-OFFICE ESTABLISHMENT.

When we look back to see what our country was a few years ago, and consider what it is now, we cannot fail to be astonished at its growth. The old world furnishes no example of the kind. Indeed, so rapid is the advance of improvement, that our minds are scarcely able to keep pace with its progress, and we are almost led to deny the evidence of our senses. The traveller, as he proceeds on his journey, passes a wilderness; and behold! on his return, as if by magic, the wilderness is converted into a fruitful garden, and blossoms with a thousand sweets.

One hundred years ago, the whole importations into North-America did not amount to two millions of dollars annually. Fifty years afterwards, the imports had increased to twenty millions of dollars; and in 1807 the *duties alone* on imports into the United States (making no deduction for drawbacks) exceeded twenty-six millions of dollars! a sum equal to the export trade of Great Britain to all the world a century ago.

Should no untoward circumstance interrupt the prosperity of our country, a few years will place us entirely independent of the products of Europe, and our physical strength may bid defiance to the united efforts of her arms.

Among the improvements in the United States, there is, perhaps, no one that has advanced more rapidly, or proved more extensively useful, than that of the transportation of the mail. There is not a man of literature or business in the nation who does not constantly experience its benefits. Yet very few give themselves the trouble to reflect a moment on its importance. In point of public utility, it holds a rank but little inferior to printing. Copies may be multiplied at the press, but, without this establishment, how limited must be their distribution! By the extensive and rapid transportation of the mail, the transactions of each part of the country

are circulated, as if on the wings of the wind, through the whole. The merchant, without leaving his countinghouse, learns the state of the markets from Orleans to Maine, and gathers, in a few hours, from the arrivals at every port, the course of trade in Europe: while commerce derives, from quick and certain intelligence, a new and vigorous impulse.

Behold yon group of eager politicians waiting the arrival of the mail. How frequently they inquire the time! A minute has elapsed since it should have arrived, and their impatience has become ungovernable. The lively interest excited by its delay discovers how much it contributes to our interest or our happiness. The lover, too, is indebted to this establishment for the favours of his absent mistress. Her letter is brought him, the seal yet moist, and even the kiss it contains has not lost all its fragrance, although an hundred leagues have been passed since her rosy lips impressed it.

Benjamin Franklin was the first superintendant of this department. Since the period of our revolution it has been constantly advancing to perfection under the direction of a Pickering, a Habersham, and a Granger.

The following table will give a tolerable correct idea of the improvements in this department since 1793; and while it shows that much was done under other superintendants, it also proves that a great deal has been accomplished under the present postmaster general. It is not surprising that there should be some interruptions in transporting the mail which runs five millions of miles in the year. Nor is it matter of the least wonder, that, among two thousand postmasters there should be some inattentive or disobliging. But in a business so extensive, employing so many persons, and in which the least failure excites so much sensibility, it is rather singular that there is not a greater interruption and more cause for complaint. And surely it is neither generous nor just, as is too frequently the case, to ascribe every failure to the postmaster general. I scorn that narrowness of spirit that denies to merit its reward. The liberal mind will disdain to be influenced by the spirit of party, to withhold the meed of honest

and well deserved praise from a public officer. In performing the duties of post-master general, Mr. Granger has discovered those enlarged views, that liberality of sentiment, and that devotion to the public interest that will secure to him the approbation of every man whose good will is worth possessing.

X.

| The several periods referred to. | No. of Post Offices. | Length of Post Roads. | Weekly transportations of the mail in stage-carriages which accommodate travellers. | Weekly transporation of the mail in sulkies or on horseback. | Amount of weekly transportation of mails in the United States. | Amount of yearly transportation of mails in the United States. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| March 3d. 1793 | 195 | Miles. 5642 | Miles. 5367 | Miles. 7662 | Miles. 16229 | Miles. 843908 |
| March 3d. 1797 | 539 | 14226 | 14902 | 19708 | 34610 | 1799720 |
| March 3d. 1801 | 957 | 21840 | 21490 | 34380 | 58870 | 3057964* |
| January 24, 1803 | 1223 | 24458 | 30172 | 37228 | 67400 | 3504800 |
| January, 1807 | 1848 | 31616 | 41538 | 45000 | 86538 | 4499456† |
| 1809 | 2000 | 32800 | 43851 | 51582 | 95433 | 4963516‡ |

* Mr. Granger entered upon the duties of Post-Master General in December, 1801.

† Since the third of March, 1801, the post roads have increased 44 3-4 per cent. The establishment of mail coaches has increased 69 1-2 per cent. (which are of incalculable utility to the citizens generally, independent of the great additional security to the mails). The *daily* transportation by *stage* has increased 2427 miles, and the whole daily transportation has increased 3950 miles.

‡ Of which it is carried in stages 2280853: in sulkies and on horse-back 2682664.

## COURT OF FASHION FOR NOVEMBER 1809.

Although fashion has not yet decidedly entered on her gay career for the ensuing winter, yet has her way been marked out and made known, to a select few of her favourite votaries and chosen servants. The capricious goddess, ambitious of universal sway, has however forbidden the production of her several novelties until our favourite watering places, and other summer retreats, shall have delivered up their fair visitants, and the influx of rank and

fashion have become greater, that her range may be wider and more diffusive.

For the out-door costume, pelisses have taken place of every other species of covering. Velvet is the favourite article used in their construction. They are made for the most part in the wrap form, of a walking length, fitting with such minute exactness to the shape as to require the hand of a very skilful milliner; with high plain collars variously wrought in gold, silver, and coloured chenille, confined to the waist with a band of gymp net and small square steel buckle. Gold and silver borderings ought only to be seen on those who have the convenience of a carriage; light edgings in chenille may be worn with propriety by such as more frequently indulge in the pleasure of walking; but the simple swans-down trimming we are assured will be of more elegant and lasting adoption. The swans-down tippet will also be considered by our fashionables as an almost indispensible appendage to the promenade dress. The Roman mantle, in orange, scarlet, or blue Georgian cloth, edged with a narrow gold tape, is a very graceful and convenient defence against the night air.

The Theresa handkerchief, in fine sprigged muslin trimmed with lace, or of white satin ornamented with swans-down, cut round behind, with a small collar meeting before, sloped off from the shoulder, and falling in long ends about twelve inches below the waist, forms a graceful finish to the evening dress.

Morning and walking gowns are still made high in the neck without collars, but with long sleeves, finished with a plain hem, and worn with large coral n ecklaces and bracelets. We have observed several in the corded cambric, in imitation of the corded sarsnet, confined in at the waist with a correspondent ribband. The straw striped muslin is likewise a favourite article, in this style of dress. In the afternoon, or intermediate rank of dress, the bosoms of gowns are either cut low and square, in the Egyptian manner, or made high, after the costume of the Romans, with a plain falling collar of antique lace; the sleeves are worn long and not transparent. Imperial and coloured bombazeens, with broad satin striped sarsnets, are well adapted to this class of attire; with this dress is very appropriately worn the Roman mantle, or swans-down tippet.

In full or evening dress the bosoms of the gowns are made low and square, the backs high and wide, laced up behind, the sleeves

moderately short and plain, if in sarsnet they are much trimmed with swans-down; the newest and most becoming front has two stars of Gothic lace let in on the bosom; we have observed but few trains. The bottoms of the dresses are much ornamented by an embroidery in natural flowers, wrought with lamba-wool; the geranium pattern, and the holly berries has a very pleasing effect.

The Jubilee uniform is garter-blue net, worn over white satin, ornamented with gold. We must here remark, that this dress will be considered by no means elegant after the joyous event it is meant to celebrate, and will be entirely laid aside by our fashionable fair. The emroidered cestus, and gymp net band, with diamond buckles, are the most approved ornaments for the waist; the satin sash has tassels attached to the ends.

A lady justly celebrated not less for her taste than rank and beauty, very lately appeared in a dress which we think we never saw equalled for its elegant simplicity. It was composed of beautiful shell lace, wreathed round the figure, without cutting, slightly confined together, forming the petticoat, giving the effect of a hoop without its grotesque and unnatural appearance; the body and sleeves were of the same material, with a small intermixture of frosted satin; it was worn over a very pale pink satin slip. White kid Grecian sandals, embroidered in silver, adorned her feet. Her gloves were of white kid, very short, and in her hand she held a silver tiffany fan. But the style of her hair was more peculiarly adapted to the charming air and turn of her features; it was combed back in a light wave, *à-la-Sapphho*, closely turned up behind, and confined by a diamond comb in the form of a shell; two diamond bodkins were placed transverse through her hair; her necklace was of brilliants, and in her ears she wore small brilliant snaps, with pearl drops. Another lady we observed richly dressed in oriental silk, her ornaments were pearl and ruby.

Within the last few days we have observed a few variegated straw hats with long shaded ostrich feathers. The intermixture of satin and lace in caps and hats is now become too general to meet with fashionable approbation. The Spanish hat and Turkish cap have now a decided perference; they are mostly made in velvet, or rich eastern silk, worn up on the left side, ornamented with two or three small undressed ostrich feathers, if for the promenade, of the same colour as the hat. The Brunswick mob and hive cap,

with small bunches of geranium, or fancy flowers, are becoming head-dresses for the morning.

The fascinating simplicity in the mode of wearing the hair still prevails. In full dress few curls are to be seen, it is combed lightly back in front, and closely twisted up behind, or banded round the head after the Grecian manner. The diamond bodkin is the newest and most esteemed ornament for the hair; it is a gold pin, with a head about an inch long studded with diamonds or other jewels, and is much used for confining the lace veil and Turkish handkerchief to the head; small bunches of foil flowers of the ruby or emerald colour, are just introduced, placed over the left side, and worn with a very pleasing effect.

No variety has taken place in the shoes since our last. The Grecian sandal is very generally worn by our elegantes, it is mostly embrodered in silver, coloured bugle, and foil; rosettes are often seen to adorn the slipper.

Jewellery is far more worn than during the last month. Necklaces in ruby, emerald, garnet, and coral, seem to have the preference. Pearls and diamonds are much intermixed. The diamond snap, with pearl clasp, is the prevailing ornament for the ear. Buckles are sometimes seen on the shoes, we hope it will gain ground, as it is certainly a very elegant addition to the foot.

The prevailing colours are garter-blue, amaranthus, amber and geranium. The most fashionable mixtures Spanish-green, amaranthus shot with white, red, and brown.

*La Belle Assemblée.*

## ACCOUNT OF THE SPANISH CORTES.

An order has been issued in the name of Ferdinand VII, respecting the convocation of the cortes, which is represented as being "the most important object that can or ought to employ the supreme junta." The executive council of Spain seems at last to be convinced of the necessity of this measure, which has been so repeatedly urged as indispensible to the salvation of the country. A short explanation of the constitution and the duties

of the Spanish cortes, will show the importance of this ancient Spanish senate.

It is not generally known, but it is a fact of great consequence, and highly honourable to the intelligence and spirit of the Spanish nation, that the representatives of the commons formed a constituent part in the supreme assemblies of that kingdom a century before they were admitted to that rank in the other European nations. Zurita mentions a convention of the cortes in the year 1133, at which the *procuradores de las ciudades y villas* were present.

The cortes was composed of the nobility, the clergy, and the representatives of the cities. They were the depositaries of the legislative government, the executive being confided to the king, under the inspection, however, in some provinces at least, of the *justiza*, or supreme judge, who, like, the ephori with the Lacedemonians, was the protector of the people, and the controler of the prince.

From Gil Gonsales de Avila, who gives the writ of summons to the town of Abula, in 1390, we learn that bishops, dukes, marquisses, the masters of the three military orders, as Condes and Ricos Hombres, were required to attend the cortes. The cities sending members on that occasion were 48 in number, and their representatives 125. These places commissioned more or fewer members to discharge their important functions in that assembly, according to their rank and dignity, which appears to have been nearly in proportion to their population.

There was one regulation which, in modern times at least, would be extremely embarrassing: no law could pass without the assent of every individual of the cortes. Its powers were prodigiously extensive; without its permission no tax could be imposed, no money could be coined, and no war could either be commenced or terminated. It governed all the inferior courts, redressed all grievances, and inspected every department of public administration. The King could neither prorogue nor dissolve it, and its session continued during forty days. *For several centuries prior to the 14th it met anually, but subsequently to that period biennially. Those who applied for relief to the cortes did not approach that assembly as lowly supplicants and humble petitioners, but they demanded its assistance as the birthright of freemen.*

It is well known that until the time of Ferdinand and Isabella at the close of the fifteenth century, the kingdoms of Leon, Cas-

tile, and Arragon, were not united. From the silence of the historians of the two former, as to the powers and duties of the cortes, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, we are under the necessity of resorting to the annals of Arragon to supply the deficiency, but it is probable that we shall commit no material error in supposing that these contemporaneous establishments were similar in the extent of their powers and privileges.

The cortes of Arragon not only opposed the attempts of their kings to increase their revenues and extend their prerogatives, but they claimed and exercised for some time the extraordinary power of appointing the officers of his household, as well as the member of the council. The cortes looked with a jealous eye upon the military authority, and in order to control it raised troops under its own immediate orders, and nominated persons who were to command them. In the year 1503, an act of the cortes is on record, conceding to the king permission to appoint officers for a body of troops destined to be employed in Italy.

We are told that the cortes of Arragon were violently attentive to all the ceremonies sanctioned by antiquity, in their proceedings, and the following remarkable fact is stated in support of the allegation:—"According to the the established laws and customs of Arragon no foreigner had liberty to enter the hall in which the cortes assembled. Ferdinand, in the year 1481, appointed his Queen, Isabella, regent of the kingdom, while he was absent during the course of the campaign. The laws required that a regent should take the oath of fidelity in presence of the cortes; but as Isabella was a foreigner, before she could be admitted the cortes through it necessary to pass an act, authorising the serjeant-porter to open the door of the hall to allow her to enter."

*Political Review.*

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

At the election of officers for the ensuing year, the following persons were chosen:

Egbert Benson, *President.*
*Gouverneur Morris, 1*st Vice President.*
*De Witt Clinton, 2*nd do.*
Samuel Miller, *Corresponding Secretary.*
John Pintard, *Recording do. and Librarian.*
Charles Wilkes, *Treasurer.*
William Johnson
Samuel L. Mitchell
John Mason
David Hosack
John M'Kesson
Gulian C. Verplanck
Anthony Bleecker
} *Standing Committee.*

The following persons were elected *Honorary Members* of the society:

George Clinton, *Vice President of the United States.*
Lindley Murray, of York, (England).
Rev. Dr. John Eliot
Rev. Dr. Jedediah Morse
Rev. Timothy Alden
} *Boston.*
George Gibbs, *Rhode Island.*
Doctor William S. Johnson
Rev. Dr. Benjamin Trumbull
Noah Webster
} *Connecticut.*
Doctor Samuel Bard, *New-York.*
Doctor Benjamin Rush
Doctor Caspar Wister
Charles B. Brown
} *Philadelphia.*
Doctor David Ramsay, *Charleston, South Carolina.*

This society was instituted in 1805, and incorporated in 1809. It consists at present of about sixty members, and has made considerable progress in the establishment of a library and cabinet, which are deposited in an apartment of the Government House of the suite of rooms occupied by the Academy of Arts, appropriated to their use.

The objects of this highly useful and laudable society are more particularly detailed in the following address:

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* Right Rev. Bishop Moore
Judge Livingston
} *Resigned.*

*The address of the New-York Historical Society.*

Having formed an association, which has since been incorporated, for the purpose of discovering, procuring and preserving whatever may relate to the natural, civil, literary, and ecclesiastical history of our country, and particularly of the state of New-York, we solicit the aid of the liberal, patriotic and learned, to promote the objects of our institution.

The utility of societies for the advancement of science, has been so fully proved by the experience of the most enlightened nations of Europe, and by that of our own country, that there can be no need, at this time, of any formal arguments in support of their claim to public patronage. But it may be observed, that, in this state, if we except the Agricultural Society, there is no association for the purposes of general knowledge; and the want of regular, minute, and authentic history of New-York, renders the combined efforts of individuals for that object more peculiarly necessary.

It is well known that many valuable manuscripts and papers relative to the history of our country remain in the possession of those who, though unwilling to entrust them to a single person, yet would cheerfully confide them to a public institution, in whose custody they would be preserved for the general benefit of society. To rescue from the dust and obscurity of private repositories such important documents, as are liable to be lost or destroyed, by the indifference or neglect of those into whose hands they may have fallen, will be a primary object of our at tention.

The paucity of materials, and the extreme difficulty of procuring such as relate to the first settlement and colonial transactions of this state, can be fully perceived by those only who have meditated on the design of erecting an historical monument of those events, and have calculated the nature and amount of their resources: for without the aid of original records and authentic documents, history will be nothing more than a well-combined series of ingenious conjectures and amusing fables. The cause of truth is interesting to all men, and those who possess the means, however small, of preventing error, or of elucidating obscure facts, will confer a benefit on mankind by communicating them to the world.

Not aspiring to the higher walks of general science, we shall confine the range of our exertions to the humble task of collecting and preserving whatever may be useful to others in the different branches of historical inquiry. We feel encouraged to follow this path by the honourable example of the Massachusetts Society, whose labours will

abridge those of the future historian, and furnish a thousand lights to guide him through the dubious track of unrecorded time. Without aiming to be rivals, we shall be happy to cooperate with that laudable institution in pursuing the objects of our common researches; satisfied if, in the end, our efforts shall be attended with equal success.

Our inquires are not limited to a single state, or district, but extend to the whole continent; and it will be our business to diffuse the information we may collect in such manner as will best conduce to general instruction. As soon as our collection shall be sufficient to form a volume, and the funds of the society will admit, we shall commence publication, that we may better secure our treasures by means of the press, from the corrosions of time and the power of accident.

That this object may be sooner and more effectually attained, we request that all who feel disposed to encourage our design will transmit, as soon as convenient, to the Society—

Manuscripts, records, pamphlets, and books relative, to the history of this country, and particularly to the points of inquiry subjoined.

Orations, sermons, essays, discourses, poems and tracts; delivered, written, or published on any public occasion, or which concern any public transaction, or remarkable character or event.

Laws, journals, copies of records, and proceedings of congresses, legislatures, general assemblies, conventions, committees of safety, secret committes for general objects, treaties and negotiations with any Indian tribes, or with any state or nation.

Proceedings of ecclesiastical conventions, synods, general assemblies, presbyteries, and societies of all denominations of christians.

Narratives of missionaries, and proceedings of missionary societies.

Narratives of Indian wars, battles and exploits; of the adventures and sufferings of captives, voyagers and travellers.

Minutes and proceedings of societies for the abolition of slavery, and the transactions of societies for political, literary, and scientific purposes.

Accounts of universities, colleges, academies, and schools; their origin, progress, and present state.

Topographical descriptions of cities, towns, counties and districts, at various periods, with maps, and whatever relates to the progressive geography of the country.

Statistical tables—tables of diseases, births and deaths, and of population; of meteorological observations and facts relating to climate.

Accounts of exports and imports at various periods, and of the progress of manufactures and commerce.

Magazines, reviews, newspapers, and other periodical publications, particularly such as appeared antecedent to the year 1783.

Biopraphical memoirs and anecdotes of eminent and remarkable persons in America, or who have been connected with its settlement or history.

Original essays and disquisitions on the natural, civil, literary, or ecclesiastical history of any state, city, town or district.

As the society intend to form a library and cabinet, they will gratefully receive specimens of the various productions of the American continent and of the adjacent islands, and such animal, vegetable and mineral subjects as may be deemed worthy of preservation. Donations also of rare and useful books and pamphlets, relative to the above objects, will be thankfully accepted, and all communications duly noticed in the publications of the society.

JOHN PINTARD, Recording Sec'y.

*September 15th*, 1809.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THE TABLE D'HOTE, NO. III.

Seria cum jocis.

*A profile of Ambition.*

What, my dear reader, would you say, if you were to see one of our first merchants, worth half a million of dollars, go into the market house, and pilfer in the face of day the few cents and half cents belonging to one of the pepperpot women, which was her whole fortune, intended for carrying on her trade, and supporting her family? Would you not be struck with astonishment, and hardly believe the evidence of your eyes—or, if you did, would you not suppose that a most awful mental derangement had taken place, and destroyed the great merchant's faculties, and that he ought to be conveyed to Bedlam, there to await the return of his faculties? Doubtless. Yet circumstances of this character unceasingly occur in history, and without exciting surprise or horror, in consequence of their frequency.

When the mighty Catharine of Russia, whose territories extended across nearly half the globe, partitioned Poland, plundered Sweden, piratically seized upon the Crimea, and, at the time she was actually tottering upon the brink of the grave, swindled the poor duke of Cour-

land out of the whole of his territories, what was that but the merchant stealing the cents from the pepperpot woman? What else was Prussia's seizure of Dantzic? And what else the seizure of Franche Compte and Alsace by Louis XIV? I might fill half the pages of The Port Folio, were I to narrate even a moderate portion of the occurrences of this description to be found in history.

—

*A sack full of heads.*

The first enterprise by which the ferocious Suwarrow distinguished himself, was in a battle between the Russians and Turks. He darted into the enemies' ranks—stabbed a number of Janissaries—cut off their heads—filled a large sack with them, and carried it to his general, at whose feet he emptied out the contents.

—

*Turkish science.*

Niebuhr, in his travels in Egypt, states that a Turkish merchant in Alexandria, having taken one of his instruments to look through, and perceived that the city appeared turned upside down, spread a report that he was going to *overturn* it. The report reached the governor, and excited alarm. The Janissary who had formerly carried his apparatus, would not any longer accompany him, for fear of being compelled to take part in his dangerous projects.

—

*A man of refinement.*

Korsakof, one of the favourites of Catharine II of Russia, having been suddenly raised from the station of a sergeant, to a level with the first nobility of the empire, was given to understand that it was necessary to his dignity to provide a library in his palace. He accordingly sent for a bookseller, whom he ordered to furnish him with a library, and showed him the room destined for the purpose. The bookseller asked him for instructions what kind of books he preferred. The man of erudition informed him that he left that part of the affair to his discretion—"Only," says he, "let me have large books at the bottom—and smaller and smaller up to the top. This is the way they stand in the empress's library." The bookseller, highly rejoiced at finding so complaisant a customer, went to his warehouse, where he selected old folio commentaries, and lectures on German jurisprudence, which had lain there musty for perhaps half a century. These he had handsomely bound and decorated, so as to make a splendid figure, with which Korsakof was highly delighted. He paid a liberal price for the trumpery. See Tooke's Catharine, vol. ii.

*The surgeon outwitted.*

As Bibo one night lay dead drunk in the street,
He was put in a sack by a comical cheat;
Who carried the sot to a surgeon straightway,
Saying "here is a corpse. Let me quick have my pay."
Dick Forceps, delighted, presented a guinea:
Away went the rogue, glad, he'd quizz'd the poor ninny.
As he started, the toper 'gan open his eyes,
Crying, "Damme! more grog!" to the surgeon's surprise.
"You rascal," says Forceps, "come instantly back,
Return me my money. Take your sot and your sack.
See, the fellow's alive."—"'Tis the better, parbleu:
You may kill when you want him. So, Forceps, adieu."

*A gentle admonition for a prince—not "suaviter in modo."*

Potemkin, favourite and prime minister at the court of Petersburg, in discourse at his own table pronounced some witticisms, which attracted the attention of his guests, and excited merriment. Perceiving that prince Volkonsky clapped his hands, he rose up, took him by the collar, gave him several blows with his fist, saying, "what! do you applaud me as if I were a buffoon?" then turning to the Austrian general Jordis, who was also at the table, 'There, general!' said he, 'that is the way to treat this sort of scoundrels.' To such readers as may be inclined to doubt the truth and correctness of this trait of refinement and "attention to the graces," it may not be improper to state that it rests upon the very respectable authority of Tooke, author of the History of Catharine II.

*Religious liberty.*

It is a most extraordinary circumstance, that almost the only nation in Christendom, where religious liberty was enjoyed on its proper broad and liberal basis, during the latter part of the last century, was the most barbarous and uncivilized. During the whole of the long and very successful reign of Catharine II, which extended from 1762 to 1796, there was no instance throughout her almost boundless dominions, of a human being having suffered any pains, penalties, disqualifications, or disadvantages, on the ground of his religious opinions! Religion in Russia was, as it ought to be every where, but so frequently is not, regarded entirely as an affair between the Creator and his creatures, unless it was perverted into acts disturbing the public tranquillity. Then, as was right and proper, the civil authority interfered.

This was before the United States, by their constitution in 1787, established liberty of conscience on the glorious basis whereon it proudly rests in this country.

When Catharine was applied to by intolerant courtiers, to punish heretics and schismatics, she humorously observed, "Poor wretches, since we know that they are to suffer so much and so long in the world to come, it is but reasonable that we should endeavour by all means to make their situation here as comfortable to them as we can."

Alas! what a contrast between this glorious state of things and the miserable policy of a large portion of the rest of Europe, in which the penalties and disqualifications imposed by unjust and cruel laws on the professors of religions different from that established by law, make nearly as formidable an appearance as the criminal code itself!

—

*A nice calculation. A single drop of blood.*

When that infamous, and, for France, that fatal measure, the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and the suppression of the religion of the hugonots, was in contemplation, Louvois, the unfeeling minister of a cruel king, persuaded Louis XIV to believe that there would be so little difficulty in its execution, that it would not cost *a single drop of blood!* His opinion was believed, and his cursed advice followed. History bears witness to the folly and the wickedness of the calculation; and testifies how many rivers of blood it made flow, and what an infinity of horror and misery it produced.

—

*Scruples of conscience.*

Louis XIV having given orders to the duke of Orleans to undertake an embassy to Spain, was informed that he intended to take in his suite a man whose mother was a notorious jansenist, and who was in consequence suspected of belonging to that sect. The king sent for the ambassador, and inquired if the report was true, as he could not in that case allow the person to go. The duke said he knew nothing as to the religious opinions of the mother: but that the son was so far from being a jansenist, that he was actually an atheist. Is it possible? says the king. And may I rely upon what you say? In that case he may go with you." Mem. St. Simon, tom. iv. p. 153.

—

*Extravagant use of cosmetics.*

In Spain, according to madame d'Aunoy, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, the ladies "daubed themselves so immoderately with red and white paint as to excite disgust in foreigners, who were not accustomed to the sight. They laid the rouge not only upon their cheeks, but likewise upon their hands and fingers, their foreheads and shoulders, and made themselves eyebrows, which resembled a fine thread of hair. The quantity of paint with which they besmeared the whole face, was supposed to be the reason why the Spa-

nish ladies did not kiss in saluting; as the lips of the one would have been painted, and the beauty of the other impaired."

*Spectacles for ladies.*

At the same period, according to the same writer, no Spanish lady was full dressed without a large pair of spectacles. The more distinguished was the rank of the party, the larger were the spectacles.

*Stupendous wickedness.*

It is probable that in the annals of the world there can hardly be found a more horrible instance of wickedness than was exhibited on the 12th of September 1776, in the town of Zurich in Switzerland. A general communion had been appointed for that day at the cathedral church there, at which many thousands were expected to participate. The wine was prepared the evening before: and a diabolical miscreant, a grave-digger, of the name of Wirtz, infused poison in it, with a view of making business for himself. Very fortunately, the taste of the wine was nauseous, and therefore after a portion of the people had communicated, the rest declined incurring any danger. The discovery, however, was made too late for many of them, who perished miserable victims of the avarice and cruelty of the monster who had recourse to such horrible means of enriching himself. He was tried, found guilty, and executed.

*Humanity.*

"The quality of mercy is not strained."

During the war between Russia and Turkey, which was terminated in 1774, by the peace of Kainardgi, the Greeks of the Morea revolted from the Turks, and joined the Russians. After peace was restored, it was actually debated in the Turkish divan, whether or not the whole Greek nation should be exterminated as a punishment for their rebellion. This barbarous measure was on the point of being carried into execution. The celebrated captain Basha prevented it from being adopted—but not by any arguments drawn from the criminality or inhumanity of the measure—but from a motive of more potent influence with the divan. "If," says he, "we massacre all the Greeks, we shall lose the capitation they pay us." This argument was irresistible, and rescued the miserable descendants of Solon, Lycurgus, Plato, Themistocles, and Miltiades from impending destruction. *Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.*

*Blasphemous adulation.*

A thesis was dedicated to Louis XIV, in which that proud and arrogant monarch was absolutely compared with the Divinity. The

bishop of Meaux was consulted on the propriety of its publication. He disapproved of it, and was of opinion it ought to be suppresed. With this opinion the king was not quite satisfied, and sent it to the college of Sorbonne for the decision of the faculty there. They pronounced the same sentence upon the sycophantic and blasphemous performance as the bishop had done. It was accordingly suppressed.

—

*Gallantry.*

Formerly when a lady was bled in Spain, her lover purchased of the surgeon, at a high price, bandages or any cloth on which the blood had fallen.

—

*Intoxication.*

In the seventeenth century, intoxication was regarded in so odious a point of light in Spain, that if one person accused another of it, nothing less than the slanderer's life would satisfy the party traduced. And "a man who was proved to have been but once drunk, was for life incapacitated from appearing as a witness in a court of justice."

—

*Beauties of poetry.*

There is now before me a work announced in London for sale, so late as 1806, by Longman, Hurst, Rees and Orme, of which the title is "A select collection of epitaphs and monumental inscriptions," from which I venture to make a few extracts for the edification of serious, and amusement of merry readers, not doubting but both descriptions will be struck with admiration at the sublimity of the respective writers, and the very refined taste of the collector.

*St. Dunstan's, Stepney.*

Here lies the body of Daniel Saul,
Spittlefield's weaver—and that's all.

—

*In St. Giles, in the Fields.*

Full south this stone four foot, doth lie,
His father John, and grandsire Henry
Thornton, of Thornton in Yorkshire bred,
Where lives the fame of Thornton being dead.

—

*On Thomas Huddlestone.*

Here lies Thomas Huddlestone. Reader, dont smile,
But reflect while this tombstone you view,
That Death, who kill'd him, in a very short while
Will *huddle a stone* upon you.

*In Wrexham Church-yard.*

Here lies interr'd beneath these stones,
The beard, the flesh, and eke the bones,
Of Wrexham clerk, old David Jones.

—

*In Grantham Church-yard.*

John Palfryman, which lieth here,
Was aged twenty-four year;
And near this place his mother lies;
Also his father—when he dies.

—

*In Biddeford Church-yard, Devon.*

The wedding-day appointed was,
And wedding clothes provided;
Before the nuptial day, alas!
He sicken'd—and he die did.

If these "elegant extracts in verse," do not convince the reader of the utility and excellence of this work, I am fearful I should be totally unsuccessful were I to quote half the book: and therefore I shall close with the sublime lesson conveyed in the last line, on the transitoriness of all sublunary things, so strikingly illustrated in the hasty movements of this young man, who would not wait even till the nuptial day to have the pleasure of putting on his wedding clothes, but "*die did*," "alas! before," that blissful period arrived.

—

*Improvement of the English language.*

The improvements which are daily ushered to the world in our vernacular tongue afford reason to hope that it must soon arrive at the acmé of perfection. With a great many of our wise folk, the old, absurd word *forget* is given over to oblivion, and the sonorous and elegant word *dis-remember* has completely taken its place. Ask one of these men any question to which he cannot return a ready answer, and he informs you that he *dis-remembers*.

Another announces that he has a large *track* of land for sale, which he will be glad to dispose of on very reasonable terms.

Another states in a gazette, that Mrs. A. B. the *relic* of Mr. T. B. has been married to Mr. C. D.

There are several, who calculate time as they calculate their cash—perhaps in consequence of the adage of Poor Richard—*Time is money*. One of these persons tells his friend, he has no doubt of returning home *in the value of a week*, or a month.

A worthy friend of mine, when settling accounts which correspond·ed exactly, was accustomed to rejoice that *they had clashed so well together.*

But the most excellent of the whole list is the word *allow.* An orator, after expatiating largely upon a subject, with very great confidence, gravely informs his auditors, that it is a subject of which he *allows himself* to be a competent judge. He deems it quite unnecessary to make any inquiry whether or not other people be willing to *allow* his claim.

—

*Unexampled liberality.*

The whole history of the world cannot, or I am much deceived, produce an instance of liberality which will bear comparison with what I am going to narrate.

By the last treaty of peace between Russia and Turkey, concluded anno 1792, it was stipulated that the Ottoman Porte was to pay Catharine II the enormous sum of twelve millions of piastres, as an indemnification for the expenses of the war. When the ratifications were exchanged, Bezborodko, the Russian plenipotentiary, signified to the Turkish minister, that he had orders from his sovereign to renounce the claim to that payment, which he did accordingly, and directly gave an acquittance in full for this immense sum of money.

When I call this an act of "unexampled liberality," I am well aware that monarchs have sometimes bestowed on their minions, in a sudden fit of what they called generosity, money and estates to perhaps an equal amount. But these cases I do not consider as exceptions. They are merely instances of prodigality and vitious extravagance.

—

*Vanity and folly.*

"For every fool finds reason to be proud,
Though hissed and hooted by the pointing crowd."

In regarding human nature attentively, and examining its follies and weaknesses, I know of none more general, more absurd, or more inconvenient in its consequences, than that morbid sensibility, which makes us resent as an affront or insult the slightest hint at any of our defects or imperfections, even when made with the most friendly view. It would appear as if we supposed that those who take the pains to admonish us of any of our follies or vices, actually created them. We every day meet with men highly respectable, who have defects in their manners, in their address, or their conduct, which they have borne with them probably from their early days, and which have grown with their growth, and have constantly subjected them to ridicule even among their friends, and worse than ridicule among others.

Yet from the morbid sensibility I have stated, on the one hand, or a very erroneous idea of politeness on the other, no person dares to draw their attention to the disease, or to point out a remedy.

Let me, reader, draw you a portrait. It is, if I err not, a likeness of a large portion of mankind—probably of you, and full as probably of myself who undertake to write a lecture on the subject. Behold that person, sumptuously attired, proceeding to a ball-room, to display himself to the best advantage. Unfortunately there is upon his arm a piece of ordure, equally offensive to the eye and to the olfactory nerves of those whom he encounters. It is so conspicuously placed, that it cannot escape the attention of the most cursory examiner. A friend perhaps advances, takes off his hat, bows, and is about to advise him to remove the filth. Instead of returning him thanks for his kindness, he flies into a passion—repels his friend—and perhaps repays him with as much undeserved insult, as if, instead of wishing the removal of the offensive matter, he had actually thrown it upon his arm.

This is, you will doubtless say, ridiculous—truly ridiculous. Yet it is man's every day habit. Few of us can boast an exemption. The blemishes which we are all afflicted with, are the ordure—and not on our clothes, but on our characters and conduct, of infinitely more importance. Yet we frighten away every person who would kindly help us to remove the odious incumbrance. What folly! what madness!

Some of the most envenomed animosities that I have ever known, have arisen from friendly advices, obtruded on persons whose follies were a town-talk, and known to all the world but themselves.

—

*A dreary wilderness.*

Hearne, who was employed nearly forty years ago to travel in search of a water communication between the English settlements at Baffin's Bay, and the Pacific Ocean, travelled from the sixth of November 1770, till the twenty-second of January 1771, seventy-seven days, and several hundred miles, without meeting a human being! During his journey, he was several times obliged to fast two days and two nights—twice upwards of three days—and once nearly seven days, during which he and his companions tasted nothing but a few cranberries, scraps of old leather, burned bones, and water. When the Indians, he says, are in this extremity, they sacrifice such parts of their leather dress as they can best spare.

—

*"A sailor's life's a life of woe."*

In a parish in Norway, on the sea coast, for forty years there did not die above ten grown men. The rest, mostly fishermen and pilots, were drowned.

*A magnificent road.*

Garcilasso de la Vega, in his royal commentaries, gives an account of the noblest road upon record. He states it as extending the whole length of Peru, not far short of two thousand miles in length, and twenty-five in breadth. It is perfectly straight and level throughout, although its course is over prodigious rocks and mountains, and immense vallies. The two former were cut through, and the latter filled up. It had been executed many hundred years before his time, and was still in an excellent state of preservation.

—

*High prices.*

The author to whom I referred in the last passage, says that in 1557, an ass sold in Cuzco, for four hundred ducats—in 1554, a goat for one hundred ducats—and a sow and pig for sixteen hundred pieces of eight. How highly would our farmers be delighted with such markets!

—

*Cogent and benevolent reasons of state.*

The civilized parts of the world sometimes believe that in the crooked paths of state policy they have no rivals among the savages. This is a most egregious error. I state a case in full proof. Captain Vancouver, in his voyage round the world, states that the king of Otaheite, meditating the conquest of the neighbouring islands, informed him that it was highly necessary for the comfort and happiness of the people at large, that over the whole group of islands there should be but one soveriegn. How humane, how benevolent! Could Louis XIV, before he ravaged the Palatinate, Catharine II, before the capture of Ismail, or Frederic, previous to the seizure of Silesia, have devised a more unanswerable justification of their conduct!

—

*Another hero—with a sound argument.*

Genghiscan, who is said to have destroyed four millions of men, being about to make an irruption into China, published a manifesto, in which he condescended to acquaint the world with his motives. His principal plea was the injuries inflicted upon *his ancestors* by the Chinese!

ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## TO A MOTHER ON THE ABSENCE OF HER DAUGHTER.

Oh! wherefore should those trembling tears,
  Successive, dim a mother's eye!
Oh, chase away those useless fears
  Which prompt the sorrow-freighted sigh!

Remember that the faithful dove,
  When bidden from the ark to roam,
Was guided by a *God of love*
  And brought the peaceful olive home.

So *she*, whose absence now you mourn,
  By no maternal fondness pressed,
Shall soon with fluttering heart return,
  To plant the olive in thy breast.

Then, as the new-born rainbow streamed
  Its beauteous colour o'er the skies,
To tell the wanderers, redeemed
  From floods, that floods no more should rise;

So *she*, when safe within thy arms,
  With sweetest smiles her lips shall dress,
To quiet all thy heart's alarms
  And bid thy tears forever cease!

SENSITIVE.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## ON BLINDESS.

The following lines are by E. Ruthson, the interesting and philanthropic blind bookseller of Liverpool. The subject is peculiarly interesting, coming from one who has experimentally known the miseries he so pathetically describes.

Ah, think, if June's delicious says
  The eye of sorrow can illume,
Or wild December's cheerless days
  Can fling o'er all a transient gloom.
Ah, think if skies obscure or bright
  Can thus depress or cheer the mind,
Ah, think midst clouds of utter night

What mournful moments wait the blind,
And who shall tell his cause for wo
To love the wife he ne'er shall see,
To be a sire and not to know
The silent babe that climbs his knee,
To have his feelings daily torn
With pain the passing meal to find,
To live distress'd and die forlorn
Are ills that oft await the blind.
When to the breezy uplands led
At noon, or blushing eve, or morn,
He hears the redbreast o'er his bed,
While round him breathe the scented thorn:
But, Oh! instead of Nature's face,
Hills, dales, and woods, and streams combined,
Instead of paints, and forms, and grace
Night's blackest mantle shrouds the mind.
If rosy Youth, bereft of sight,
Midst countless thousands pines unblest,
As the gay flower withdrawn from sight
Bows to the earth—where all must rest.
Ah! think, when life's declining hours
To chilling penury are consigned,
And pain has palsied all his powers;
Ah! think what woes await the blind.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I am permitted to enclose you the following production from the pen of a lady, whose talents are surpassed only by her virtues. I doubt not its meeting that attention which its merits so highly deserve.

H. D. C.

## THE STORM.

See the harsh contention braving
Angry winds the billows meet,
Billows mounting, foaming, raving,
Hoarse discordant sounds repeat.

All the earth in wild commotion,
Murmurs dread, each hollow cave,
Swelling, bursting, roars the ocean,
Lightnings gleam and thunders rave.

Now the spirit of the storm
Sails amid th' embattled air;
Darkly lowers his horrid form;
He smiles; but ah! he smiles despair.

Tossed amid the surge's thunder,
Henry 'scaped from dashing rocks,
Surprised, affrighted, pale with wonder,
Fear each manly nerve unlocks.

And shall he perish! darling son
Of virtue, genius; when each art,
By him refined with lustre shown,
And gained him every willing heart;

"And shall he perish!" Fate exclaims,
"To wound each heart with lasting grief?
No; when such worth protection claims,
I'll steer the bark, and bring relief."

But hark! upon the troubled air
Notes of softest sound I hear.
Spirit of peace! ah heavenly fair!
The notes are thine which catch the ear.

The stormy spirit mild reproaching,
See the smiling maid draw nigh.
Dawning day is fast approaching;
Serene the lately troubled sky.

Aurora, in her chariot blushing,
Wakes the sun, whose kindling blaze
O'er smiling Nature swiftly rushing,
With mildest radiance sweetly plays.

Such peace as this shall Virtue find,
When pursued by treacherous foes;
Such the calm sunshine of the mind,
Sweet as the incense of the rose.

STELLA.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The subjoined lines were originally designed as an introduction to a poem on the pleasures of literature. As the design was abandoned on the day on which it was conceived, no further progress was made; nor is it probable it will ever be resumed. If, in their present state the lines will afford any amusement, accept them, with the author's assurance of respect and esteem.

Oh! thou whose cares my early efforts cheered,
And virtue's blossoms in my bosom reared;
Whose smiles to pleasure soothed my infant heart
With all the joys which fancy's beams impart;
Who taught me first to con the lettered line,
And all its mystic characters combine;
Whose kind attentions cheered my soul with praise,
And strove its slumbering energies to raise:
Short time, alas! I proved thy friendly care,
Till called on high, eternal joys to share.
Scarce can my memory's utmost scope retrace
The time, when decked in youthful beauty's grace,
Thy sweetest task to guide my infant mind,
In nature's paths, to purest joys refined.
Fondly thou shared's instruction's pleasing toil,
And raised my drooping spirits with a smile.
Still in my heart the dear reflection dwells,
And my sad bosom, with emotion swells.
Though such the mandate of relentless fate,
The deep impression boasts no recent date,
Still shall my soul thy sainted image bear,
With all a brother's fondness treasured there.
Though long the victim of an early doom,
Thy mortal frame has slumbered in the tomb,
Thy feeling soul, with every virtue bright,
Winged its swift course to realms of heavenly light:
There wrapt in bliss sublime thy spirit feels
The boundless joys which heaven itself reveals.
Yet fancy paints thee, in my ardent view,
To all thy former fond affections true,
Still striving, with attentions doubly kind,
To aid the efforts of my sinking mind:
Still pointing to my devious steps the way
Which soars above misfortune's iron sway.
Thus strong imagination, wild and free,
Transports my senses, till I fondly see,
As sad I wander at the close of even,
My angel sister 'mid the choir of heaven.

Oh, then, sweet spirit! from the realms above,
Display the pure effulgence of thy love;
Pour on my wearied soul thine influence bland,
And all the mind's warm energies expand.
Direct my pen, inspire the glowing theme,
And wrap my fancy in the poet's dream.
Then shall my song to deathless fame aspire,
And unborn ages shall the strain admire.
Alas! unheard the tumbling numbers roll;
No kindling transports elevate my soul;
No cheering foretaste of immortal fame,
A wo-worn spirit, such as mine, can claim.
No smiling prospects from without is seen,
And all is dark and comfortless within,
Save one bright beam of heaven-descended light,
Which streams its radiance through this gloomy night:
One joy misfortune ne'er shall banish hence,
The high-toned pride of conscious innocence.
This shall support me while my verse records
The sacred joys a lettered life affords.
This holy flame my shattered bark shall guide,
As swift she dashes through the foaming tide;
And when my fainting spirit sinks in death,
When joyful I resign a fleeting breath,
This brilliant beam shall point the onward way,
Which leads triumphant to the realms of day.
There my rapt soul shall seek her blest abode,
An humble suppliant at the throne of God.

HENRY DE CLIFFORD.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## SONNET TO STELLA, ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE.

As oft with sad desponding soul,
Life's darker, gloomier scenes I view,
And thickening clouds around me roll,
Tinged with despair's envenomed hue;
When Hope, obscured amid the storm,
Presents no soft, no cheering light,
But Horror's mist-encircled form,
Roll sullen on the troubled sight;

When grief's harsh tempests round me fly,
With force to shake a subject world,
Should this dear pledge arrest my eye,
Back shall the storm be proudly hurl'd:
Since Fate, for some mysterious end,
Leaves me one tender generous friend.

H. D. C.

## ANECDOTE.

JUST after a division in the House of Commons on a motion of Mr. Fox, a member who had been absent the whole day, came down to the house full of the grape. Whether it was to make amends for having played the truant, or whatever other motive we know not, but nothing could prevent the baronet from attempting to speak on the honourable member's second motion; but beginning with "Sir I am *astonished*," the claret drenched *patriot* could go no further. The house, however, did not discover the Baronet till he had repeated the verb astonished seven times, when a general merriment ensued. Sir George was offended at the levity of the members, and, asking if there was any thing ridiculous in the word, began again, "Sir, I say, I am *astonished*;" which repeating three or four times more the house was in the loudest roar of laughter. The baronet then appealed to the speaker, who pleasantly asked him what he would have him to do. The tipsy gentleman took fire at this, and declared he would not give up the word, "for I am really astonished, quite astonished that—I am astonished," and was proceeding; but, finding the bursts of laughter too strong for his obstinacy, he was induced, by the advice of his friends, after having mentioned the word astonished above a dozen times more, to change it for surprised, by which time having entirely forgotten what he intended to have said, he sat himself down.

A MAN going into a barber's shop to be shaved, popped his head through one of the squares of the window which was made of oiled paper instead of glass, and asked, is the barber *within*. Strap, popping out his head throug another square, answered *Just gone out, sir.*

AN Hibernian telling his friend that passing along the street he saw a person on the other side with whom he thought he was acquainted, said, I crossed to see him, I thought I knew him, and he thought he knew me; but by — it *was neither one nor t'other of us.*

## VARIETY.

You shall not see a sailor, says a very quaint author, without a *good large* pair of silver buckles, though what he has about him else be *altogether mean;* the reason they give for it is that, in cases of shipwreck, they have something with them *whereof to make money.* Although the writer of this whimsical passage was a legitimate son of John Bul' ,yet we doubt exceedingly whether it be applicable to ... *British* tar; but we must confess, with the tears running down our cheeks, and with the most profound respect for our invaluable country, not forgetting dear *Nancy New England*, that sweetest of charmers, that *any* thing about him *whereof* to *make* money is finely descriptive of your *Yankee* sailor.

---

THE COACHMAKER'S FAITH.

See *Shabby's* coach along the village runs,
Drawn by four scrubs, pursued by thrice four duns:
Landscapes and arms adorn the gay machine,
Without all vanity, all vice within;
The *mob* the gaudy pageant strikes; they gaze,
And thy surpassing art, O *Fielding*, praise:
In different views thy merit I explore,
Thy *works* surprise me, but thy *faith* much more.

---

An author, whose works had been severely criticised in the Edinburgh Review, assured a friend that he wished, of all things, to write down that journal: then write in it, said his friend.

---

Mr. Southey, with great good humour, thus adverts to the number of times of sufferance, when he has been *cut up* by the knife of the critical anatomist, from the *butchers* in the Critical Review, to the *surgeons* of Edinburgh.

"An author is proof against reviewing, when, like myself, he has been reviewed above *seventy times;* but the opinion of a reviewer, upon a writer's *first* publication, has more effect, both upon his feelings and success, than it ought to have, or would have, if the mystery of the *ungentle craft* were more generally understood.

The price of The Port Folio is six dollars per annum.

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VOL. III.

# THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.—*Cowper.*

Vol. III. APRIL, 1810. No. 4.

The plate accompanying this number of The Port Folio, is a specimen of a new style in the graphic art, invented by Mr. C. Tiebout. The use of the common graver is almost entirely dispensed with in the execution of it, the work being principally performed by a *roulet* or dotting wheel. We have inserted it for the encouragement of the artist and the gratification of our readers.

## CRITICISM—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE Port Folio, in its present form, invites reviews of all treatises on science and literature, as they are published in our country. Remarks on the Brunonian System, in the form of a pamphlet, have lately been presented to the public. Brown's work, which is alike interesting to the philosopher and the physician, furnishes much matter which cannot fail to interest a great portion of your readers. As Mr. Jackson has aimed a thrust at the very vitals of Brown, it deserves examination whether Brown had so behaved like a malefactor as to merit that hostile attack; and this examination, it is hoped, will not prove unacceptable to the philosophic class of your subscribers.

*Remarks on the Brunonian System, by James Jackson*, A. M. & M. M. S. S. *Natura sui juris est, ac longius latiusque, patet, quam ut certos ei fines, angustos que humani ingenii terminos constituamus, extra quos egredi non possit.*—BAGLIVI. *L'hypothesése facile de Themision se signale aujourd'hui sans un autre nom, par ses imprudences et ses homicides.*—FOEDERER. INTRODUCTION DE PHYSIOLOG. POSIT. *Boston, printed by Thomas Wait & Co. Court-street*, 1809.

Dr. Jackson commences by telling the reader that he is no Brunonian. In conformity with this statement, which must be viewed as an indirect declaration of war against the Brunonian system, he profanely tears the laurels from Brown, and thinks to plant them on the

temples of Hippocrates and Sydenham. This done, he makes the candid reader pronounce sentence upon the purity of his motives in distributing justice *pro meritis*. Not satisfied with despoiling Brown of his honours, he arraigns him before the bar of the public as a malefactor who had raised to the mind of his student an insurmountable barrier to all further improvement in the science of medicine. We will now pass from the indictment to the testimony, by which these declarations are to be supported. Page 2. Brown is accused of "using words in different senses, without any definite ideas, or without any at all. For instance, in his seventy-second paragraph he says, that 'life is not a natural but a forced state.' What we are to call natural if not life, it must puzzle every philosopher inferior to Brown to determine." When Brown says "life is not a natural but a forced state," the sentence simply imports that the infant abandoned to nature would perish; that man, deprived of either of the accustomed stimuli, of food, drink, warmth, or air, would become extinct. This is the idea which every unprejudiced reader would receive from perusing this passage in connexion with the body of his work. And is it strange that life, which it cost so much care, and anxiety, and labour, to sustain, should be called "a forced state?" Would not even the half famished savage, ranging the forest, or exploring the floods in quest of food, readily comprehend the meaning, if he were told, "life is a forced state?" If there are certain "philosophers inferior to Brown," who are puzzled with this strange doctrine, that "life is a forced state," there is scarcely a mother the force of whose constitution is employed in protecting her offspring from the numerous perils which assail its life, who would not understand the import of the passage, and admire its force and simplicity. P. 4th. It is thought Brown had proceeded in a manner "according with the principles of the great Bacon." With "Haller, Whytt, the two Hunters, George Fordyce, and their contemporaries" in one scale, and John Brown in the other, our metaphysical critic undertakes to weigh the causes of "the revolution in medical opinions within the last half century." The consistency of this with previous passages the reader will no doubt fully appreciate. P. 4th. "To every animated being is allotted a certain portion only of this quality or principle, on which the phenomena of life depend. This principle is denominated excitability." This paragraph is analyzed into two constituent parts, to both of which serious objections are filed. First, the definition of excitability, second, the limitation of it, raise inextricable difficulties from which the doctor cannot disentangle himself. But here, on viewing the sentence and the strictures upon it, the reader naturally asks, does the difficulty lie in the obscurity of the path, or in the bewildered imagination of the traveller? Is there really any impropriety in calling the power of being

roused to action by stimuli excitability? The unbiassed reader would not put any other construction upon the definition of the term. Or can there be any impropriety in prescribing bounds to this power of being excited, or in alleging that "to every animated being is allotted a certain portion only of the quality or principle on which the phenomena of life depend," because Methusalah, when he had lived nine hundred and sixty and nine years, became incapable of being further excited? If the gentleman, in conformity with Brown's prescription, which he has quoted, had avoided "the slippery question respecting causes," he would have avoided all the difficulties into which he has plunged in the discussion of this paragraph. P. 13. "Life is a forced state; if the exciting powers are withdrawn death ensues as certainly as when the excitability is gone." The simple interpretation is, that if a man neither eat nor drink, nor inhale the air, nor protect himself from the inclemency of the seasons, he dies. But let us hear the doctor's objection to this proposition. P. 13. "One would think that whatever opinions a great philosopher might advance, he would not express them in terms which would render them ridiculous." The doctor here has reason to compliment himself upon his own sagacity in descrying the "ridiculous" in this expression, for common optics, under common excitement could not have discovered it. Page 16, 17, &c. Our mining critic is again benighted by diving into "the slippery question respecting causes," but, unfortunately, he is left without any pillar of fire to irradiate the night of his imagination. In this "darkness visible," after blundering over many "stumbling blocks," he is attracted to the light of the proposition which had bewildered him, and P. 18, unwarily admits its correctness in this concession. "Still it is true, that action generally is excited and maintained by stimulus." P. 19 contains another quotation from Brown. "The excitement may be too great, too small, or in just measure." The plain sense of the letter is that a man may eat, drink, and exercise too much, too little, or in a just proportion. But the smooth road which had been constructed for the easy travelling of the tyro in medicine, the doctor, with Herculean labour, endeavours to break up, that he may divert from his route the honest traveller, who wishes to proceed in the paved highway of Brown, illuminated by the lamp of truth. He passes from the clearness and simplicity of the proposition to "the minima vascula, the capillary vessels. Those we do not see, and must form our opinion only from their effects." This observation is altogether irrelative: for it has no natural connexion with the proposition. Brown nowhere says different organs do not possess different susceptibilities to the influence of stimuli, as Dr. Jackson has supposed. The reasoning, therefore, which is founded on this supposition is necessarily erroneous. P. 24th has the following quotation: "By too great excitement weakness

is produced, because the excitability becomes defective. This is indirect debility. When the exciting powers or stimulants are withheld, weakness is induced. This is direct debility. Here the excitability is in excess." Dr. Jackson objects "to the last part which says universally, that in cases of direct debility the excitability is in excess." The word "universally," the only one to which he objects, is not to be found in the proposition; of course he is stopped by a non-entity of his own creation. If it be generally true, that the abstraction of stimuli causes an accumulation of excitability, Brown's position is perfectly correct. But we will leave the doctor, with his "squalid pauper, scantily supplied with food" (which, however, is seldom found in this land of plenty) and allow him to stimulate the "meagre brat" in his own way, while we pass to his next quotation. P. 26—7. "Every power that acts on the living frame is stimulant, or produces excitement by expending excitability. Thus, although a person accustomed to animal food, may grow weak if he lives upon vegetables, still the vegetable diet can only be considered the same in kind with the animal, though inferior in degree. Whatsoever powers, therefore, we imagine, and however they vary from such as are habitually applied to produce due excitement, they can only weaken the system by urging it into too much motion, or suffering it to sink into languor. P. 28th. The doctor, from having lost sight of Brown's distinction between direct and indirect debility, endeavours to make Brown contravene his own doctrine, in calling direct and indirect debility "identity of effect," which, according to himself, must have "identity of cause" in the increase and diminution of stimuli, which causes are diametrically opposed. Should the law be interpreted by its declared enemies, it would be converted into an engine of oppression. When the decided foes of Brown interpret his system, "how does the most fine gold become dim!" But we will follow Dr. Jackson after he thinks to have taken by surprise this outpost from Brown, and to have turned upon him his own artillery. P. 29, he objects to the doctrine, that opium produces sedative effects subsequently to a stimulant operation, although he grants in some instances that it has a stimulant operation. The great difficulty seems to consist in the sedative effects of opium being so soon discoverable, if its primarily stimulant operation be admitted. P. 32. Dr. J. attemps to disprove the Brunonian principle by several questions more specious than solid. Let us examine the nature of the doctor's toothach. Grant that the pain arises from an interruption of the natural actions of the *minima vascula* of the tooth, or from spasm in them, which implies contraction without its appropriate alternate relaxation Suppose that the grain of opium taken into the stomach so far invigorates the system, that it performs its accustomed functions of health with facility. The atony which was the most probable original cause of

the spasm and pain is removed by the opium. The same reasoning applies to relief from cough by opium. P. 32. "Who takes it [opium] to produce any action or sensation in the system?" Action consists in the alternate relaxation and contraction of the fibres. Convulsion and spasm, which imply rigid muscular contraction without its appropriate alternate relaxation, likewise imply interruption of action. In tetanus there is a rigid contraction of muscular fibres without their appropriate alternate relaxation. Opium is administered in large doses in tetanus, the cure of which consists in restoring to the system its natural power of action. Is there then a practitioner of medicine who does not administer opium "to produce action in the system." P. 34th. The doctor, speaking of the *modus operandi* of opium, observes, "the effect is to produce disturbance in the whole system," because "opium arrests both the secretory and excretory processes throughout the whole body, unless, indeed, it is necessary to except those of the skin." If the doctor administer opium "to produce disturbance in the whole system," he administers it as a poison and not as a medicine; for as a medicine it is intended to quell "disturbance in the whole system." But it is denied that opium arrests the secretory and excretory processes throughout the whole body," when judiciously administered as a medicine. In the cure of spasmodic diseases, opium is administered by almost every judicious practitioner of medicine throughout the civilized world. In a "musty old book"* we are told *atona efpasmos gignit.*" Opium relieves from spasm, because it is a temporary stimulus which restores to the †system for a season the exercise of its usual functions. P. 35. "Let it suffice to request any Brunonian to show an instance where *folia digitalis purpuriæ* or *acetis plumbi* have produced sedative effects in consequence of either the removal of stimuli or the exhaustion of the principle of life." Is there any who deny *folia digitalis purpuriæ* in small doses increase the action of the system? In the usual dose, although it may diminish arterial action, it increases the action of the secretory and excretory vessels; otherwise the kidneys and skin would not perform the office of conducting the effused water from the system of the dropsical patient. If Dr. J. mean by the "principle of life" excitability, and if *acetis plumbi* diminish the excitability, or in other words the susceptibility of the fibre to action from the influence of stimuli, then it follows that *acetis plumbi* produces sedative effects in consequence of the exhaustion of the principle of life." If we admit that the *acetis plumbi* acts as a refrigerant, and if caloric be a stimulus, then *acetis plumbi* produces sedative effects in consequence of the removal of stimuli." What

* Hoffman.

† The reader who is desirous of much valuable critical knowledge on this subject is referred to Dr. Fisher's paper communicated to the M. M. society.

the doctor says respecting stimuli differing in kind as well as degree, we are perfectly willing to receive as sound doctrine. What he says respecting sedatives differing in kind as well as degree, we will notice when he shall have presented more solid objections to the Brunonian doctrine of sedatives. P. 36. "But it does not appear that Brown's inferences are logical, although his premises be granted." Why not? Because wine and water are both stimuli, and the ratio between wine and water in their stimulant powers is as 100 : 1; and a man "can drink in the course of an hour a pint of wine," and therefore should be able to stimulate his system to the same degree by swallowing in the same space of time one hundred pints (or twelve gallons and two quarts) of water, "and that no effect may be attributed to the cold, let the water be warm." When the doctor shall have improved the generative power of our race, in such a manner that the human stomach can contain twelve gallons and two quarts, he will then have opportunity to decide whether "Brown's inferences are logical." But view the argument in another light. Let the man drink a pint of water the second hour after he has drunken his pint of wine, and suppose the stomach retain the whole of the wine until after the water has been drunken. Suppose there is one third more of the surface of the stomach in contact with the wine diluted with the water, than there was in contact with the wine before the water was drunken, (and this hypothesis must exceed the truth); then the stimulus communicated to the stomach, before drinking the water will be to stimulus communicated to that organ after the water is drunken as 3-3 × 100 : : 4-3 × 50 1-2 i. e. as 100 : 67 1-3. Brown's principles applied according to Dr. Jackson's hypothesis will therefore make the pint of water diminish the force of the stimulus thirty-two and two thirds *per cent;* this is probably not far from the truth. In this calculation no allowance is made for mechanical pressure. This course of reasoning with the conclusion proceeds from the hypothesis that a square inch of the stomach will be stimulated one hundred degrees by a certain quantity of wine, one degree by the same quantity of water, and fifty degrees and a half by the same quantity of a mixture of equal parts of wine and water.

We will pass unnoticed the former part of Brown's eighth proposition, as laid down by Beddoes, and likewise the remarks which Dr. J. makes respecting the properties of the nerves and muscles, and proceed to consider the latter part of the proposition. P. 37. "As soon as it (excitability) is affected anywhere, it is affected everywhere, nor is excitement ever increased in a part, while it is diminished in the system; in other words, different parts can never be in opposite states of excitement." Brown has here, we acknowledge, fallen into an error. He has laid down a principle as *universally* true, which is only *gene-*

*rally* so: and, on the general truth of this proposition, rests the doctrine of the sympathies. But Dr. J. has been unfortunate in the case he has presented to disprove the *universal* truth of the proposition. We will now "go" where we are bidden, "to the bedside of a patient tossed by the most violent convulsions, or tortured by the most excruciating spasms." And does our learned critic, who so forcibly appeals to observation, presume to call "convulsion" and "spasm" muscular excitement! If he had wished to present a specimen of muscular excitement, he should have referred his reader to a circus, where he could have shown him the vault and the summerset. Brown's excitement is John Hunter's action. When a muscular fibre is affected with spasm, it is so rigidly contracted that it cannot relax, and therefore cannot act, for action consists in the alternate relaxation and contraction of the fibre. Can the doctor pretend that the man, affected with spasm, or convulsed, is more competent to muscular, than to mental exertion? Is he willing to avow the singular doctrine, "that the sensibility in every part, except the seat of the disease, is comparatively paralyzed, while the sensibility is scarcely affected "in the seat of the disease," or perhaps instead of being diminished, is increased "in the seat of the disease?" Brown is censured for not having shown why the brain may not have 45° of excitement, while the rest of the system shall have but 40°. Does the doctor expect Brown to prove a negative? The affirmative should at least have been plausibly shown. P. 45 and 46. Dr. J. finds a "stumbling block" in Brown's mode of describing the action of a local application in the production of a general disease, and in his not pointing out explicitly the difference between the action of the causes which produce general, and that of those which produce local disease. If any illustration be necessary, let us compare a slight cut of the finger with the lesion of a tendon in the bottom of the foot by a broad nail. In the last case the functions of the whole system are interrupted in their exercise, and tetanus ensues, which is a general disease proceeding from a local cause: in the former, the functions of the system are not disturbed in their exercise, and it remains a local disease. Although the functions of the system are not disturbed, the excitability and excitement may both be affected, and in a manner not dissimilar to the affection of the dray-horse by the whip of his driver; i. e. muscular exertion may be increased. The doctor's wish to associate the Brunonian principle respecting the attack of the system by general and local disease with going "star gazing to learn the practice of medicine," corresponds very well with his general desire to render ridiculous every doctrine which that great philosopher has advanced. P. 47. Dr. J. sums up his leading objections to Brown's system under four heads: 1. the deductions are not supported by "a sufficient number of facts." The gentleman should have pointed out what

constitutes "a sufficient number of facts." 2. "It does not account for many natural healthy operations in living beings." The doctor should have pointed out wherein it is defective. The objections under the other two heads are similar to the preceding ones, too indefinite to be discussed within the limits of a review. He proceeds to point out and obviate the causes of the popularity of Brown's work. He makes it popular because of "its simplicity," and simplicity, because it implies facility in being learned "indulges indolence." Does simplicity of doctrine necessarily imply exemption from labour in its application to practice? does it necessarily "indulge indolence" because the smith, simply by the application of fire, assays his ore, and fashions and attempers the metal to the well finished cutlery? because a few simple axioms have been applied by Euclid to the solution of the complicate principles of geometry, does it follow that the study of Euclid's Elements necessarily indulges the student's indolence? when Brown tells his reader "symptoms are fallacious," he tells him to be cautious in trusting his diagnosis to superficial observation, for it is liable to mislead him: he drives him to the "wearisome task of close observations, and slow and careful instructions." When Brown would dissuade his pupils "from poring over the observations of others in musty old books," he recals them from the system-makers and school-men to the path of careful observation and cautious experimenting. He exhorts them not to weaken their optics in searching for truth by the glow-worm light of fabled antiquity, when they may examine in sunbeams the surrounding operations of nature. He was almost the first physician who introduced the torch of philosophy into the lurid chambers of disease. The trammels of system, and the fetters of authority, the philosopher shook off. He there examined, and compared, and thought, and called his pupils "from poring over their musty old books," to "go and do likewise." The reverence with which Dr. J. speaks of Brown's rivals, aspiring after glory, exposes to view the hot-bed, which produced and still fosters his prejudices against the Elementa Medicinæ. When Dr. J. compares Brown with Mahomet, he commits an act, at which justice bleeds. Shall Brown, the illuminations of whose sublime genius neither the damps of a prison nor the horrors of poverty would obscure, be compared with Mahomet, because, when assailed by a systematised opposition not only in the means of procuring bread, but in what was dearer than life, *personal reputation*, he boldly brandished his lance at his assailants, and proudly challenged his superior claims to the confidence of his countrymen, and the applause of ages unborn. Ill-fated Brown! thy talents created enemies, whose rancour is immortalised by thy fame! thy imprudencies, alas! furnished them with weapons of annoyance. But thy genius and thy misfortunes have aroused a more just posterity to vindicate thy

fame, *the only legacy of thy children*, from the aspersions of living envy. And must they now be plundered of this treasure, and patiently submit to the ignominy of hearing thee compared with the blind leader of wandering Arabs and benighted Egyptians! an enlightened faculty will repel the charge. It is true, that Brown's principles may be mischievous in the hands of ignorance and temerity. But, because our most active articles in the materia medica are valuable remedies in one dose and poisons in another, it does not follow that wisdom and experience cannot beneficially apply them. It only proves that they should not be prophaned by the unhallowed touch of the unskilful and inexperienced. If Dr. J. is conscious that in his hands, the Brunonian principles would "make the practice of medicine a curse instead of a blessing to mankind," because they "are calculated to deceive and mislead the young," he certainly shows great humanity as well as wisdom "in depreciating the popularity of the work." As a summary of the merits and demerits of the pamphlet now under examination, it may be said, that it is more ingenious than solid, and more declamatory than argumentative. It aims rather at sapping, than at building up: it often perplexes where it does not enlighten. It sometimes contains an acrimony which would be very unbecoming, were it not, as the author observes, that "every man thinks as he pleases." The doctor, like the bird of night, retires from the open field to the thicket: he then denies Brown the merit of having cleared the ground, because there are detached patches in such a rude state as to bewilder envious contemporaries and prejudiced successors. To all, therefore, who desire to be informed of the severest censures that the most virulent of Brown's opposers have thrown upon his work, the perusal of "*Remarks* on the *Brunonian System*, by James Jackson, A. A. and M. M. S. S." is cordially recommended.

PARVULUS APOLLONIS.

RHETORIC—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## LECTURE VIII—ON GESTURE.

GENTLEMEN,

I now proceed in order, to offer to your attention some observations upon *gesture.*

The two great oracles of elocution, Cicero and Quinctilian, are of different opinions with respect to the source of expression in oratory, the former attributing it to *looks*, the latter to *gesture.*

"The expressions of the hands," says Quinctilian, in the last chapter of the eleventh book of his Institutes of Eloquence, "are as various as those of language, and therefore it is impossible to recount how many motions they ought to have. For other parts of the body assist the speaker, but these, if I may so say, speak themselves. Do they not demand, promise, threaten, call, dismiss, implore, detect, fear, question, and deny? Do we not by the hands express joy, sorrow, doubt, acknowledgment, repentance, moderation, abundance, number, and time? Do they not rouse up, remonstrate, prohibit, prove, admire, and abash? In describing things and persons, do they not as it were supply the place of pronouns and of adverbs? Nay, all people, all nations, and all mankind, however different their tongues may be, speak and understand the language of the hand? There is, however, a wide difference between an orator and a mimic; an orator's gesture should be adapted more to his sentiments than his words." The perfection of a mimic's action consisting in an exact imitation, by gesture, of the transaction or thing described in words: and sometimes this may so accurately be done as to supersede the necessity of words; which is the case in well acted pantomime.

Correct and graceful gesture may be defined a just and elegant adaptation of every part of the body to the nature and import of the subject we are pronouncing. Yet though all confess the influence, power, and necessity of action, there are but few public speakers who venture to use it; and of those few, a very large majority, through want of native taste and judgment, or rather through want of early and correct instruction, disgust, instead of pleasing, by their awkwardness and absurdity. The gestures and motions of a public speaker ought all to carry that kind of expression which *Nature* has dictated to him; and unless this be the case, it is impossible to avoid their appearing stiff and forced. Yet although nature must be the groundwork, study and art must polish and correct them. For many persons are naturally ungraceful in the motions which they make, and this ungracefulness must be reformed by application and care.

The study of action in public speaking consists chiefly in guarding against awkward and disagreeable motions, and in learning to perform such as are natural to the speaker, in the most becoming manner, or, such as are most graceful and impressive. To effect this, some writers have advised to practise before a mirror, where a man may see and judge of his own actions; but persons are not always the best judges of the gracefulness of their own motions; and a man may declaim for years before a mirror without correcting any of his faults. This, instead of being useful, will tend to confirm error. But the dictates of a judicious instructor, will always be found of infinitely greater advantage than any mirror.

Action may justly be stiled *personified emphasis;* for, where the structure of the language, and the sentiment do not require the latter, the former can neither be necessary nor proper.

A correct speaker does not make a movement of limb or feature, for which he has not a reason. If he addresses heaven, he looks upward; if he speaks of his fellow creatures, he looks around upon them. The spirit of what he says appears in his looks. If he expresses amazement, or would excite it, he lifts up his hands and eyes; if he invites to virtue and happiness, he spreads his arms and looks benevolence; if he threatens, he bends his eyebrows into wrath, and menaces with his arm and countenance. He does not needlessly saw the air with his arm, nor stab himself with his finger: he does not clap his hand upon his breast, unless he has occasion to speak of himself, or to introduce conscience, or something sentimental; he does not start back, or protrude his hands and arms at a small distance from each other, unless he means to express horror or aversion. He does not come forward, but when he has occasion to solicit.

But to apply properly and in a significant and just manner, the almost endlessly various external expressions of the different passions and emotions of the mind, for which nature has so wonderfully fitted the human frame, is the great difficulty.

As polite conversation is the best source from which to derive the tones of good speaking, so the behaviour and manner of the most polished part of mankind seem to be the best school for learning proper gesture.

The degree of animation which every speaker must be supposed to possess when he addresses a large assembly of people, should naturally dictate some gestures of the body. It is sometimes difficult to say, what are perfectly proper, but it is not very difficult to point out what are manifestly improper. The two erroneous extremes are, to stand like a statue, without moving any part of the body but the lips, or to display a great number of rapid and fantastic motions without either dignity or meaning. Standing motionless is commonly the result of modesty, or

of the fear of performing some gesture which may be esteemed awkward or ridiculous. But such speakers should recollect, that nothing contributes more to repress the attention of the hearers than a manner so lifeless and unengaging; and that to suppose a speaker properly impressed by his subject, and in earnest in endeavouring to impress it upon others, without moving a finger or a hand, is more unnatural perhaps, than the most violent and fantastic motions he could possibly employ. On the other hand, to behold a speaker constantly in motion, and performing a regular course of vibrations, first turning to one side and stretching out one hand, then turning to the other and performing a similar operation, or perhaps looking straight forwards and sawing the air, first with one hand and then with the other; or, perhaps with both at the same time; repeating that course of motions without end, and without the least regard to the sentiments he utters, must be allowed to be not a little grotesque, nor less reprehensible in gesture, than a brogue or a monotonous whining manner of speaking is in utterance. It may further be affirmed, that all gestures which are awkward, which are studied and affected, and which have any appearance of stiffness, constraint, or affectation, are highly improper, and most studiously to be avoided.

The first ingredient of good gesture seems to be decency of deportment, which implies all those motions that are dictated by taste and good sense. They never give offence; they are regulated by the principles of propriety, and they are suitable to the subject, to the place, to the speaker, to the audience, and to the occasion. They depend on the just consideration of all the circumstances I have mentioned, and every speaker (having previously acquired the established principles of the art) must be guided by his own judgment and his feelings: if he has acquired a correct taste, and has bestowed the proper degree of reflection he need not be afraid of not finding them. The weight and recommendation they will add to what he has to advance will abundantly compensate his attention. The remaining ingredients of good gesture are manliness and dignity. A person who presumes to address a large audience on matters of consequence, undertakes a task so serious and respectable, that even in his looks and attitudes something should appear which intimates a consciousness of the nature of the occasion, and an ambition of possessing sentiments suitable to its importance. Manliness and dignity are commonly accounted the attendants of an enlightened and liberal mind; they accordingly bespeak the attention and favour of the hearer. He expects to be entertained, perhaps to be instructed, with the comprehensive and well-digested views of the philosopher or legislator, with the sublime and highly interest-

ing exposition or exhortation of the divine, or with the solid and useful experience of an intelligent and virtuous man.

The connexion between the expression and the matter of the speaker is not without foundation in nature. The sentiments of the mind affect insensibly the attitudes of the body. A mind enriched and enlarged by the contemplation of great objects, which cannot but be conscious of superior information, derived from superior industry, will naturally exhibit, by the influence of external appearance, some symptoms of the useful stores with which it is replenished. In all assemblies, a manly, firm, and dignified demeanor is a powerful recommendation; but it adds peculiar weight and efficacy in addresses from the pulpit.

The chief instruments of elocution are the voice, the countenance, and the hands, or as has been before observed, their productions, tones, looks, and gestures. You may, therefore, with unquestionable advantage, have recourse to the best masters who have carefully studied and are qualified to teach the right management of them; an acquisition of the highest consequence to every public reader or speaker: after which you are always to consider the circumstances in which you may be called to appear, what suits your character, your matter, and your hearers: and then adopt what you think useful, and relinquish or avoid what your polished taste and improved judgment may disapprove.

A person who has not given peculiar attention to the subject, would not imagine that the body could be susceptible of such variety of attitude and motion, as readily to accompany every different emotion of the mind with a corresponding expression. Humility, for example, is expressed naturally by hanging the head; arrogance by its elevation; and languor or despondency, by reclining it to one side; the expressions of the hands are innumerable. These expressions, so obedient to passion, are extremely difficult to be imitated in a calm state: the ancients, sensible of the advantage as well as difficulty of having these expressions at command, bestowed much time and care, in collecting them from observation, and in digesting them into a practical art, which was taught in their schools as an *essential* branch of education. Certain sounds are by nature allotted to each passion for expressing it externally. The speaker who has these sounds at command to captivate the ear, is *great* in elocution, and if he have also proper gestures at command to captivate the eye, he must be *irresistible*.

Numerous are the rules which writers on elocution have given for the attainment of proper gesticulation. But, written instructions only on this subject can be of little service. To become really useful, they must be well exemplified.

The following general rules, however, of action, may be useful to every class of public speakers:

All action with the hands should be expressed in curve lines; such being the true lines of beauty;—not in jerks and sudden vibrations of the arm. A continued motion of the arms is by all means to be avoided; their action should generally be very moderate, forming a bow from the shoulder to the wrist, always studiously guarding against an angle at the elbow.

The posture of a speaker's body ought to be erect; expressing as much dignity as possible, without any stiffness of attitude or haughtiness of air. His position should be firm so as to have the fullest and freest command of all his motions, his feet at a little distance, the left a little advanced, and his knees in a straight but not in a stiff posture; his shoulders ought to have an easy graceful fall; never elevated or shrugged up, as that not only contracts the neck, but prevents the proper motion of the head: nor on the other hand should they be much drawn down or depressed, because this occasions a stiffness in the neck and the whole body. Demosthenes is said to have corrected a habit he had incautiously acquired of shrugging up his shoulders, by standing while he pronounced in a narrow kind of pulpit, with the sharp point of a spear hanging down, and almost touching his shoulder, so that if a shrug happened to escape him, he was put in mind of it by the point of the spear. The trunk ought to be kept easy and flexible, always suiting itself to the motions of the head and hands. The feet should continue steady, and not give the body a wavering and giddy motion, by frequently shifting; though some persons fall into that habit without moving their feet, yet giving to the body a rocking or rolling motion. Curio, a Roman orator, Cicero tells us, was addicted to this; which occasioned a friend of his once to pass a joke upon him, by asking, "Who is that talking out of a boat?"

The countenance should correspond with the nature of the discourse; and when no particular emotion is expressed, a serious and manly look is always to be observed. The eye should never be fixed entirely on any one object, but move easily round the audience. In the motions made with the hands consists the principal part of gesture in speaking. It is natural that the right hand should be employed more frequently than the left. Warm emotions, expressions which convey the idea of magnitude or extension, and all addresses to heaven require the exercise of them both together. But whether a speaker gesticulate with one, or with both his hands, it is an invariable rule, that all his motions should be easy and unconstrained. Narrow and confined movements are always ungraceful; and consequently motions made with the hands, should proceed from the shoulder, not from the

elbow. All jerks or twisting of the hands must be carefully avoided; the fingers should not be kept perfectly straight, but with a little bend inwards, the forefinger somewhat straighter than the rest, but never perfectly so, except when expressing scorn or contempt, when the other three fingers are shut: hence the expression to " to point the finger of scorn," and the caution given to children not to point, as being unmannerly. The left hand should seldom be used alone, unless it be to attend the motion of the head and eyes, in an address to the audience on the left side. The head should turn sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other, that the voice may be heard by the whole audience, and a regard paid to the several parts of it. It should always be on the same side with the action of the hands and body, except when we express an abhorrence, or a refusal of any thing; which is done by raising one hand and moving it slowly from the head, with an open palm, till the arm is at its full extent in a horizontal line; at the same time turning away the head and face in an opposite direction; as in that expression of cardinal Wolsey:

Vain pomp and glory of this world! I hate ye!

When an oration is to be delivered on a stage, the utmost attention is necessary to preserve gracefulness of attitude; the whole person being there exposed to the view of the audience. To walk the stage well, is a very important and difficult province of oratory. The speaker should be careful not to remain long in one position. The right and left leg should alternately support the body, the other being somewhat advanced at some distance from the stationary leg, and resting upon the toe. This gives a considerable degree of earnestness to the speaker's manner. The stationary leg should always be on the same side with the arm which expresses the action. When both arms are extended either foot may be thus advanced, which will give variety of attitude; or, the body may rest equally upon both. In the reading or recitation of dialogue, the voice and manner must change alternately, and correspond throughout with the character of the person who is supposed to be speaking.

The proper attitude for a *reader* is to stand in an easy and erect posture with the book in the left hand, the left leg somewhat advanced, and the right arm gracefully suspended by his side; ready to enforce by some degree of action, any passage he may meet with which may require it.

The four great fields of gesture are, the pulpit, the bar, the senate, and the stage—and for each of these propriety requires a peculiar character of action.

The preacher being obliged to address himself to every individual in the church, should as much as possible extend his attention to all,

and should be careful not to confine his action to one side only of his audience. His action should enforce the emphasis of his language, yet, at the same time, preserve a degree of dignity suited to the solemnity of his subject, and the sacredness of his station and character: any thing, therefore, which looks like mimickry, affectation, or violence, must be not only unappropriate, but highly disgusting. "The character of the discourses delivered from our pulpits in general, is such," says a judicious modern critic, "that gesture is rather properly to be omitted. They are no more than quiet dissertations. Sermons admitting rhetorical delivery must be composed in rhetorical spirit. A portico, supported upon Corinthian columns, would be a very incongruous entrance into a simple neat cottage."

The attention of the barrister is confined to two parties, generally one on each side of him—the judges and the jury. The sphere of his address thus limited, his gesture should be accommodated thereto; and being of an argumentative nature, and admitting of less ornament of language than that of the divine in an animated and rhetorical sermon, should of course be less enforced by the emphasis of action. That which is used should be chaste, moderate, and graceful.

"The local position of a public speaker at the bar," says the above quoted author, "is most unfavourable to the general practice of gesture, crowded as he is, and embarrassed by benches and desks, and placed below the judges, and sometimes below the jury whom he is principally to address. The local situation of the preacher is not much better: he is inclosed nearly as high as his breast, and bolstered up with cushions in a narrow pulpit, or species of tub, from which he generally reads his discourse with his face almost close to his book, while little more than his head and shoulders can be seen. Such a place of confinement is certainly not favourable for the graces or energies of oratory."

The statesman, in the senate or legislative assembly, has a wider field for the display of gesture, than either of the preceding characters—his person being more exposed to public observation, and therefore requiring more attention to attitude and ease of carriage—his appeals to the feelings and the imagination being also more frequent, his action must consequently be more forcible, extended, and various.

But, for a full exemplification of the wonderous potency of action to give energy to sentiment and animation to description, we must turn our attention to the stage. Tis there the impulse of the mind is at liberty to express its sentiments and emotions without restraint. There, description by action, mimickry, and variety of attitude, is to be indulged without limitation, and consequently the most minute and exten-

sive study of the art of gesticulation is necessary. That gesture is indeed capable of being used altogether as the signs of ideas, without the aid of language, and therefore of being substituted for it, the excellence of the art of ancient and modern pantomimes forcibly evinces. A correct and general actor, therefore, must have a perfect command of his voice, his countenance and his person; and this command must originate in an active and delicate sensibility. The art of feeling, which is best learned from nature and from habit, is the true, the only art which leads to just theatric expression, as well as to that in every other species of oratory. This is well expressed by an ingenious modern poet:

> The player's profession ——
> Lies not in trick, or attitude, or start:
> Nature's true knowledge is the only art.
> The strong felt passion bolts into his face:
> The mind untouch'd, what is it but grimace?
> To this one standard make your just appeal,
> Here lies the golden secret—learn to feel.
> Or fool or monarch, happy or distress'd,
> No actor pleases that is not possess'd.

The true expression of countenance is well described by the same author:

> A single *look* more marks th' internal wo,
> Than all the windings of the lengthen'd *Oh*;
> Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
> And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes;
> Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
> And all the passions, all the soul is there. *Lloyd.*

In fine, the power of sentiment and energy of language can never be justly communicated without the aid of correct action; and that can be acquired only by "learning to feel," and by the perusal of the best writers upon elocution, and the exemplification of their precepts by an experienced and judicious instructor.

I shall conclude this lecture with an extract from Caussinus's learned and eloquent treatise *De Eloquentia sacra et prophana*, published at Lyons in 1620, and deservedly held by the best critics in high estimation.

"It is principally by the practice of speaking that graceful action is usually acquired, the force of which is very great and most efficacious in the power of persuasion. For action is a kind of eloquence of the body, by which the mind abounding in the finest sentiments flows out upon the body, and impresses upon it a noble image of itself. As light, therefore, proceeds from the sun, so does just action proceed from the inmost recesses of the mind. Nay, the mind displays itself

by action as if in a mirror, and makes itself known externally, by the countenance, by the eyes, by the hands, and by the voice, the most excellent organ of eloquence. And since the internal feelings are not easily disclosed to the conception of the multitude who are accustomed to estimate every thing by the eyes: and since, on the contrary, whatever is seen and heard, when transmitted through the senses affects the feelings most powerfully, it has always been observed that those speakers, who excelled in action, never failed to make a successful impression upon their audience. And, therefore, it was not without reason that Demosthenes recognized it as the first, if not the single excellence in oratory."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THELWALL'S LECTURES.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I SEND to you what I deem a literary curiosity. It has afforded me much amusement, and I doubt not that it will greatly contribute to that of your readers. I am at a loss which to admire most, the novelty of the plan of instruction, the ingenuity displayed in the minute division of the various cases of defective utterance, with the relative accommodation of thefees, or the extravagant value which the professor sets upon his labours. No one after a moment's reflection, can suppose that they are at all proportioned; but Thelwall knows mankind too well, at least the genius of his own countrymen, to set a small price upon his lessons; for the certain consequence would be a total disregard of him and his lectures. In London, importance and value are always attached to expense and show. The gouty citizen, although roaring out from pain, refused to admit the doctor to his chamber, notwithstanding his promised speedy cure, because he came on foot; and the infallible cures for consumption are readily sold at one and two guineas the pot or vial. When we consider how much greater service Lancaster, Pestalozzi, or his pupil, our Neff, would render in the way of literary instruction, we must be struck with the monstrous extravagance of Thelwall's charges.—But enough. Here it is.

PUBLIC LECTURES AND PRIVATE INSTRUCTION.

Institution for the improvement of English elocution, the cure of impediments of speech, and the instruction of foreigners in the idiom and

pronunciation of the English language, No. 40, Bedford Place, Russel square, Bloomsbury, on Monday evening the 7th of December, 1807, and the Monday evenings following, at eight o'clock, Mr. Thelwall will deliver a miscellaneous course of lectures, on the genius, composition, and utterance of the English language, and its capabilities for poetical harmony and oratorical expression; including strictures on the stage, the bar, the pulpit, and the senate, and on the elocution of the most distinguished characters of the age; an exposition of the causes of impediments, defects and ungraceful modes of speech; and illustrations of the studies, habits, exercises and endowments most essential to the graceful reader, the finished actor, and the accomplished orator. The lectures will be further illustrated by readings and recitations from the most classical and celebrated authors, particularly Milton, Shakspeare, and Dryden; Sterne, Johnson, Goldsmith, Thomson, &c. and with critical dissertations and orations on popular and interesting topics.

Transferrable ticket, for the season, 2l. 2s. Single admission 5s. Nine tickets, 1l. 1s. Selections of the articles to be read and recited, on the respective evenings, may be had at the door.

The lecture room is fitted up with every accommodation for a select and fashionable audience; and is adorned with the following appropriate and emblematical decorations:

In the recess of the platform are figures of the Muses, &c. in imitation of bronze relief, surrounded with festoons and classical devices; and in the front are two Egyptian tripods, surmounted with groups of graces supporting branches of lights. On the pedestals of the tripods, and the basement of the platform, are emblematical devices of Eloquence crowning Virtue with the wreath of Fame, Venus sending Cupid to be instructed by the Sciences, and Oratory deciding the fate of empires, executed by Mr. Phelps. Over the chimney piece and in the adjoining compartments, are the portrait of lord Erskine, busts of Lord Chatham, E. Burke, Lord Mansfield, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Fox; the two last by Gahagan; and a small whole length of Mr. Fox, by the same. Facing the platform are the busts of Seneca, Plato, Cicero, Demosthenes, Isocrates and Xenophon; facing the chimney-piece, those of Pythagoras, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and Aristotle; over the door Homer, Virgil, and Milton; and over the platform, Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, and master Betty (the last by Gahagan.) Some of the busts, &c. will be occasionally changed, as the subjects of the respective lectures may require.

TERMS OF PRIVATE INSTRUCTION

To boarders, day classes, and private pupils, in the various branches of reading, recitation, conversational propriety, and public speak

ing; the elements of criticism and literary composition; and the requisite accomplishments for the senate, pulpit, bar, stage, &c.

1.—Private lessons to ladies or gentlemen, at the house of the professor, and in cases where there is no impediment: first course of six lessons, 3 guineas. Each succeeding course of six lessons, 2 guineas; or 24 lessons 6 guineas. Single lesson, 1 guinea. Each succeeding lesson, not taken in regular series, half a guinea. Book of selections and exercises, half a guinea.

2.—Private lessons to ladies or gentlemen, having no impediment, at their own respective residences: First lesson, 2 guineas. Each succeeding course of three lessons, 2 guineas: or 24 lessons 12 guineas, single lessons, not taken in regular series, 2 guineas.

3.—Private lessons to foreigners, in the idiom and pronunciation of the English language, at the house of the professor; First course of six lessons, 5 guineas. Each succeeding course of six lessons, 3 guineas; or 24 lessons 10 guineas. Single lessons, not taken in regular series, 1 guinea.

4.—Private lessons to foreigners at their own respective residences; First lesson, 2 guineas. Each succeeding course of four lessons, 3 guineas; or 24 lessons 15 guineas. Single lessons not taken in regular series, 2 guineas.

5.—Cases of impediment, whether arising from deficiencies and malconformation of the organs, constitutional debility, or habitual imitation, &c. at the house of the professor. Consultation fee, when advice only, and no lessons are required, 5 guineas. First course of ten lessons, 10 guineas. Each succeeding course of six lessons, 4 guineas; or 24 lessons 13 guineas. Single lessons, not taken in regular series, 1 guinea.

6.—Private lessons to ladies or gentlemen with impediments, at their own residences; First course of six lessons, 10 guineas. Each succeeding course of six lessons, 5 guineas. Consultation fee, where no lessons are taken, 5 guineas.

Classes.—Where two or more pupils reside in the same house, or can make it convenient to attend in classes, a correspondent abatement will be made in the terms, proportioned to the number so attending; as, also, in cases where the pupil chooses to engage by the quarter, or for any longer term.

The fees for every course of instruction, to be paid on receiving the first lesson.

House Pupils.—Students of oratory, persons with impediments, &c. may be accommodated with board and instruction, on the following terms:

7.—Pupils contracting by the year, 200 guineas; the first quarter to be paid at the time of entrance, and all further instalments, &c.

quarterly. Foreigners, professional students, and others, having no impediment, at the same rate for any shorter period.

8.—Pupils with impediments, contracting by the quarter, 70 guineas, 25 of which to be paid at the time of entrance.

Ditto, by the month, or for any shorter period, 25 guineas, to be paid at the time of entrance.

*Note.*—That in all cases, those of impediment, especially, the plan even of temporary domestication will be found highly advantageous; as much is frequently to be done in the hours of social relaxation, and during the cheerful intercourse of the table, that cannot be fully accomplished by the means of stated lessons and more formal instruction: so that those, even, who are precluded by other necessary engagements from attending to the morning lessons and regular exercises of the institution, may, at such seasons, with the assistance of a few occasional lessons and explanations, do much towards the removal of every difficulty of utterance, or the cultivation of the habits of oratorial facility and impressiveness.

For the further accommodation of pupils with impediments, from remote parts of the country, and whose engagements may not permit any protracted residence at the institution, books of exercises are prepared, price 10 guineas each, with manuscript notations, directions, and illustrations, by which the pupil, after a short personal attention to the plans of the professor, may be enabled to prosecute, in some degree, a course of self tuition.

House pupils have also the use of a select library; and the following tutors in the respective departments of erudition and accomplishment attend at the institution:—*Classics and mathematics*, Rev. W. Draper. *Fencing and dancing*, Mr. Goddard. *Music*, Mr. Arnal. *Sculpture and modelling*, Mr. Gahagan. *Drawing*, Mr. Phelps, &c.

N. B. Gentlemen accommodated, during the vacations of the universities, and of the other public and private seminaries; and exercised in oratory and composition, and all the accomplishments that qualify the candidate for distinction in the higher departments of active life.

*Lyceum of oratory.*—The lecture room will be open once a week, during the winter season, to pupils only, for their improvement in spontaneous speaking, by the discussion of questions of history, morals, philosophy, criticism, polite literature, &c. At these discussions M. Thelwall will preside; and all gentlemen who at any time have been pupils at the institution will be at liberty to attend, and to join in the debates.

*Junior pupils*, with impediments, &c. from four to twelve years of age, are superintended by Mrs. Thelwall, and initiated in the rudiments of the English, French, Latin, and Italian languages, arithmetic, geography, astronomy, &c. on the following terms:

9.—Morning pupils attending in classes, from the hour of ten till two, or single pupils, taking private lessons of three quarters of an hour each; First course of five lessons, 5 guineas; each succeeding course of five lessons, 2 guineas; ditto by the quarter, 20 guineas.

10.—House pupils, engaging by the year, 120 guineas, including board and every species of instruction, except music, dancing, drawing, &c. The first quarter to be paid in advance.

Ditto, engaging by the quarter:—First quarter 40 guineas, one half to be paid in advance. Each succeeding quarter 30 guineas.

A sketch of Mr. Thelwall's system will be found in his "Introductory Discourse and Outlines of a Course of Lectures on the Science and Practice of Elocution," from which it will appear, that his mode of instruction is founded on philosophical principles and a diligent investigation of the laws of organic action. In practical application, it is not only adapted to those defects of utterance usually considered under the denomination of impediments; but also to feebleness, dissonance, and every offensive peculiarity of tone and enunciation, and even to those cases in which there are actual deficiencies in the natural organs of utterance; and by a felicity that frequently belongs to systems and discoveries of real science, the very principles that conduce to the most obvious purposes of utility are no less applicable to the highest refinements of grace and elegance; so that this system of instruction, which gives speech to the mute, and fluency to the convulsive stammerer, may be applied to the improvement of all the harmonies of language and utterance; to the rythmus of poetry and elegant composition, the facility of conversational eloquence, and the energies of public oratory.

Nor is the process adopted either tedious or precarious. The time necessary to the attainment of the object must, of course, depend, in a considerable degree, upon the extent of accomplishment desired, the nature and degree of the impediment to be encountered, and the susceptibility, diligence, and dispositions of the pupil: but, in several instances, even where the impediments appeared to be of a very formidable description, a few weeks have been sufficient to secure the essential objects of tuition; and no individual pupil has ever persevered through a single quarter, without making such considerable progress as fully to justify the assertion, that, under the system of regulations and management adopted at this institution, whenever the student has capacity, leisure, and inclination to give the same attention to the subject which other sciences and much more frivolous accomplishments require, a correct and impressive elocution is attainable by all. The difficulty, indeed, will generally be increased in proportion as the pupil has already advanced towards the maturity of life, though Mr. T. has even

been successful with persons who were between thirty and forty years of age. Parents, however, will do wisely to seek for proper remedies on the first appearance of defect or hesitation; since the customary modes of initiating children in the first elements of reading, have a lamentable tendency to aggravate, or even to produce impediment; and when that calamity is once introduced into a family, it is apt to infect the whole, at least of the junior children. The system of initiation adopted by Mrs. Thelwall will, to a certainty, preclude the possibility of any such misfortune.

It may be proper explicitly to add what the preceding detail will, in some degree, have suggested, that, although the removal of impediments and the cultivation of elocution be professedly the principal objects of attention, no branch of education, either useful or ornamental, is disregarded in this institution. So that young pupils committed to the care of Mrs. Thelwall, and those of more advanced years, placed under the superintendance of Mr. T. may confidently expect, besides the proper treatment of their elocutionary defects, all the other advantages that are respectively to be secured at a preparatory or at a finishing school: nor, after the first few weeks, will the treatment of their respective impediments be any obstruction to the attainments consistent with their respective years and particular objects of pursuit.

## SCIENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

It is a very common practice, of late, to attribute the deflagration of manufactories to the insidious hand of the incendiary. That manufactories have been set on fire, by evil disposed persons, there can be no doubt; but I am far from believing that it is carried to that extent, which is so generally supposed. Many vegetable substances, when dried and heaped together, will heat, scorch, and finally burst into flame; therefore, in order to guard those who are concerned in various manufactories, I beg leave to attract their attention to the following facts.

In consequence of several accidental conflagrations in storehouses and other places, where expressed oils of the farinaceous seeds (such as rape or linseed) and dry vegetable substances,

such as hemp, cotton, matting, &c. had been stored, a number of experiments were instituted to prove the fact Among the most important of these, those by Mr. Georgi and a committee of the Royal Academy at Petersburgh, in the year 1781, in consequence of the destruction of a frigate in the harbour of Cronstadt; the conflagration of a large hemp magazine in the same place, in the same year; and a slight fire on board another frigate, in the same port, in the following year, deserve our particular notice. "Forty pounds of fir wood soot were soaked with about thirty-five pounds of hemp-oil varnish, and the whole wrapped up in a mat and put into a close cabin. In about sixteen hours it was observed to give out smoke, which rapidly increased, and when the door was opened and the air freely admitted, burst into a flame."

Three pounds of fir-black were mixed with five pounds of hemp-oil varnish, and the whole bound up in linen, and shut up in a chest, in sixteen hours it emitted a very nauseous putrid smell and steam, and in two hours afterwards it was actually on fire, and burned to ashes.

The presence of lampblack, or any other carbonaceous matter, is not, however, necessary; for a spontaneous inflammation will take place in hemp or cotton, simply soaked in any of these expressed oils, when in considerable quantity, or under circumstances favourable to this process, as in very hot weather, or closely shut up. "An accident of this kind happened at Gainsborough in Lincolnshire, in July 1794, with a bale of yarn of one hundred and twenty pounds, accidentally soaked in rape oil, which, after remaining in a warehouse for several days, began to smoke and finally burst into a flame." A similar accident, with a very small quantity of materials, happened at Bombay. A bottle of linseed oil had been left standing on a chest, this had been thrown down by accident in the night, the oil had run into the chest, which contained some coarse cotton cloth, and in the morning the cloth was found scorching hot, and reduced nearly to tinder, and the wood of the chest charred on the inside.

Similar to this, is the spontaneous combustion of *wool or woolen yarn*, which has occasionally happened when large quantities have been kept heaped up in rooms, little aired and in hot weather. The oil with which wool is dressed appears the chief agent in this combustion.

Rye flour roasted till half parched, and of the colour of coffee, and wrapped up in a linen cloth, has been found to heat violently, and to destroy the cloth. Wheat flour, heated in large quantities and highly dried, has been known to take fire in hot weather, causing accidents in granaries and bakers' shops. Count Morrozzo, in the Memoirs of the Turin Academy, notices an accident of this kind, in a flour warehouse at Turin, where there were three hundred sacks of flour. It began by a violent explosion on a lamp being brought into the warehouse and the whole was soon in flames. We have likewise many curious instances on record of the spontaneous combustion of the human body, which occurred in England, France, Italy, and elsewhere; a minute account of which may be found in the Repertory, vol. 2, and Philosophical Transactions, vol. 43 and 64.

The many accidents which occur, likewise, at our gunpowder manufactories, ought to induce those, who are concerned therein, to examine the causes which frequently produce explosions, and to adopt such means as will in future prevent, not only the loss of property, but the lives of those who are immediately engaged in the various operations of powder making.

The workmen, usually employed, have only a general idea of the process of making powder, without the least acquaintance with those *latent* causes, which, in a moment, may put a period to their existence.

Mr. de Caussigni appears to have been the first, who observed that *charcoal* was capable of being set on fire by the *pressure of millstones*. Mr. Robin, commissary of the powdermills of Esonne, has given an account, in the Annales de Chimie, No. 35, p. 93, of the *spontaneous* inflammation of charcoal made from the blackberry bearing alder. This accident occurred May 23, 1801, in the box of the bolter, into which it had been sifted. This charcoal, made two days before, had been ground in the mill without any signs of ignition. The coarse powder that remained in the bolter experienced no alteration. The light undulating flame, "*unextinguishable by water*," that appeared on the surface of the sifted charcoal, was of the nature of inflammable gas. The moisture of the atmosphere, of which fresh made charcoal is very greedy, *was supposed to have concurred in the development of the inflammable gas, and the combustion of the charcoal.*

It has been observed that charcoal, powdered and laid in large heaps, heats strongly. Alder charcoal has been seen to take fire in the warehouse, in which it has been stored. Mr. Malet, commissary of gunpowder at Pontailler, near Dijon, has seen charcoal *take fire* under the *pestle*. He also informs us that when pieces of saltpetre and brimstone were put into the charcoal mortar, the explosion took place between the fifth and sixth stroke of the pestle. In consequence of the precaution now taken to pound the charcoal, brimstone and nitre *separately*, no explosions take place, and time is gained in the fabrication, since the paste is made in eight hours, that formerly required twenty-four."

Seeing that charcoal is liable to spontaneous inflammation by *laying in a heap;* by the *pressure* of a *milletone*, or the operation of *pounding*, it ought to teach those, who work in powdermills, to be careful *in all their operations*. Saltpetre will detonate with, or inflame charcoal, and other easily inflammable bodies at a *red heat;* hence operators should be extremely cautious when they unite charcoal with their saltpetre in a heated caldron (which is the practice of some) lest the *coal be ignited* or the caldron become red hot, and a detonation be the consequence, which may prove an injury to themselves and the property of their employers: nothing but a strict attention to the *degree of heat* will prevent such a fatal catastrophe. When nitre is deprived of its water of crystallization in a caldron care should be taken not to increase "the heat beyond one hundred and twenty of Farenheit, taking care to stir it all the while by which it will be brought to the consistence of fine sand, and is now ready to be manufactured into gunpowder.

The spontaneous combustion of charcoal ought likewise to put those persons on their guard, who are in the habit of keeping large quantities of *powdered charcoal* in their *distilleries* and *liquor stores*, for the purification of spiritous liquors, where the effects would indeed be terrible, should a combustion take place during the night. While on the subject of *charcoal*, I cannot help expressing my surprise that a *patent* should have been obtained in the United States, within a few years past, for the discovery of the use of charcoal for the purification of malt or other spirits from their empyreumatic oils; as the experiments of Lawitz and Crell had been published in many periodical works. Lawitz, a chymist of Petersburgh, was the first who made the discovery public; and

Crell, in his Chymical Journal, published in 1778, and translated in 1791, communicated to the world many interesting experiments on the subject of the purifying property of charcoal. Among many experiments which he related, the following, perhaps, may be particularly worthy of attention: 1. Common vinegar, on being boiled in a matrass with *charcoal* powder, became perfectly limpid like water. 2. Honey was deprived of its peculiar smell. 3. Brown, putrid, and stinking water, was not only immediately deprived of its *offensive* smell, by means of charcoal powder, but was also rendered transparent. Hence it would probably be of use for preserving fresh water during sea voyages, to add about five pounds of coarse charcoal powder to every cask of water, especially as the charcoal might easily he separated by filtering, whenever wanted, through a linen bag. Lastly, spirits distilled from *malt* or other *grain*, show by the smell evidently that their strength is much increased by purification with charcoal, without the help of distillation, insomuch that persons who were not informed of the manner in which the purification was effected, have taken such spirits for rectified spirits of wine. I divided, says Crell, ten pounds of ardent spirits into ten equal portions and added charcoal powder in the following increased proportions:

"Half a dram of charcoal powder produced scarcely any alteration in the smell, and the spirits had not become quite clear even after six months. One dram occasioned hardly any perceptible diminution of the smell, and the spirit did not become clear till after the space of four months. With two drams the spirit became clear in two months.

"Four drams occasioned a very perceptible diminution of the smell, and the powder completely settled in the course of a month.

"One ounce took off the bad smell entirely, and the spirit became clear in a fortnight.

"With an ounce and a half the spirit became clear in eight days.

"With two ounces in six days.

"With three ounces in five days, and with four ounces in twenty-four hours.

"It is remarkable, that ardent spirits which have been *completely* purified by means of charcoal, give out a fine odour exactly resembling that of peaches.

"Empyreumatic oils, dissolved in a sufficient quantity of highly rectified spirit of wine, are entirely deprived of their colour and smell by charcoal." *Crell.*

Monsieur Cadet Devaux, a French chymist, "has used the powdered charcoal for the removal of that peculiar flavour of West India molasses, so as to *use it for sugar.*" I could enumerate various uses to which charcoal powder has been applied, but I am sensible of having intruded on your pages; it is sufficient to show, that the discovery was not reserved for any of my countrymen.

E. C.

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TRAVELS IN FRANCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## LETTER LXXIII.

We sometimes met with persons who had served in America during our revolutionary war, and heard a great deal of the melancholy fate of others. D'Estaigne, Custine, and Dillon terminated their days at the guillotine, and the end of the marquis de la Rouarle, whom we knew by the name of Armand, though more obscure, was not less calamitous: like others of his rank he had carried back with him to France ideas of civil and political liberty, or at least a zeal for some (perhaps not well defined or well understood) improvement in the government which contributed to the troubles of '89; but he soon afterwards regretted the part that he had taken, entered into a correspondence with the exiled princes, and was the great spring of that fermentation which showed itself at no early period in Brittany, and ended in what is called the war of the Chouans: the whole history of this extraordinary man might well deserve the pen of some good writer; his early attachment in Paris to a dancer of the opera, who had too much honour, too much respect for the noble family of her lover, to consent to marry him; his attempt to poison himself, his life of penitence and mortification at La Trappe, where he was discovered by accident, his flight to America, his services there, his return to France, and the subsequent events which partake equally of romance, and tragedy, might form the subject of a very interesting volume. Disappointed in

his expectations of foreign succour, restrained from commencing his operations by the orders of the court at Coblentz, living in woods and marshes in continued danger of being taken, and affected at the death of the king with more than common affliction, he fell dangerously ill, and was compelled to ask shelter at the castle of Laguyomarais, near Lamballe, he knew the political principles of the family, and was personally known to them, but wishing, in case of the worst, not to expose them to the penalty of the law, he claimed hospitality and received it under a fictitious name. His illness soon proved fatal, he died, and was buried in a neighbouring wood—unfortunately a wretch, who had followed him as a servant for many years, thought himself injured by the family of the castle; they would not give up to him some effects of his late master, until they could be justified for so doing by the nearest relation; and he in revenge went privately to a neighbouring magistrate and betrayed the whole affair. If this sad history were ever written the attention of the reader would be as much excited by the events which followed as by those which precede the death of Armand. The whole family of Laguyomarais was destroyed; the husband, the wife, the daughter, the daughter's husband, the preceptor, and two or three old and faithful servants were conveyed to Paris and there executed;—and with them was a young lady of the name of Desille, accused of having secreted some important papers relative to the conspiracy in Britanny, having been mistaken for her sister, the person meant by the informer, she left the revolutionary tribunal, not as yet become familiar to scenes of cruelty and injustice, in their mistake, and died with all the resignation and tranquillity of a martyr. I saw Kosciusco, who served with reputation against Burgoyne, and in South Carolina, and who has since acted so distinguished a part in Poland; he lives in the outskirts of Paris with a family of friends, whose children play about him, and here he reads the newspapers, and cultivates his garden, and smokes his çigarr, forgetting the world as much as possible, and striving, I really believe, to be forgotten. I also saw La Fayette, whose character having been at one time elevated far beyond its intrinsic merit, has been since as unjustly decried. His object was probably never well defined even to himself, but that he meant the good of his country, connected indeed with his own exaltation, is not, I think, to be doubted. What the effect of the revolution will ultimately be to France, we are yet to learn, but to him it has been certainly productive of every evil. It has robbed him of rank, fortune, and friends, and has subjected him to exile, to imprisonment, and to disgrace. He nevertheless looks better than when I knew him many years ago, during the war, and has an air of tranquillity, and I should say of contentment, if I thought it possible, for he cannot but have some bitter moments—moments during which reflections must

force themselves upon him, not unlike those of Calista in the play, who sees her lover lifeless at her feet, who hears that her father is mortally wounded, and who now bewails those evils which her crimes and fatal follies had occasioned. His circumstances, which are far from being affluent, have been in some measure improved by the generous gratitude of the United States, but his friends will regret that he did not feel himself above accepting the bounty of the present government of France. The remnant of his estate furnishes him a farm to live upon about thirty miles from Paris, and he has there the comfort and satisfaction of being surrounded by a numerous and affectionate family. He speaks with great regard of America, and both he and madame de la Fayette appear to entertain the strongest sentiments of gratitude towards Mr. Hugn and Dr. Bolman, who so rashly but so gallantly attempted to rescue him. His confinement at Olmutz was not in a dungeon; it was upon the ground floor in a room which opened upon the court of the castle, and he was treated with more distinction and tenderness by far than his fellow-prisoners, he was the only one allowed to take exercise out of the castle, until the attempt to rescue him. His memoirs, if he were ever to publish them, would be scarcely less romantic, and still more interesting perhaps than those of Armand, and I wish he may one day publish them, for I like him well enough to wish that he could exculpate himself from two or three charges which still affect his character, even supposing we allowed of his good intentions, and suffered them to operate in his defence, for the evils which have flowed from his rash undertakings. I cannot believe that he was acquainted with, and still less that he intentionally promoted the flight to Varennes; but it is probable that the little numberless, mortifying restraints which he unnecessarily imposed upon the royal family, at the Thuilleries, contributed to impel them to that fatal step; and it is certain, that the queen used to disclose to the last moments of her life, that he was the only person upon earth whom she could not forgive. It is singular, that of all the various parties which have succeeded each other in France, no one has expressed itself satisfied with the conduct of La Fayette: with the personal courage of a grenadier, he seems to have wanted decision in moments of emergency. He might once have marched that very army to Paris, from which he was so soon after obliged to fly: if he was right, he was not enough so, and if criminal, it was his fate to be criminal only by halves; his conduct reminds me in short of what Hume applies to a duke of Norfolk in queen Elizabeth's time: "when men of good principles, he observes, engage in dangerous enterprises, they are too apt to balance between the execution of their designs, and their remorse, the fear of punishment and the hope of pardon, till they deprive themselves of all means of effective defence, and become an easy prey to their enemies."

You will say, perhaps, that I do not speak as advantageously as I ought of our old friend the marquis; but his conduct was perhaps never strictly proper; and with respect to America, I do not think it will be approved hereafter, when passion shall have given way to reason. He had made every preparation for an excursion to Greece and Asia Minor in '76, when it was accidentally suggested to him that he might serve his country and acquire reputaion by taking part with the Americans. Animated by the hostility of a Frenchman towards the ancient rivals of his nation, his object was to render the breach irreparable between the colonies and the mother country; nor will it be hereafter thought otherwise of him than of any adventurer, who, availing himself of the discontent which is said to be lurking in Louisiana, were to exhort the people of that country not to submit to the sale that has been made of them, not to be transferred like a flock of sheep—and were to furnish them with the means of successful resistance to the government of the United States.

Notwithstanding the change of behaviour which is upon some occasions perceivable, the French are in society the same good-humoured people they ever were, and well-behaved, though not of manners so refined as formerly. It is never thought necessary to introduce to each other persons who meet together in the same drawing-room, or at the same table, and nothing perhaps could better prove the general discretion which prevals in all companies—the last play, the opera, the different performers, some new novel, or some great event, all knowledge of which is built upon the bulletin of the day, furnish a great abundance of topics. The French are more generally than they used to be in the custom of learning foreign languages, and the residence of so many exiled families in England during the late war has rendered it not uncommon to hear English well spoken in mixed companies. I feel that I have given you a very imperfect account of this great capital and its inhabitants; but there are books without end from which the deficiency may be supplied; of these I know none so useful as Arthur Young's tour, he gives us no list indeed of pictures, and of statues, of palaces and churches to be seen, but he has marked with all the sagacity of an experienced observer a variety of little circumstances, which distinguish the two great rival powers of Europe, and has traced the rise and progress of the revolution, pointing out the weakness and indecision of the one party, and the blind headlong fury of the other better than any one I know of: it has seldom been my good fortune to follow precisely the same course that he did, but I had now the pleasure of having him in some sense as a companion as we were rolling along the great road that leads to Orleans. The traveller, whether he enters or leaves Paris, is struck with the air of squallid poverty in the suburbs, and with the silence and solitude which prevail

in the environs of the city. The road to Orleans is one of the most frequented in France, it is broad and straight, and the pavement, which was laid in the time of Louis XIV, is in such perfect preservation, that one is at a loss to conceive how the government can have a pretext for the number of expensive turnpikes which the traveller has to pay his way through. I took notice of the shafts, Young speaks of, which lead down into the quarries, they afford a passage to the labourers, and to the blocks of stone which are raised by a wheel worked by horses. A shaft of this sort opening a passage into a tin mine upon the coast of Cornwall in England, has been sunk in the sea at the distance of three hundred yards from high-water mark; a steam engine upon a great scale which is erected on the shore and communicates by means of pipes with the mine, keeps the workmen from being incommoded by water, and they think no more of the waves which are heard to roar incessantly over their heads, than we do of the artificial thunder of a playhouse.

We passed through Estampes, which furnished in former times a ducal title to one of the favourites of Francis I, who upon many occasions contributed not a little to the embarrassment of his affairs, and we stopped for the night at Augerville. The country we passed along seemed well cultivated, but flat, with a few small towns and villages, and now and then what appeared a gentleman's seat, but there were no farm houses and no hedges. France, though subject to all the evils of a division of property to excess, is yet without those embellishments which the same cause gives rise to in England, and in our northern and eastern states. The greatest want I found the people exposed to was that of fuel; they had no coal, and no wood frequently nearer than the forest of Orleans. We found the inns as upon the other great roads—with neither doors nor windows that could shut well, but abounding in every thing an epicure could wish, and furnished with good beds and the best of wine. It was at Augerville that the prince of —— had arrived in the year ——, on his way to the southern provinces, with the view of executing a civil war, when the courier, who had been by mistake directed to Augerville at last overtook him. You will see the anecdote in Voltaire's Age of Louis XIV, and will admire what important events it pleased Providence to connect with so trifling a circumstance. In passing rapidly along between Estampes and Augerville I was struck with the appearance of some ornamental building on a commanding situation, and was told, that it stood on the estate once held by the farmer-general Laborde. Few families were so rich, and very few indeed so conspicuous for the noble use they made of their immense wealth; but they have been singularly unfortunate; two of the sons were lost on the north-west coast of America, and the father, with others of his children, suffered death at the guillo-

tine. Madame Laborde is now the only survivor of this once flourishing family ; she lives, I was told, in the ancient mansion-house, which, together with a small portion of the estate, remained unsold, and finds consolation under all the afflictions she has been exposed to in acts of kindness and generosity to the neighbouring poor.

There came on a snow storm as we left Augerville, and though we were now in one of the most highly cultivated parts of France, yet the view might have reminded the traveller of the deserts of Arabia, whilst the few farm houses that appeared had such high walls and so many outbuildings, that they had the appearance of strong holds where the inhabitants of a whole district had retired for shelter against some predatory excursion of a roving banditti. At length we reached the forest of Orleans which is very much diminished, and entered the city by the very gate through which the valient Joan of Arc so boldly and so successfully sallied out against the English at the famous siege, on the event of which the fate of all France once depended. It would have been very agreeable to us to have passed a few days in this ancient place, where Shakspeare lays so many scenes in his Henry VI, and to have traced, as may still be done, some vestiges of those times; but we soon found, that we were in the most extravagant of all inns, and that it would be ruinous to remain there. There had been indeed the whole length of the way from Paris a disgusting eagerness after money, which I had nowhere before observed ; it arose no doubt from the road being a more frequented one than any we had before travelled, and affording those who live by the side of it frequent opportunities of petty gain from the wants and accidents to which travellers are exposed; like the wild beasts of the desert, who, having once tasted of human blood are said never to be satisfied with any other ; no sooner does a carriage stop at the post-house than two or three mechanics are seen prowling about it in hopes of some petty job, which they perfectly well know how to exaggerate the importance of, and not the smallest service of any kind is ever rendered without payment being required. I have been dunned by a man who had mounted of his own accord upon the hind-wheel of the carriage and pulled the oil-cloth over the imperial, and who observed in justification of his importunity, that in his efforts to serve us his foot might have slipped, and he might have hurt himself, so as to be incapable of working for his family. Orleans stands in one of the most fertile parts in France, and had some manufactories which have shared the fate of all those that in any degree depended upon foreign commerce; it being upon the Loire, by which a continued intercourse is kept up with Nantes, and its vicinity to the canal, by which the waters of the Loire are made to communicate with those of the Seine, have enabled it to retain a degree of internal trade. The city is one of the most ancient in the empire, but derives

its principal importance in history from the siege of 1428. The successes of the English, even after the death of Henry V, were so great and so uninterrupted that the king of France, Charles VII, had nearly lost all hopes; surrounded by persons who, with all the insolence of unpaid services, presumed to excess upon their merit, without the means of supporting any appearance of regal dignity, and scarcely able to supply the wants of nature, the king had more than once reconciled himself to the humiliating idea of giving up the contest and of retiring for safety to the mountains of the Cevennes; but his wavering resolution had been as frequently recalled, and his spirits buoyed up above despair, by the united exertions of two ladies, of whom it is perhaps as singular that they should have lived in friendship, as that their efforts should have been so well directed and so successful. The queen, Mary of Anjou, had sacrificed her plate and jewels to the necessities of the moment; but had never lost her hopes. The king's retreat, she said, would be a signal of submission to his most faithful adherents, nor would any one hesitate to desert a prince who deserted his own cause. To the remonstrances which proceeded, with so much propriety, from the queen, to the dictates of her masculine good sense and spirit the fair Agnes Sorel added arguments which were not without their weight. Her fate, she said, had been predicted by the greatest astrologer of the age, who had told her that she was to live many years the beloved mistress of a king and conqueror; she had hitherto, it seemed, mistaken her proper station, but would now retire to the court of Henry, where she could not fail of a fortune more correspondent to her wishes, and where her destiny might be fulfilled, and the will of the stars accomplished. The monarch was now roused to sentiments which better became him, and declared his determination rather to perish with honour in the conflict, than to yield ingloriously before his imperious enemies. Such was the influence of female firmness and good sense, and of female charms, when Charles was yet more essentially assisted by a miracle of female enthusiasm, in the person of the celebrated maid of Orleans. The siege which had been for some time converted into a blockade, had lasted seven months, when the garrison, reduced to despair, by the loss of a large convoy of provisions on its way to their relief, offered to surrender to the combined armies of England and Burgundy, retaining possession of the advanced posts only until it could be determined between the besiegers what troops were first to march in. It was in this awful crisis, when the fate of France depended upon a trifling circumstance, when the besiegers and the besieged had already established so friendly a communication, that the town people lent the English some articles which were necessary for the celebration of a religious festival, that the maid of Orleans appeared and made the king those promises which are mentioned in history.

The events which followed are so singular, that we cannot be surprised if while the French considered this heroine as a chosen instrument of God, the English should have supposed her no better than an implement of the devil, and some allowance will be made for their conduct towards her, if we consider them as under that persuasion. The Sorbonne was consulted, and their opinion encouraged the parliament of Paris to decide that there was witchcraft in the case. Nor will it appear so singular that such should have been, at that period, the preposterous blindness of so respectable a body, if we advert to the fatal delusion which took place at Salem, in the province of Massachusetts, upon this same subject of witchcraft, full two centuries after, and until how late a period opinions of a similar sort have prevailed in many parts of Europe. It is not more than 150 years since the maréchal d'Ancre was executed at Paris for having practised the arts of sorcery, in obtaining an ascendancy over the queen's mind. The person most to blame in the whole of this disgraceful affair of the execution of the maid of Orleans, was the king of France, who suffered a heroine, to whom, as Hume says, the generous superstition of the ancients would have erected altars, to expiate the signal services she had rendered to him and to her native country, by a painful death, without the smallest interference in her behalf. Immersed in pleasure, and relying upon the exertions of others, he was too generally insensible to his own danger, and must, upon this occasion, have been lost to every sentiment of honour and of gratitude. Once, says Mezerai, that La Hire came to speak to him on some important affair, the king, who was then wandering, like an exile, in his own dominions, showed him the preparations he was making for a splendid entertainment, and asked what he thought of them. "I think," said La Hire, "that it would be impossible for any man to lose a kingdom more gayly."

The Loire, which is at times very shallow, was now full. Several large boats, under a press of sail, were coming up from Nantes. The borders of the river, as far as the view extends, are covered with meadows, vineyards, and gardens. Towns and villages, and what appeared more like farm-houses than any thing I had hitherto seen, were thickly strewed along, and the whole was a magnificent assemblage of interesting objects. Our next stage, through a fine country and by the side of the Loire, was to Blois, a very old, and no very clean, town. It is situated on a slope which rises gently from the water's edge. We had not been able to descend the river as commodiously as Madame de Sevigné did; but we lodged in the same inn, and probably in the same apartments; for nothing appears to have been done to the house for more than a century. It was formerly called the Galere, but is now known as the post-house.

. . . .

You may well conceive that we were not long without walking up as far as the castle, where the states general of France have been frequently held, and where the celebrated duke of Guise was put to death by order of Henry III. We found the court of the castle overgrown with weeds, and the staircase hardly practicable, and heard no noise but our own footsteps and the whistling of the wind; but there was something in this frightful solitude, in this scene of ruined walls and towers, tottering to their fall, which is not unfriendly to wholesome meditation, when connected with the memory of past times, and the recollection of what had been said, or done, or perpetrated within these enclosures. Perhaps no assassination, not even that of Cæsar, approached so near to being justifiable as that of the duke of Guise, and particularly if we consider how extremely unfavourable the manners of the age were to every degree of order and good government; to that adoration of beauty, that enthusiasm of courage which had impelled the gallant knight of ancient days, and to all the amiable extravagancies of chivalry, the greatest depravity had succeeded, and the grossest debauchery. The slightest provocation was revenged with blood; and the apparent fairness of open defiance was now blended with the profligate policy of private murder.

The principal growth of the country we could command a view of seemed to be vines, and there are some manufactories in the town, which are said not to flourish. That of cutlery, at least, does not, if I may judge from the importunity of those who brought us some specimens to look at, and who seemed as anxious that we should purchace a trifling article or two, as if they had been asking charity.

We saw Chambord at a distance, on the other side of the river. Young will have given you a very good idea of the castle, and of the splendid establishment which Louis XV. created there for his favourite general, who is said never to have been great but at the head of an army. The place is now in ruins; but it does not appear that any part of the forest has been converted to the purposes of agriculture, though Young, whose book is highly esteemed in France, has given very good advice on that subject. Game of all sorts were shut up here in prodigious quantities, and roamed at large over a space of twenty thousand acres. A great waste of land, surely, in a country which was rather overstocked with inhabitants. The decree of the national assembly which put an end to all feudal rights having let in a crowd of hungry peasants upon these lords of the forest, thousands of them were destroyed in a short time, and among them were found not less than eight hundred wild boars.

THE USEFUL ARTS—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*Description of the Roller cast at General Ridgely's furnace, on the suggestion of Thomas W. Griffith Esq. and used on the new turnpike road from Baltimore towards York-Town.*

THE roller weighs two tons, thirteen hundred and eight pounds, exclusive of the axletree, wedging, clevices, and hounds; the weight of all which, added together makes the real pressure on the road equal to about three tons. It measures three feet six inches and a half in length, by two feet five inches and a half in diameter. As the weight required could not be procured at one blast, it is cast in five pieces, the outside one, or cylinder, is two inches and three quarters thick, and weighs about 22cwt. Each of the other pieces fill one quarter or angle of the inner circle of the cylinder and weighs about 8cwt, leaving a hollow square, each side of which is eleven inches, through the centre of which is passed a wrought iron axletree, two inches and three quarters square, wedged fast with gudgeons projecting four inches at either end and turning with the roller.

The carriage is a pair of wheels somewhat smaller than the fore wheels of a wagon, shod with three inch tire, with a tongue and double gear. Through the axletree of the carriage a strong body bolt let through the end of the coupling pole, passes, and, as it is almost impossible to turn the roller in the ordinary way, this bolt is taken out, and the end of the coupling pole is passed over by hand, whilst the horses and carriage are taken round, and the coupling pole is again attached in the opposite direction alternately.

The roller and carriage complete cost 398 dollars and 13 cents. It requires six or eight horses, shod expressly quite across the hoofs, and two men, at an expense of six or eight dollars per day, during which a mile of road, twenty feet wide, may be rolled three or four times.

It is put on the road immediately after the stone is broken, and passed over each part of the surface ten or twelve times, on three or four days successively, and the oftener the better, especially if the material is flint stone.

The effect of rolling is to make the surface even, and fit to be travelled without a covering of gravel or sand, which would cost per mile as much as the whole cost of the roller and rolling, and these materials can very seldom be obtained at any price, fit for covering; for if clay, or earth of any kind, be mixed with with them, they are manifestly of more injury than benefit to the turnpike. Indeed the great advantage of rolling is that it presses and binds the stone together, so that sub-

stances which loosen the stones cannot penetrate down between them, whilst the surface, being even from the first using of the road, the horses have no temptation or guide to follow each other and form paths, and the compactness and hardness of the surface rolled, will longer resist the effect of the carriage wheels and be clear of ruts, the great enemies of good roads.

## CORRESPONDENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

As a subscriber to The Port Folio and consequently one of its well wishers, I take the liberty of proposing what I am sure will not fail of raising it in the opinion of its learned supporters. What I allude to is the proposing of one or two mathematical questions in each number of The Port Folio, to be solved by such of your numerous contributors whose taste and genius may lead them to interesting inquiries on this subject.

The very extensive circulation of your useful and entertaining magazine causes one to hope that your consent to what I have proposed will tend to promote, in a great measure a general taste for researches into important branches of the mathematics.

PHILO MATHEMATICUS.

*The publication of a Poetical Miscellany commended to the Editor.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I find, in a work entitled "Literary Hours," by Mr. Drake, No xxv, vol. 2, a critique on, and comparison between the Greek and Roman lyric bards and the British lyric poets, with a list of such original English odes as, in the opinion of this writer, bid defiance to competition. These he has particularized by the first lines, and the authors' names, and classed under the following heads. 1st. The sublime. 2d. The pathetic. 3d. The descriptive. 4th. The amatory.

It has occurred to me that the publication of these pieces, in one volume, without any additional ones, arranged in the order, and agreeably to the divisions adopted by Mr. Drake, would be well received by the readers of poetry, and have a direct tendency to improve the style and to fix the taste of such of our youth as are inclined to court the lyric muse.

With a view to the latter object particularly, I should think it advisable to give Mr. Drake's twenty-fifth number entire, by way of introduction, and to provide an appendix, containing such judicious criticism as have appeared on the most distinguished of these odes.

The work would then comprise the finest models of their kind in the English language, and a selection of appropriate criticism.

Should your opinion, in these respects, correspond with mine, it will give me pleasure to see the publication conducted under your auspices, provided you can derive from it a compensation for your trouble.

I am, sir, with great esteem,

Your obedient servant.

J. M'H.

MEMOIRS OF HAYTI—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## LETTER. XI.

*The Cape, island of Hayti, November* 1805.

I SHALL now proceed to relate some additional circumstances which occurred during the general massacre described in my last.

Boisrond Tonnere, a mulatto officer of rank, who had been liberally educated, was one of those adepts in dissimulation, who could, by his duplicity, present the mask of friendship to a person at the same moment that he was meditating his destruction. This man went one day to the house of a Frenchman whom he knew to be possessed of several valuable articles. He entered and informed the gentleman, with a smile of complacency, that he had understood he had an elegant watch which he said he was desirous of purchasing. The Frenchman knowing too well the object of his visit, replied that he had a very excellent watch, and that if Mons. Tonnere would accept of it he would present it to him. The offer was not rejected, and the officer then said that he also wished to bargain with him for his sabre, which he had heard was superbly mounted. This was also handed to him; but the demands of the villain were not yet satisfied, and he asked the gentleman if he had not a pair of valuable pistols. The Frenchman's patience being almost exhausted, and foreseeing the result of these apparent friendly inquiries, he answered, that he had such a pair of pistols, and that if Mons. Tonnere would accept of *one*, he would give it to him with pleasure. The mulatto not being remarkable for an overcharge of courage, ver-

ry civilly declined the proposition, and immediately retreated with his watch and sabre, leaving the Frenchman to take his chance with the first party of assassins who should enter his house for plunder.

After the carnage had been continued until victims were scarcely any longer to be found, an aid-de-camp was sent to Mr. Dodge to direct him to appear before the governor-general, and to bring with him all the Frenchmen who were at his house. Mr. Dodge obeyed, and an examination into the claims of the different individuals to American citizenship was made by Dessalines, Christophe, and others. The proofs of most of them, though their number was small, were satisfactory, and they had liberty to return to Mr. Dodge's house. Among them, however, were two gentlemen, Messrs O. and G. who had long resided at the Cape, as copartners in trade, and who very narrowly escaped with their lives upon this occasion. Dessalines said he knew them to be Frenchmen; as for O. he had known him many years, and he concluded by stating his opinion to be decidedly in favour of putting them both to death. Christophe, whose passion for money constitutes a very prominent feature of his character, addressed himself to the governor in the following language: "With due submission to your excellency, I must beg leave to differ with you upon this point. I think if they will pay us a reasonable sum for their ransom, we might liberate them. As they are *pauvre diables*, and perhaps have not much money, we should let them off for two thousand dollars each." The governour assented to the proposition, and the money was immediately paid for them by Mr. Dodge. But it appears that this humane scheme of commutation was an infamous device to turn their deaths to some account; for, instead of being permitted to return with Mr. Dodge, they were ordered to prison, whence they never would have been permitted to depart; but it fortunately happened that on their route to their destined confinement, the officer under whose sole superintendance they were conducted, met with a party of soldiers who had in their possession some wretched whites, whom they were leading to their houses, in order to obtain from them a disclosure of the place in which their property was concealed, under promises to spare their lives. The officer, supposing that nothing could be obtained from the two persons in his charge, as they had already been fleeced by a higher authority, but calculating that there was a probability in the other case, of sharing in some valuable plunder, left them, and joined his comrades. The two gentlemen, being thus released, fled, and found means to conceal themselves among some rubbish in a burned house. After remaining there for several days, until nearly exhausted by hunger, they contrived, by an old black woman, who was passing, to inform Mr. Dodge of their situation. That gentleman, who, as well as Dessalines and the others, had supposed them to be dead,

went in the evening and humanely conducted them to his house. After the conclusion of the massacre, this affair transpired, and Christophe gave them permission to embark on board an American vessel, with the prohibition never again to set foot on the shore. Here they remained, as the vessel was not ready to sail for twenty-seven days, during the whole of which time they were in constant apprehension of being ordered to be drowned. They eventually sailed, but so powerful an impression had been produced upon the mind of Mr. G. by what he had seen and experienced, that he pined away and died very shortly after his arrival at Charleston.

One day during the most violent stage of the massacre, Dessalines went without an invitation, to dine with Mr. W. an American merchant, riding in triumph over the dead bodies which then lay exposed in the streets. At such an awful time, such a visit must have been extremely painful to Mr. W. and particularly so as at that very time a horrible carnage was carried on in his neighbourhood, and the dying shrieks and groans of the unfortunate victims were continually assailing their ears. Upon this occasion, Mr. D. an American, was introduced to the governor. His name being a French one and the same with that of a person who had been a great persecutor of the negroes at Les Cayes, Dessalines started and eagerly inquired, "What, D—— of Les Cayes?" Mr. W. replied that he was a gentleman of Baltimore, and upon Mr. D.'s attempting to speak French, his tongue at once discovered that that was not his native language.

To guard against the dangers of pillage and assassination to which the Americans were liable to be exposed, a sentinel was placed by the governor before the house of each resident, to protect it. These guards were faithful to their trust, insomuch that in one instance which I shall relate, an officer of rank was refused permission to enter. There was a Frenchman, who was generally supposod to have been killed, residing in concealment at the house of an American. The latter one day discovered that a black colonel was in dispute with the sentinel at his door, in consequence of the soldier's having refused him entrance. The officer charged him with disobedience to the orders of his superior, and pointed to his epaulets to show his rank. The sentry replied, that he was placed there by the governor-general, with orders to permit no person to enter, and he should obey his instructions. The colonel by this time had seen the gentleman of the house, who was in his balcony, and stated to him the object of his visit. He began by lamenting the death of the Frenchman who was then alive in the house, and concluded by stating that his friend had bequeathed him all his clothes, and that he had called for the purpose of taking them away. So gross an attempt at deception produced, what it so justly merited, the dismissal of the officer.

One night an attempt was made by a party of soldiers to enter the house of this same gentleman to search for Frenchmen. As soon as they were heard below, the American with great firmness stationed himself at the head of his stairs with some fire arms, and resolutely declared that he would blow out the brains of the first man who should advance another step. This boldness, added to his general character of being *un bon Americain*, induced them to depart, and saved the lives of several individuals who were then concealed in the house. This circumstance was, however, well nigh proving fatal to Mr. D. the same gentleman mentioned above. He was in the house at the time, and on hearing the soldiers coming up stairs sought his safety by leaping from the balcony into the street, after which he fled to the *corps de garde*. On the following day he was conducted by the soldiers, who took him for a Frenchman, to the *place d'armes*, where he was actually placed in a rank among a party of those unfortunate people, who were just then about to be marched out of town to be put to death. In vain did he plead that he was an American. His inability to speak French was considered as a deception. He saw no one who knew him, and finally began to give himself up as lost. Luckily, at this moment some persons who knew him, saw him in this perilous situation, and by their interposition saved him. Another instance, also of a similar nature, occurred with a Mr. B. In passing from the house of one of his countrymen to another, he was arrested by a guard of soldiers, who were so confident of his being an enemy, that they deliberated among themselves whether they should not put him to instant death. In this deplorable state he vehemently cried out that he was an American. His protestations, however, would scarcely have been attended to, had it not been that Azore an aid-de-camp of Christophe, who was at that moment passing, recognised him. This officer who is a generous humane young negro, after procuring his liberation, accompanied him in safety to his place of residence.

On or about the twenty-second of April some of the troops who could not find sufficient employment at the Cape, commenced a massacre at Fort Dauphin, a small town on the coast a few leagues eastward of this, during which all the whites amounting to about *ninety* persons, were exterminated. A part of the town was also destroyed, and a few days after many French inhabitants were brought from the interior of the country, to the Cape, and wantonly destroyed.

After the conclusion of this sanguinary affair, as soon as the alarm had subsided, and commerce had begun to resume some activity, the spoils which had been accumulated by the soldiers, were offered by them for sale. Watches, rings, trinkets, and jewelry of all kinds were sold for mere trifles, and so abundant were the valuable metals, that

gold and silver were carried about for sale by hatsfull, and offered for money at half and perhaps a fourth its value.

The eagerness for plunder cannot possibly exist in a higher degree than it does among the Haytiens. For pillage they will not only assassinate a white man, but even one another, as will appear by the following fact communicated upon substantial testimony. During one of the conflagrations of the Cape, a negro was seen hastening through the street with a bag of money. A black soldier shot him down with his musket, and picked up the bag. The new proprietor had been but a short time in possession, when the same game was played upon him by a third, who bore off the treasure.

In this and the preceding letter you have as complete an account of the horrible massacre of the French at the Cape as I am enabled to give you. Many additional particulars might indeed be collected, but they would be but unpleasant repetitions of such acts of barbarity as would chill the blood with horror, and cause "the hair to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

In this one picture you have a description sufficiently comprehensive to give you a correct idea of the system pursued in the other towns of the island. You know that there are in Hayti a considerable number of towns some of which were very considerable and populous. In all of these there had remained after the expulsion of the French army, some white inhabitants who had relied upon the assurances of protection solemnly pledged to them by the blacks. In my third letter I have estimated the total number at *ten thousand*, and from additional information which I have taken pains to collect, I feel confident in asserting that I have not erred upon the side of exaggeration. The vengeance of Dessalines pervaded the whole island, and during the months of March, April and May 1804, nine tenths of them were cut off.

This destruction of the whites must be viewed by every friend of humanity, as one of the most deliberate and wicked acts of barbarity that has ever polluted the pages of history. Nine thousand men, women and children, most of whom were entirely innocent of any agency in the cruelties committed against the blacks, after being enticed to remain in the island under a solemn pledge of the protection of the government, were in the most wanton, barbarous and cruel manner inhumanly destroyed. I can conceive of no excuse which can be set down as an extenuation of their crime. Their uncultivated and rude state may be adduced perhaps by some as an argument in mitigation, but not with reason; their leaders have proved themselves capable of distinguishing between right and wrong, and this particular enormity has been the effect of studied and deliberate premeditation. It is true that the injuries and flagitious cruelties inflicted upon them by the

French during the revolution, were highly calculated to produce a severe retaliation, and had their vengeance been exercised upon those who came within their grasp immediately after the departure of the French troops, or afterwards upon those only who had been instrumental in their sufferings, some allowances might have been made for the passions of human nature. But suppose we could for a moment admit, with the Haytiens, that deliberate vengeance upon the whole white population for the crime of the wicked part, was justifiable in the present instance, we must surely be convinced that the whole merit or virtue of the act is tarnished by a base passion for pillage. Instead of beholding an act of retribution " which the justice of God has urged," as expressed by Dessalines in one of his proclamations, we see a band of robbers and ruffians rioting in plunder. Pillage appears to be their principal object, and the sacrifice of the lives of their enemies, a mere secondary consideration. Disgraceful robbery is honoured with the appellation of an act of vengeance intended " to appease the manes of the parents, wives and children of the citizens of Hayti, who have been the *prey of vultures.*"

It will perhaps afford you some interest, to peruse the three proclamations relative to this melancholy affair, which were issued by the chiefs. In the first, signed by Dessalines, Christophe, and Clervaux, dated 29th of November 1803, the day of the evacuation of the Cape by the French army, a spirit of amity and friendship is breathed throughout. There is a cordial invitation to the " landholders of St. Domingo, wandering in foreign countries to return to their property." They then say, " Toward those men who do us justice we will act as brothers; let them rely forever on our esteem and friendship; let them return among us. The God who protects us, the God of freemen, bids us to stretch out towards them our conquering arms." They even go so far as to lament the murders of some individuals who had fallen victims to " the cruelty of a few soldiers or cultivators too much blinded by the remembrance of their past sufferings, to be able to distinguish the good and humane landholders from those that were unfeeling and cruel," and declared that they " were committed contrary to the wishes of their hearts." What language could have inspired the French with more confidence in the government than such professions of sincerity? But mark now the contrast. On the first of January 1804, after the French troops had departed, and the whites who had remained in consequence of this apparent friendly invitation, were completely in their power, a new proclamation of an entirely different complexion was published by Dessalines, then denominated general in chief. It contains a spirit of the most deep-rooted animosity against the French, expressed in a style of bitter energy, and was extremely well

calculated to arouse the dormant feelings of the people, to the performance of bloody deeds. The following passages extracted from it are specimens of Haytien composition, which though you are not to consider as the production of Dessalines, will enable you to form an opinion of the talents of some of his officers.

" The French name still darkens our plains; every thing recalls the remembrance of the cruelties of that barbarous people; our laws, our customs, our cities, every thing bears the characteristic of the French. Hearken to what I say! The French still have a footing in our island." " Citizens, men, women, young and old, cast around your eyes on every part of this island; seek there your wives, your husbands, your brothers, your sisters—what did I say? seek your children—your children at the breast. What is become of them?—I shudder to tell it—the prey of vultures. Instead of these interesting victims, the affrighted eye sees only their assassins. Tigers still covered with their blood, and whose terrifying presence reproaches you for your insensibility, and your guilty tardiness to avenge them.—What do you wait for to appease their manes? Remember that you have wished your remains to be laid by the side of your fathers. When you have driven out tyranny, will you descend into their tombs without having avenged them? No: their bones would repulse yours. And ye, invaluable men, intrepid generals, who, insensible to private sufferings, have given new life to liberty, by lavishing your blood; know, that you have done nothing if you do not give to the nations a terrible, though just example of the vengeance that ought to be exercised by a people proud of having recovered its liberty, and jealous of maintaining it. Let us intimidate those who might dare to attempt depriving us of it again. Let us begin with the French. Let them shudder at approaching our shores, if not on account of the cruelties they have committed, at least at the terrible resolution we are going to make—to devote to death whatsoever native of France should soil, with his sacrilegious footsteps this territory of liberty." " Peace with our neighbours; but accursed be the French name! Eternal hatred to France! Such are our principles." " Let us swear to the whole world, to posterity, to ourselves, to renounce France forever, and to die rather than to live under her dominion; to fight till the last breath for the independence of our country."

Notwithstanding the dreadful tenor of this proclamation, it would appear, from a document which was issued under date of the 22d of February following, entitled " Extract from the secret deliberations of the government of the island of Hayti," that the vengeance of the nation was to have been exercised only upon those who had been instrumental in the villany of the French army. That paper sets forth " that there are still in the island individuals who have contri-

buted either by their guilty writings, or sanguinary accusations, to the drowning, suffocating, assassinating, hanging, and shooting of more than sixty thousand of our brethren, under the inhuman government of Le Clerc and Rochambeau, and who ought to be classed with assassins, and delivered up to the sword of justice."

This decree, in the most explicit language, directs all commandants of divisions to punish none but persons who were proved guilty upon the most unequivocal testimony, under penalty of suffering a like punishment. Whether the government did in fact ever intend to confine their vengeance to the guilty alone is matter of very great doubt. You have seen how soon after they changed their minds, and transformed the system of a just punishment into a general and indiscriminate massacre.

On the 28th of April, nine days after the the commencement of the sanguinary affair at the Cape, another proclamation was issued by Dessalines then governor-general. It contains the following passages, and commences thus:

"Crimes the most atrocious, such as were hitherto unheard of, and would cause nature to shudder, have been perpetrated. The measure of their cruelty overflowed. At length the hour of vengeance has arrived, and the implacable enemies of the rights of man have suffered the punishment due to their crimes.

"My arm, raised above their heads has too long delayed to strike. At that signal which the justice of God has urged, your hands, righteously armed, have brought the axe to bear upon the decrepid tree of slavery and prejudice." "Where is that Haytien so vile, Haytien so unworthy of his regeneration, who thinks he has not fulfilled the decrees of the Eternal by exterminating these bloodthirsty tigers?"— "Yes, we have rendered to these true cannibals, war for war, crime for crime, outrage for outrage; Yes, I have saved my country; I have avenged America. The avowal I make in the face of earth and heaven, constitutes my pride and my glory. Of what consequence to me is the opinion which contemporary and future generations will pronounce upon my conduct? I have performed my duty. I enjoy my own approbation; for me that is sufficient." R.

## THE LAUGHING WORLD.

We believe that David Hume himself, with all his purity as a writer, sometimes, from an affectation of complying strictly with the Saxon, was in the habit of employing the ill-favoured, unharmonious, and superfluous words *got* and *gotten*. In an obsolete number of The Port Folio we published many years ago, a sarcasm upon the uncouth terms alluded to; and we are delighted to discover that some London lexicographer, who combines wit with philosophy, has thus successfully rallied what we think is an absolute barbarism. *Editor.*

There, sir, an attack upon my language! what do you think of that? An aspersion upon my parts of speech! Was ever such a brute! Sure, if I *reprehend* any thing in the world it is the use of my *oracular* tongue and a nice *derangement of epitaphs*. *Sheridan's Rivals.*

"We laugh heartily at the absurdities of Mrs. Malaprop and Daniel Dowlass, but the vulgar and the wealthy illiterate are not the only persons whose phrases might be reformed. Among those whom education should have taught a more elegant mode of expression, how frequently have we heard, I have *got* a bad headach, I have *got* the first edition of such a book, I have *got* an excellent treatise on grammar, I *got* the best places to see the new play. Indeed the instances are innumerable where the word *got* is misapplied, or *unnecessarily introduced*. In *conversation* this impropriety is not so palpable, but the following *letter* exposes the fault in glaring colours: I got on horseback within ten minutes after I received your letter. When I got to Canterbury I got a chaise for town, but I got wet through before I got to Canterbury, and I have got such a cold, as I shall not be able to get rid of in a hurry. I got to the treasury about noon, but first of all I got shaved and dressed. I soon got into the secret of getting a memorial before the board; but I could not get an answer then; however, I got intelligence from the messenger that I should most likely get one the next morning. As soon as I got back to my inn, I got my supper and got to bed, and it was not long before I got to sleep. When I got up in the morning, I got my breakfast, and then got myself dressed in order to get out in time to get an answer to my memorial. As soon as I got it, I got into the chaise, and got back to Canterbury about three, and about tea time I got home. I have got nothing particular to add, and so adieu."

For the information of our juvenile readers is subjoined a letter in which the same information is conveyed without *once* using

the little, low, and contemptible word, which we have just stigmatized.

"I mounted my horse within ten minutes after receiving your letter. As soon as I arrived at Canterbury, I engaged a postchaise for town. I was wet through before I reached Canterbury, and I have taken such a cold as I shall not easily remove. I arrived at the treasury about noon, being previously shaved and dressed. I soon discovered the secret of introducing a memorial to the board. I could not, however obtain an immediate answer, but the messenger told me I should probably receive one next morning. I returned to my inn, supped, went to bed, and slept well. I rose early, and dressed immediately after breakfast, that I might be in time for my memorial. As soon as I received it, I took a post chaise, and reached Canterbury by three, and my home about tea time. I have nothing particular to add, and so adieu."

## THE SENTENTIOUS WORLD.

To "serious Spain," to plodding Germany, and to pensive England, we should naturally turn, whenever we were in search of sententious Wisdom. But the reign of Apothegm, it seems, is not restrained within the fogs of Albion, or the forests of Scandinavia. Gay France, debauched Venice, and luxurious Naples, each has had her sons, who could utter the oracles of Prudence, or the sayings of *pith*. For the following string of proverbs we are indebted to the genius of Italy; and the reader, perhaps, will wonder that so much good should *come out* of *Nineveh*. *Editor.*

He who serves God hath the best master in the world.

An idle man is a bolster for the devil.

He who lives disorderly one year, does not live comfortably for five years to come.

Friendships are cheap when bought by pulling off the hat.

A beggar's wallet is a mile to the bottom.

I *once had* is a poor man.

There are many asses, without long ears.

You are in debt, and you run in debt farther; if you are not a liar yet, you will soon be one.

The best throw with dice is to throw them away.

Paint and patches offend the husband, but invite the gallant.

He who would stop every man's mouth must have a huge mass of meal.

When the ship is sunk, every sailor knows how she might have been saved.

A woman and a glass are never out of danger.

He who would have trouble in this world, let him get either a ship, or a *wife*.

He who will take no pains, will never build a house three stories high.

Only three things are done well in a hurry; flying from the plague, escaping quarrels, and catching fleas.

Every one has his cricket in his head and makes it sing as he pleases.

The devil goes shares with the gambler.

He who converses with nobody is either a brute or an angel.

He who has good health is young, and he is rich who owes nothing.

The sickness of the body is often the health of the soul.

The good wife doth not say, will you have this? but gives it to you.

That is a good misfortune, which comes alone.

Speaking without thinking is shooting without taking aim.

One mild word quenches more heat than a hundred buckets of water.

Make one bargain with other men, and four with yourself.

The world without peace is the soldier's pay.

Idleness buries a man alive.

He who makes a good war makes a good peace.

A rich county and a bad road.

Keep yourself from the occasion, and God will keep you from the sin.

Nothing so hard to bear well as prosperity.

The true art of making gold is to have a good estate, and to spend but little.

Mother-in-law and daughter-in-law are a tempest and a hail-storm.

Industry makes a brave man who conquers ill fortune.

One enemy is too much for a man in an exalted station; and a hundred friends are too few.

One sword keeps another in the scabbard.

Little wealth, little trouble.

He is learned enough who knows how to live well.

He who would have good offices done to him must do them to others.

Beauty and Folly do not often part company.

Talk but little, and live as you should do.

The Printing Press is the mother of Errors.

He who buys by the penny, keeps his own house and other men's too.

Let me see your man dead, and I will tell you how rich is he.

He who would be rich in one year is hanged at six months' end.

He commands enough, who is ruled by a wise man.

How can the cat help it, if the maid be a fool.

Fools grow apace without any watering.

Many men's estates come in at the door and go out of the chimney.

A good man is always at home, wherever he chances to be.

A man may talk like a philosopher and yet act like a fool.

Every one thinks that he has more than his share of brains.

Eating more than you should at once, makes you eat less afterwards.

Speaking evil of one another is the fifth element of which men are composed.

He who is rich passes for a wise man too.

Afflictions draw us up towards heaven.

A man should learn to sail with all winds.

We shall have a house without a fault in the next world.

## THE CLASSICAL WORLD.

That exquisite imitator, who quaintly styles himself HORACE IN LONDON, has, in a liberal parody of the far-famed ode addressed to Grosphus,

Otium Divos rogat in patenti,

caught much of the spirit of his illustrious prototype. The compliments to G. Colman, the wittiest dramatist of the day, are perfectly well deserved. The sneer in the second stanza at the book-making Carr is a "very palpable hit" The third and fourth stanzas are of the very essence of playfulness and good humour. The conceit of *watchman* Phœbus is very brilliant and happy; and, without a fuller enumeration, which might seem impertinent, of the beauties of this witty ode, we conclude by affirming that it is highly honourable to the unknown author. *Editor.*

TO GEORGE COLMAN.

The youth, from his indentures freed,
Who mounts astride the flying steed,
The Muses' hunt to follow;
With terror eyes the yawning pit,
And for a modicum of wit
Petitions great Apollo.

For Wit the *quarto building wight*
Invokes the gods; the jilt, in spite,
Eludes the *man of letters;*
Wit through the wire-wove margin glides,
And all the gilded pomp derides
Of red Morocco fetters.

Vain is the *smart port folio* set,
The costly inkstand, black as jet,
The desk of polished level;
The well-shorn pens to use at will,
'Tis no great task to cut a quill,
To cut a joke's the devil!

Happy, for rural business fit,
Who merely tells his mother wit.
In humble life he settles;

Unskilled in repartee to shine,
He ne'er exclaims, 'descend ye *nine*,'
But—when he plays at *skettles*.

They, who neglect their proper home,
To dig for ore in Greece or Rome,
Are poor Quixotic Vandals.
Europe was overrun by Goths,
But why should we, like foolish moths,
Buzz round the Roman candles?

Care swarms in rivers, roads, and bogs
Unfricaseed, like Pharaoh's frogs;
We cannot all be merry.
It roams through London streets at large,
And now bestrides a lord mayor's barge,
And now a Vauxhall wherry.

The man, who no vertigo* feels,
When borne aloft on Fortune's wheels,
But at their motion titters;
Emerging from a sea of strife,
Enjoys the present sweets of life,
Nor heeds its future bitters.

Poor *Tobin* died, alas! too soon,
Ere, with chaste ray, his *Honey Moon*
Had shone to glad the nation:
Others, I will not mention *who*,
For many a year may, *entre nous*,
Outlive—their own damnation.

Who creep in prose, or soar in rhyme,
Alike must bow the knee to Time,
From *Massinger* to *Murphy*.

---

* We are delighted that our facetious and classical poet has given the true *Roman* accent to this word. So Dean Swift, who was scrupulously accurate:

That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he's dead.

*Ed. P. F.*

And all who flit on Lethe's brink,
Too weak to swim, alas! must sink:
*Tom Dibdin* or *Tom Durfey*.

Fortune to thee *two* Muses gave,
One *debonnair*, the other grave,
You hospitably screen 'em:
For still, a man of virtue rare,
Although the love of both you share,
You never *sleep* between 'em.

She gave thee to a summer stage
'Gainst opera chiefs the war to wage,
With bodies lean and taper.
I list beneath *thy* Muse's wing,
Who would not rather hear her sing,
Than see her sister caper?

My Muse is of the ostrich sort,
Her eggs of Fortune's gale the sport,
She in the sand conceals 'em;
By no intrusive wanderer found,
Till watchman Phœbus walks his round,
And with his ray reveals 'em.

But should the god's far-darting ray
Destroy her feeble lines to day
She'll breed again tomorrow;
These trifles ne'er her mind annoy:
Who never knew a parent's joy
Ne'er felt a parent's sorrow.

---

Lines attributed to lord Henry Petty, and addressed to lady *Strangeways*.

Though Strangeways you're called, I could never perceive
That your ways were or strange, or uncommon,
I can read in your eyes, and eyes rarely deceive,
Nought, save all that's enchanting in woman.

Then still, my dear girl, let your *ways* be the same,
To me they will never seem *strange*;
But, I freely confess that I like not your name,
So *that*, if you please, you shall *change*.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THE TABLE D'HOTE. No. IV.

### *Mineral waters.*

I hope I do not deceive myself, when I anticipate very salutary results from the introduction of the mineral waters so generally into our cities. I indulge the pleasing hope that they will have a strong tendency to check the use of ardent spirits, which, it is lamentable to perceive, have been for years extending their baleful influence on society, and even in those ranks which a high sense of delicacy ought to have preserved from the dire contagion.

With many men, I make no doubt, here and in the West Indies, the dreadful habits of intoxication owe their origin to the intense heats of the summer weather. At that period, exercise in any great degree, excites thirst. This at first is appeased perhaps by lemonade—then by punch—then weak grog succeeds—the strength of the grog is gradually increased, till at length the water is totally banished—and pure Holland, Cogniac, or Jamaica, closes the scene, and swallows up the ill-fated victim in the yawning gulf of perdition.

When we look round, and examine minutely, we shall see numberless evidences of this regular progression in turpitude. It is lamentable to reflect how many young men, of the most respectable talents, with every advantage of family and education, are degraded by this groveling vice, only fit for the practice of the rudest savages.

> Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
> As brooks make rivers—rivers swell to seas.

I have no hope that professed drunkards will afford much encouragement to the new establishment. To expect such an event were to be a dupe to one's own credulity. But I think that those whose taste is not depraved by the use of strong drinks, will, when thirsty, gladly have recourse to an elegant, safe, and wholesome beverage, and thus escape the temptation to fall into the deplorable habits to which I have referred, and whose deleterious effects are mourned by many a suffering family.

—

### *French leave.*

The advantages of persons who retire from companies, large or small, more particularly the latter, taking French leave, that is. withdrawing without the ceremony of bidding adieu, are so great, that I am astonished it does not prevail universally. The tastes, inclinations,

arrangements, and views of different perons are widely different. To some it may be perfectly agreeable to remain till twelve, one, or even two o'clock in the morning. To others eleven appears late; to others even ten. As happiness or enjoyment is the object people have in view in going into company, is there any way in which it can be better promoted, than by following one's inclination, in every case where it can be done without offering violence to the inclinations of others? If I wish to retire at ten, why should I by very ceremoniously taking leave of every person in the company, admonish them that it is time for them to separate?

—

*Geographical illustration.*

Mrs. Piozzi informs us that an ignorant young man having asked Dr. Johnson, "what and where Palmyra was?" as he had heard somebody the evening before talking of the ruins of Palmyra. "'Tis a hill in Ireland," says the doctor, "with *palms* growing on the top, and a *bog* at the bottom; and so they call it Palm-mira."

—

*Men more susceptible of flattery than women.*

Travelling lately with a numerous company, among whom were some elegant and intelligent ladies, flattery became the topic of conversation. One of the ladies declared that it was her opinion that men were more susceptible of, and more easily duped by, this master key to the human heart, than women. The gentlemen present were quite surprised at such an attack upon the understanding of their sex, and instantly called for proofs of this very paradoxical opinion. The lady, a Miss L——, of Boston, said that men were so little accustomed to flattery, that they generally devoured it with greediness, whenever it was tendered to them, however coarse or gross it might be: but that it was so very lavishly bestowed upon women, that they received it as a mere matter of course, and paid it very little attention. This argument silenced if it did not convince her male auditors.

—

*Female labour.*

The low rate of female labour is a grievance of the very first magnitude, and pregnant with the most mighty ills to society. It demands the most serious consideration of those whose situations in life give them influence upon manners and customs. This unjust arrangement of remuneration for services performed diminishes the importance of women in society—renders them more helpless and dependant—destroys in the lower walks of life much of the inducements to marriage —and of course in the same degree increases the temptations to licentiousness. It is difficult to conceive why, even in those branches where-

in both sexes are engaged, there should be such an extreme degree of disparity in the recompense of labour as every person acquainted with the subject knows to exist.

—

*Hoaxing.*

It is not easy to imagine any act of common occurrence, of which the law takes no cognizance, that more completely characterises a ruffian than the base unfeeling one, called *hoaxing*, which, translated into plain English, means torturing the feelings of some person, male or female, unable to resist the insult. I am not ignorant that this vulgar trick is often practised by those who suppose themselves, and are sometimes by others admitted to be, gentlemen. And such they would be, were it in the power of fine clothes to fix the character of gentlemen. But it requires little knowledge of the world to be satisfied that there are occasionally to be met with, men in elegant habiliments who have not more refinement, delicacy, or humanity, than persons in the most humble grade of society.

There is something peculiar in the manners, ludicrous in the countenance, *outré* in the dress, or eccentric in the turn of mind of a man, or woman, and for this very powerful reason the individual is singled out as an object of ridicule by one of these fashionable "*hoaxers*," who is countenenced by those in company whose duty it is to interpose a shield to protect the injured person. To such as distinguish themselves in this very reprehensible manner, it may not be amiss to mention that those who can, and do not, prevent wickedness are equally responsible for its turpitude with the perpetrators.

—

*American Slaves.*

In the narrative of the voyage of Americus Vespucius, written and published by himself, a copy of which is in the possession of a literary gentleman in this city, he states that he brought some hundreds of the aboriginals of this country with him to Spain, and sold them as slaves in the market place of, as far as my memory serves me, the port of Cadiz.

—

*Twins.*

Some time since died in London, two twin sisters, Margaret and Judith Hodges, maiden ladies, aged 53 years. They expired, as they were born, within a few minutes of each other. I have heard of several instances of the death of twins occurring in this manner; and one of them in which the parties werein different nations. To a philosophical mind a circumstance of this kind affords room for curious speculation.

*Witches.*

It affords a mortifying reflection to human pride, that so lately as the year 1657, an unfortunate woman was tried before that illustrious luminary, sir Matthew Hale, for witchcraft, found guilty, and actually executed.

*Sound arguments and exemplary urbanity.*

Niebuhr, the Danish traveller in Egypt, had some conversation on religious topics with a Mahometan, to whom he happened to mention the truth of the Christian religion. This exasperated the Musulman so completely, that he rose in a fury, exclaiming, "they who believe in any other divinity but God only, are oxen and asses." After he had thus so ably refuted all the arguments of his opponent, he walked off with a becoming dignity, without deigning to wait for a reply.

*Egyptian toleration and kindness towards Christians and Jews.*

In Cairo no Christian or Jew dares to ride on horseback. They ride only on asses; and are obliged to alight on meeting even the most inconsiderable Egyptian lord. These lords rarely, if ever, go abroad but on horseback, and always have a servant before them, who, with a staff in his hand, warns the riders on asses to show due respect to his master, crying aloud, "Get down." If the mandate be not instantly obeyed, the staff is nimbly plied about the shoulders of the refractory master of the long-eared animal.

The Christians and Jews are also obliged to alight from their asses, when they pass the house of the chief cadi, also at about twenty other houses, where justice is distributed, before the gate of the janissaries, and before several mosques.

*Elegant Fashions.*

The Arabian women in Egypt, according to Niebuhr, wear large metal rings in their ears and noses. They sometimes hang small bells to the tresses of their hair, and the young girls fix them to their feet. Some paint their hands yellow, and their nails red, and imagine that these disfigurations of nature give them irresistible charms.

*Let both speak at once.*

Dr. Johnson highly disapproved of a ridiculous practice that prevails with many parents, who exhibit the talents of their children to every visitor, often in the most disgusting manner. He was once with a friend who proposed that his two children should repeat Gray's elegy alternately, that he might judge which had the best cadence. "No

pray sir," says the doctor to the astounded father, "let the dears both speak at once—more noise will by that means be made—and the noise will be the sooner over."

*Sound advice, worthy of the most serious attention.*

When Dr. Johnson was about commencing his career in the world, one Ford gave him the following excellent admonition: "Obtain some general principles of every science; he who can talk only on one subject, or act only in one department, is seldom wanted, and perhaps never wished for; while the man of general knowledge can often benefit, and always please."

*Vertu.*

Dr. Johnson, according to Mrs. Thrale, had so little taste for paintings, that she heard him say he could sit very quietly in a room hung round with the works of the greatest masters, and never feel the slightest disposition to turn them, if their back were outermost, unless it were to inform the owner that he had seen them.

*Tripolitan Fashion.*

When the ladies of Tripoli go to assemblies, or the splendid entertainments which are given them by fashionable people, their slaves accompany them with coffers, containing the chief part of their wardrobes. After a lady has danced for a few minutes, she passes into the next apartment, where she changes the whole of her dress, not retaining even her slippers. She then returns in new habiliments, and dances again; and afterwards changes in like manner, which process is sometimes repeated ten times in one night. Niebuhr relates these circumstances on the authority of a friend settled at Tripoli.

*A man of taste.*

Boyce, the writer of the Pantheon, was a most thoughtless, extravagant, and miserable creature. At one period of his life, when he was almost perishing with hunger, a friend gave him some money to rescue him. He purchased a piece of beef, but was so great an epicure that he could not eat it without pickles, and laid out the last half guinea he had for truffles and mushrooms, which he ate in bed, for want of clothes, or even a shirt wherewith to cover his wretched carcase.

*The mountain in labour.*

A person in Dr. Johnson's company, entered very largely into the natural history of the mouse, on which he expatiated so long that he quite disgusted the doctor. "I wonder," says he drily to a person

who sat near him, "what such a man would have said, if he had ever had the luck to see a lion."

—

*A neat bull for a learned female.*

Mrs. Piozzi, in giving an account of the paralytic stroke with which Dr. Johnson was struck, states, that finding his speech gone, he directly, in order to ascertain whether his mental powers remained unimpaired, composed a prayer in Latin, *to deprecate God's mercy.*

—

*A wonderful tree.*

Dr. Platt, who has published a history of Staffordshire, states, that in the year 1680, there was an apple tree within the moat at the parsonage house in that county, which spread about fifty-four yards in circumference, which, allowing four square feet for a man, would shelter five hundred footmen under its branches.

—

*Epigram.*

Too long squire Baboon led a bachelor's life,
He wish'd and he pray'd for a handsome young wife,
An elegant house he resolved to prepare,
Some buxom young damsel with which to ensnare.
To spread forth attractions he tortur'd his brain
The wish'd-for companion that he might obtain;
He consulted a friend—and tipp'd him a wink—
"Of my *marriage traf*, Jack, pray what do you think?"
"Think? I think, my dear friend, you'll ne'er get a mate
"The *traf* they'll admire—but they'll fly from the *bait*.

—

*Dexterity.*

The peasants in Catalonia drink without touching the mouth of the bottle with their lips. "And the height," says Townsend, "from which they let the liquor fall in one continued stream, without either missing their aim, or spilling a single drop, is surprising. For this purpose, the orifice of the bottle is small, and from their infancy they learn to swallow like the Thracians, with their mouths wide open."

*Vol. I*, 92.

—

*National insult.*

The sacred colour of the Mahometans, particularly in Africa, is green. The Spaniards, to show their contempt for the mussulmen, clothe their vilest criminals and even their hangmen in a dress of this colour.

*A nautical school.*

It is a subject of sincere regret that so many useful institutions, calculated to promote human comfort, happiness, and safety, are confined to a few countries, and the rest of mankind as completely debarred of their advantages, as they are of the fanciful art of the alchymists. Sir John Dalrymple, shortly after the termination of the American revolution, proposed a grand plan for the formation of societies in different nations, who should correspond with each other, and communicate respectively their useful inventions. It is to be lamented that so benevolent a project totally failed.

In these hasty lucubrations, the fruit of hours stolen from the painful labours of business, I shall occasionally lay before the public useful discoveries that exist in various parts of christendom, and that may be worthy of adoption in the United States.

To begin. In Barcelona, there was in 1785, an academy for "the noble arts," open to every person, and in which all who attended were taught gratis, drawing, architecture, and sculpture. For this purpose they had seven spacious halls, furnished at the king's expense, with tables, benches, lights, paper, pencils, drawings, models, clay, and living subjects. Townsend counted one night "upwards of five hundred boys, many of whom were finishing designs, which showed either superior genius, or more than common application."

But the part of this institution most deserving of imitation in a country so devotedly attached to commerce as is America, remains to be stated. One of the halls was fitted up as a nautical school, and was provided with every thing needful to teach the art of navigation. Since the first establishment of this useful seminary, more than five hundred pilots were educated in it, qualified to navigate a vessel to any quarter of the globe.*

—

*A correct style—and a judicious criticism.*

In the dedication to Harris's Hermes, which is but fourteen lines long, doctor Johnson said there were six grammatical errors.

—

*Newspaper scurrility.*

Cummyns, a most respectable quaker in London, declared to doctor Johnson, on his death-bed, that the pain he felt from an anonymous letter, in one of the common newspapers, fastened on his heart and threw him into a slow fever, of which he died. Mrs. Piozzi, who re-

* Townsend's Spain, vol. I, p. 118.

lates this interesting anecdote, adds that "Hawkesworth, the pious, the virtuous, and the wise, fell, for want of fortitude, a lamented sacrifice to wanton malice and cruelty" of the same kind.

—

*A curious question.*

Doctor Johnson, after having declared how few books there were of which a person could possibly arrive at the last page, asks, "was there ever yet any thing written by mortal man, which was wished longer by its readers, excepting Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, and the Pilgrim's Progress?" To this question, to which the doctor undoubtedly expected an answer in the negative, we may confidently say "Yes—there have been thousands." Without going into minute detail, I think it is safe to assert that few readers of taste have ever read the Iliad, Horace's writings, the Sentimental Journey, Vicar of Wakefield, Thomson's Seasons, the Economy of Human Life, &c. &c. without a sincere regret that they were so soon finished.

—

*Idiocy.*

In the year 1785, in an hospital in Barcelona, containing 1460 paupers, there were no less than the astonishing number of three hundred idiots!

—

*A mountain of salt.*

Townsend, whom I have freely quoted already, gives an account of a most remarkable and interesting phenomenon. It is "a stupendous mountain in the vicinity of Montserrat, of three miles in circumference, near the village of Cardana, which is one mass of salt, and equal in height to those of the Pyrenees, on which it borders. In a climate like England," he adds, "such a mass had long since been dissolved: but in Spain they employ this rock salt, as in Derbyshire they do the fluor spar, to make snuff boxes and vases, with other ornaments and trinkets.*" He carried a little fragment with him all through Spain without the least sign of deliquescence—but when he arrived in England, he soon found it surrounded with a pool of water.

—

*Leprosy.*

It has been believed that the leprosy was totally extirpated out of Europe, and that there were no traces of it remaining but in the records to be found of its horrible ravages. Unfortunately this is far from true. In one province of Spain, the Asturias, there are no less than

* Idem. I. 92.

twenty hospitals for this frightful disorder. Some patients are covered over with a white dry scurf, and look like millers. In others the skin is almost black, very thick, full of wrinkles, unctuous, and covered with a loathsome crust. Others have one leg and thigh enormously swelled, and full of varices, pustules, and ulcers, sending forth a most abominable smell." *

—

*Unparalleled modesty.*

Paracelsus, the prince of quacks and impostors, carried the art of arrogant puffing to its *ne plus ultra*. It is hardly credible, but is nevertheless indubitably true, that he prefaced one of his principal works with the following pompous encomium on his own talents and skill: "Ye must give way to me, and not I to you. Ye must give way to me, Avicenna, Rhases, Galen, Maseu. Ye must give way to me, ye of Paris, of Montpelier, ye of Swabia, ye of Misnia, ye of Cologne, ye of Vienna, and whatever places lie on the Danube and the Rhine. Ye islands in the sea; thou Italian, thou Dalmatian, thou Athenian, thou Greek, thou Arabian, thou Israelite; ye must give way to me, and not I to you. The monarchy is mine." This barefaced puff direct exceeds even the utmost impudence of the most brazen-fronted puffer of modern times.

—

*Renovation of the human system.*

The great Bacon advises, as the best method of renovating the exhausted powers of nature, to free the body every two or three years from all the old and corrupted juices, by spare diet and cathartics—and afterwards to replenish the vessels with new juices, by means of refreshing and nourishing food—thus renewing and invigorating the system periodically.

—

*Extraordinary phenomenon.*

Fontana made a number of most curious and extraordinary experiments on animal life, which excite the astonishment of every person who reads his accounts of them. He dried wheel insects and hair worms in the scorching sun—and then parched them in an oven. Yet after six months he restored these dried animals to life by pouring over them lukewarm water.

—

*Longevity.*

Helen Gray, a woman who died a few years ago, in England, in the 105th year of her age, had new teeth a few years before her death. †

* Idem II. 11. † Hufeland's art of prolonging life. Vol. I. 149.

*Bachelors, beware.*

Hufeland, from whom I have extracted the foregoing fact, states that there is not one instance on record of a bachelor having attained to a great age. This observation, he says, applies with as much force to unmarried females as to males in that insulated state.

—

*Wonderful Memory.*

In the Gentleman's Magazine for September 1752, there is a story published, of a most extraordinary memory, which almost sets credulity at defiance. The incident is likewise to be found in Baker's Playhouse Companion, and other works of respectability.

William Lyon, a strolling player, it is there stated, laid a wager one evening when with some of his companions at a tavern, that he would next day at rehearsal, repeat a Daily Advertiser, from beginning to end. Next day his companion reminded him of his wager; on which, Lyon, pulling out the paper, desired him to look at it, and decide himself whether or not he won the wager. "Notwithstanding," says the writer, "the want of connexion between the paragraphs, the variety of advertisements, and the general chaos which enters into the composition of a newspaper, he repeated it from beginning to end, without hesitation or mistake. I know this," adds he, "to be true, and believe its parallel cannot be found in any age or nation."

—

*Newspapers.*

The number of newspapers printed in England, is prodigiously great. It is collected from the records of the stamp office, which must give rather below than above the real extent of the circulation. From this source it appears that—

| | |
|---|---|
| In 1790 there were published, | 14,035,659 |
| 1791, | 14,794,153 |
| 1792, | 15,005,760 |

In the year 1808, there were published,

| | |
|---|---|
| In London, Daily morning papers | 9 |
| Daily evening papers | 7 |
| Three times a week | 9 |
| On Sundays | 17 |
| Once a week, on other days | 19 |
| Country papers in England | 98 |
| Papers in Ireland | 35 |
| Papers in Scotland | 19 |
| | 213 |

*A new coat of mail, and elegant decorations.*

Symes, in his embassy to Ava, states that the inhabitants of the Andaman Islands, being much incommoded by insects, their first occupation in the morning, is to plaster their bodies all over with mud, which, hardening in the sun, forms an impenetrable armour. They then, by way of embellishment, paint their woolly heads with red ochre. When thus completely equipped, there is not, he says, a more hideous appearance to be found in human form.

---

*Philadelphia Statistics.*

BAPTISMS AND BURIALS IN THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA FROM DEC. 25, 1808, TILL DEC. 25, 1809.

*Collected by the clerks and sextons of Christ-church, St. Peter's, and St. James.*

| BAPTISMS. | | BURIALS. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| PROTESTANT EPISCOPALIANS. | | PROTESTANT EPISCOPALIANS. | |
| Christ-church, St. Peter, and St. James | 205 | Christ-church, St. Peter, and St. James | 135 |
| St. Paul's | 115 | St. Paul's | 50 |
| PRESBYTERIANS. | | PRESBYTERIANS. | |
| First congregation | 45 | First congregation | 40 |
| Second | 49 | Second | 58 |
| Third | 50 | Third | 52 |
| Fourth | 63 | Fourth | 70 |
| Scotch | 14 | Scotch | 9 |
| GERMAN LUTHERANS. | | GERMAN LUTHERANS. | |
| Zion Church | 527 | Zion Church | 156 |
| St. John's | 147 | St. John's | 34 |
| German Reformed | 204 | German Reformed | 85 |
| ROMAN CATHOLICS. | | ROMAN CATHOLICS. | |
| St. Mary's | 278 | St. Mary's | 130 |
| Holy Trinity | 203 | Holy Trinity | 89 |
| St. Augustine's | 85 | St. Augustine's | 26 |
| METHODISTS. | | METHODISTS. | |
| St. George | 22 | St. George | 24 |
| Union - (no return) | | Union | 14 |
| — | | — | |
| First Baptist | 51 | Friends | 113 |
| Swedes | 83 | Free Quakers | 35 |
| Hebrews | 2 | Baptists | 43 |
| Moravians | 12 | Swedes | 80 |
| Universalists | | Universalists | 6 |
| AFRICANS. | | Hebrews | 3 |
| Episcopal Church | 56 | Moravians | 3 |
| Methodist do. | 82 | AFRICANS. | |
| | 2293 | Episcopal Church | 27 |
| | | Methodist do. | 27 |
| | | Public burying ground | 627 |
| | | | 1936 |

Baptisms more this year than the last - 20
Burials less this year than the last - - 233

## LETTER FROM SIR BENJAMIN WEST.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following is an extract of a letter from Sir Benjamin West on a subject interesting to the cause of science and humanity. It earnestly invites exertions on the part of those who delight to encourage the advancement of the arts, and the improvement of genius.

"*Newman-Street, Nov. 3d*, 1809.

"Philadelphia I cannot name without being interested in all, that has a connexion with that city: this, my good sir, alludes to a young gentleman now studying painting under my directions as a professor of that art, whose talents only want time to mature them to excellence; and I am apprehensive that his means of support are too slender to admit his stay at this seat of arts that length of time to effect what I could wish, as I understand it cannot be longer that the beginning of next summer. Could his friends unite in a way that would afford him the means of studying here another season, he would then secure the knowledge of his profession on that permanent basis, on which he would be able to build his future greatness in America—to his honour and the honour of the country.

"The young gentleman I alluded to is Mr. Sully. I find him every way worthy and promising. I could not refrain from thus giving you my sentiments when the success of Mr. Sully in his profession as a painter, is so much to be desired.

I have the honor to be,
My dear sir,
Your much obliged,
BENJAMIN WEST."

ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

### *THE RECLUSE.*

How sweetly glide the days of him who feels
The raptures soft that mutual love bestows!
For him each month is May; and every sun,
With smiling welcome, bids him rise
To brush the dews of morn, and heedless stray
Through tangled dells, or near the babbling brook,

That wildly wanders through the darkening trees.
There too, when Evening steals with silent tread,
When all is hushed the busy hum of men,
And nought disturbs the tranquil scene, save when
The distant watch-dog's faithful bark is heard—
With Love's light footsteps he repairs to meet
The modest maid whose virtues won his heart.
But not to me the sun, that smiles on all
Its kindly influence lends. No genial rays
Peep through my lattice windows to dispel
Such airy visions as oft flit around
The lover's pillow, who, to Fancy's freaks resigned,
Sees nought but halcyon days of bliss prepared
To crown the choice his youthful hopes have made.
To me no month is blooming May, but all
Is dark December's sullen, saddening gloom.
And me no morn of teeming Spring invites
With fragrant breath of violets, blushing rose,
And purple buds that scent the wanton breeze.
But faded verdure strews my lonely walk,
And bids me think of my own luckless fate.
When howling storms assail my humble cot
Despair assumes her reign, and my sad soul
Shrinks from the sickening view of scenes so drear
To seek relief in Sleep's oblivious aid.
But fairy visions visit not my couch,
No smiling promises of future joys
Salute my ear. I see no gentle hand
Outstretched to sooth the cares that fire my brain.
All, all is dark and comfortless: or if
Perchance a wandering dream should come, it speaks
Of black Despair, and all the ills that wait
On life, when cheated of its earliest hopes!

SEDLEY.

## THE NAUTILUS AND THE OYSTER; A FABLE,

ADDRESSED TO A SISTER.

Who that has on the salt sea been
The Nautilus has never seen
In gallant sailing trim,
His filmy fore-and-aft sail spread,
And o'er the billows shoot ahead
Impell'd by winds abeam?

The little bark's air-freighted hull,
Keen prow and bends amidship, full,
Display the mermaid's pow'rs;
For paint, the Sylphs their brushes steep
In rainbows glowing on the deep
Athwart retiring show'rs.

So pretty, and not vain, would be
More strange than strangest things we see:
Near Ceylon's spicy coast
As once the tiny wand'rer steer'd
His halcyon course, he thus was heard
To make his fooliah boast.

"What tenant of the sea or air
Can with the Nautilus compare,
In colours gay attir'd?
I've seen, nor visited in vain,
Most countries bord'ring on the main
And been in all admir'd.

Secure I brave the polar gale,
Beneath the line I trim my sail,
In either tropic found;
Where'er a ship may go I go,
Nor fear like her a treacherous foe—
The rock, the hidden ground.

The distant canvass I descry
Of commerce hanging in the sky
That bounds th' Atlantic wave.

I share, with hostile fleets who ride
Victorious on the subject tide,
The empire ocean gave.

Alas! how different is the lot
Of that poor Oyster thus forgot;
Unpitied and unknown:
Is it by chance or adverse fate,
Or cruel Nature's stepdame hate
He's here condemn'd to groan?

The splendors of the orb of day
Scarce visit with a twilight ray
The bed where low he lies,
And whence he never can remove:
To gayer scenes forbid to rove,
E'en here he lives and dies!

My claims, may well his envy raise
Establish'd on the gen'ral praise
Bestow'd where e'er I go."
He ceas'd—when, lo! amaz'd to hear,
This gentle answer to his ear
Came bub'ling from below!

"Your pity spare, my gaudy friend,
Your eloquence I might commend
Had truth conviction lent:
I neither fate nor nature blame,
An Oyster's looks produce no shame,
He lives upon content.

The pow'r to go where one may choose,
So much esteem'd, I would refuse:
No wish have I to rove.
And brilliant hues and glossy side
Serve but to nourish silly pride;
Yourself this truth will prove.

How falsely do they judge, who take
A fair exterior when they make
Their estimate of good.

Know, friend, I willingly conceal
A pearl within this russet shell
Whose form you think so rude.

The gem by monarchs may be worn,
'Twill Beauty's polish'd brow adorn;
Nor shall its lustre fade:
When Death has sunk, with cruel blow,
Thy evanescent brightness low
'Twill glitter undecay'd.*

My tale, dear Stella, feign'd may be;
Yet may the *Moral* found in thee
Convey instruction sweet;
Far from unmeaning Fashion's throng,
Through life's calm by-paths steal along
Thy cautious, steady feet.

No wish to change, contented thou
See'st others change. Thou seest how
The gay their rattles prize—
Their show and their fatiguing rules,
(Alike the idle toil of fools
And folly of the wise.)

Thy strong and contemplative mind
Had felt its early pow'rs refin'd
By all the lore of Truth:
Severely pois'd her equal scale,
Thou saw'st how little did avail
The fleeting charms of youth;

And giving to thy God thy heart
Has chosen *Mary's* better part.
In this shalt thou rejoice:
Long shall thy secret soul possess
That treasure which alone can bless—
The pearl of countless price.

## SARCASM.

At a rehearsal of Artaxerxes, the celebrated Mrs. Baddely, who sustained the principal female character, called out in a peremptory manner, '*Fellow, bring me my crook.*' Mr. Simonds immediately replied, 'Madam, *your fellow* is not here.'

A certain *auctioneer*, having become an *innkeeper*, and soon after being thrown into prison, the following paragraph respecting him appeared in the morning papers. Mr. ——, who lately left the *pulpit* for the *bar*, is now promoted to the *bench*.

One day lord Kelly, whose frequent sacrifices to Bacchus produced a rubicund nose that would have done honour to Bardolph himself, called on Mr. Foote at his villa at Fulham. Oh, Kelly, says the wag, I am very glad you are come; my peaches are very backward; do, for God's sake, hold your nose over them for two or three hours.

In May 1784, a bill intended to limit the privileges of franking, was sent from the parliament of Ireland for the royal approbation. In it was a clause enacting, that any member, who, from illness, or *other cause*, should be unable to write, might authorize another person to frank for him, provided that, on the back of the letter so franked, the member gave a certificate, under his hand, of his inability to write.

A hamper I received of wine,
As good, Dick says, as e'er was tasted:
And Dick may be supposed to know,
For he contrived the matter so
As every day with me to dine
Much longer than the liquor lasted.
If such are *presents*, while I live
O let me not *receive* but *give*.

A *quack* to Charon would his penny pay—
The grateful ferryman was heard to say,
'Return; *hell's friend*, and live for ages more
Or I must haul my useless boat ashore.'

## IRONY.

If a person ask a favour of you, tire him out with continual puts off and disappointments; torture him between hope and fear; keep him in suspense as long as possible, not letting him know what he has to trust

to. It is an old observation, that when Fortune is unkind it is a satisfaction to know how far she can be troublesome, and that a man is in some respect who knows the extent of his miseries. Keep these remarks in your mind and act directly opposite, and you will be sure to succeed.

—

There is an excellent way of putting off a tradesman, by a true man of fashion; drawl out your words indistinctly, and receive him lolling on your sopha or chair, picking your teeth and twirling your watch-chain. So, Mr. A——, you have brought your bill, I see; very well, I like punctuality; you may lay it on the table, Mr. A——; and, I say, Mr. A——, you may call on this day fortnight, and then I may probably inform you, Mr. A——, when you may call again.

—

Much is to be done by flattery, properly timed. Heap your civilities pile upon pile; write love verses on an old woman with one eye; a panegyric on the wonderful talents of an infant three months old; odes to a favourite lap-dog; stanzas to a canary bird, and elegiac quatrains on the death of a tom-cat.

Fall in raptures at the elegance of a punch-bowl, if you wish to have it filled; give a hint of the fine flavour of the wine you partook of at your last visit, if you wish to have another bottle; be amazingly eloquent on the elegant mode of arranging the table, if you wish to have an invitation next day to dinner. Banish that dowdy diffidence which, at best, can only make you agreeable to that tame spirited class of the community called persons of discretion.

—

A bashful man is seldom or ever his own master; he is fearful of making use of his own judgment, and is sure to be overawed by the boldness and impudence of others. Therefore, if you have any regard to your consequence in polite society, be careful to study the latter excellent qualifications.

If you happen to be a hackney clerk or an apprentice muster eight or ten of your fellows and burst into a coffee room. Talk nonsense vociferously, for common sense cannot be expected. Take the place by storm, crowd round the fire, tread on the heels of the waiters, overturn bottles and glasses, and dash into the first box you see, if you throw down a respectable old gentleman or two perusing the public papers, it will only be a new proof of your vigor, activity and alertness. Lastly, persist in your noise and nonsense till you have driven every sensible man from the room.

It is no less elegant than amusing for ladies, who have an idle hour or two on their hands to saunter through the streets, and toss and tumble a shopkeeper's goods over for two or three hours together, asking a thousand questions without purchasing a single article. They ought, however, to remember, when going away, to make an elegant courtesy, accompanied by Sir, I am very sorry that I have given you so much trouble. N. B. You cannot conceive how much tradesmen are pleased with these little attentions.

## VARIETY.

Un tesoro de contento, y una mina de passatiempos.—*Cervantes.*

The wittiest of the Stanhopes, with all the shrewdness of David Hume, and in the very spirit of Shaftesbury, without the pernicious infidelity of either, has clearly indicated the genuine mode of quelling the ebullitions of fanatic folly. The noble lord is addressing his correspondent in Ireland, and very sagaciously adverts to the absurdity of political *persecution*. *Ed.*

"The business of pamphleteering, I find, is not monopolized on this side of the channel; for I have lately read two or three angry papers, and one of them by Dr. Lucas. Surely your government will be wise enough not to take any notice of them. Punishment will make sectaries and scribblers considerable, when their own works would not; and if Lucas had not been persecuted under lord Harrington's government, I believe he would have been, long before this, only a good apothecary, instead of a scurvy politician. I remember at the latter end of queen Ann's reign, there was a great number of *fanatics*, who said they had the gift of prophecy. They used to assemble in *Moorfields* to exert that gift, and were attended by a vast number of idle and curious spectators. The then ministry, who loved a little persecution well enough, was, however, wise enough not to disturb these madmen, and only ordered one Powel, who was the master of a famous *puppet show*, to make *Punch* turn prophet, which he did so well, that it *instantly put an end to the prophets and their prophecies.*"

Lord Chesterfield, in a rare letter to one of his intimate friends, a letter not to be found in the *current* edition of his works, describes,

with his characteristical elegance, vivacity, and wit, some of the effects of a licentious public assembly.

"However disjointedly business may go on, pleasures, I can assure you, go roundly. To-morrow there is to be, at Ranelagh garden a masquerade in the Venetian manner. It is to begin at three o'clock in the afternoon; the several boxes are to be shops for toys, lemonade, ice creams, and other refreshments. The next day come the fireworks, at which hundreds of people will certainly lose their lives or their limbs, from the tumbling of scaffolds, the fall of rockets, and other accidents inseparable from such crowds. In order to repair this loss to society, there will be a subscription masquerade on the Monday following, which, upon calculation, it is thought will be the occasion of creating about the same number of people as were destroyat the fireworks."

The same nobleman, addressing a *gallant* envoy, who just left London for the Hague, displays his profound knowledge of the female heart, and his admirable adroitness in the management of a coquette.

"I happened to relate, very properly, the *agonies* I saw you in at leaving England, in company, where a *lady seemed to think that she was the cause of them.* She *inquired minutely* into the *degree* and *nature* of these *agonies;* spoke of them with tenderness and compassion, though she confessed a quarrel with you for three days before you went away, which had broken off all communication between you. To this I answered, that to part with her would have been sufficient cause for your grief; but to part with her offended and incensed more than justified that *deep despair* I observed in you. I obliged her at last to confess that *she wished she had seen you, the day before you went.*"

---

The ensuing stanzas, though addressed to *Amanda*, are of no foolish, fantastic, or lovesick character.

## HORACE IN LONDON.

### BOOK IV. ODE 10.

O crudelis adhuc, et Veneris muneribus potens.

### TO AMANDA.

Amanda, though now in youth's confident pride,
And blooming in beauty's array,
My vows, my predictions, my tears you deride,
And triumph in arrogant sway,

Yet ah! when thy gold-waving ringlets shall turn,
And fall in gray ruin around,
Nor longer thy cheek's rosy lustre shall burn,
But pale sickly wrinkles abound;

When rouge, paint and patches shall only attest
The flight of your primitive bloom,
And every glance at your glass shall suggest
The spinster's disconsolate doom,

You'll cry, as my vows your attention engage
Too late to avail of their truth,
O why has not youth the discretion of age,
Or age the attractions of youth.

---

Chesterfield, who was not very rigid in his morals, in a letter to his friend Dayrolles, thus judiciously expresses his opinions of the levity of the philosopher of Ferny:

"Your good authors are my chief resource, for at present we have very few of our own. Voltaire especially, old and decrepit as he may well be, for he is exactly of my age, delights me barring his impiety, with which he cannot forbear larding every thing he writes. It would be much wiser in him to suppress it, for, after all, no man ought to break through the order established. Let every one think as he pleases, or as he can; but let him keep his notions to himself, if they be of such a nature as to disturb the peace of society."

---

There is something exceedingly noble and chivalrous in the subsequent sentiments. They are not unworthy of the head and heart of a Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

"Perhaps it may be the opinion of a young man, but I think the old system of heroic attachment, with all its attendant notions of honour and spotlessness, was, in the end, calculated to promote the interests of the human race; for though it produced a temporary alienation of mind, perhaps bordering upon insanity, yet with the very extravagance of the sentiments there were interwoven certain imperious principles of virtue and generosity, which would probably remain after time had evaporated the heat of passion, and sobered the luxuriance of a romantic imagination. I think, therefore, a man of song is rendering the community a service, when he displays, in a pleasing light, the ardour of manly affection; but certainly we need no incentives to the irregular gratification of our appetites, and I should think it a proper punishment for the poet who holds forth the allurements of illicit pleasures in amiable and seductive colours, should his wife, his sis-

ter, or his child fall a victim to the licentiousness he has been instrumental in diffusing."

---

The ensuing exhortation to the study of the Greek and Roman classics is conveyed in the form of a very pleasing allegory, as remarkable for its splendour as it is memorable for its usefulness.

"It will not be amiss for you to saunter a few weeks on the site of Troy, or to lay out plans of ancient history on the debateable ground of the Peloponnesians and Athenians. There is one THUCYDIDES, who lives near, who will tell you all about the places you visit, and the great events connected with them. He is a sententious old fellow, very shrewd in his remarks, and speaks, moreover, very excellent Greek at your service. I know not whether you have met with any guide in the course of your travels, who can be compared to him. If you should make Rome in your way, either there or back, I should like to give you a letter of introduction to an old friend of mine, whose name is LIVY, who, as far as his memory extends, will amuse you with pretty stories and some true history. There is another honest fellow enough, to whom I dare not recommend you, he is so very crabbed and tart, and speaks so much in epigrams and enigmas, that I am afraid he would teach you to talk as unintelligibly as himself. I do not mean to give you any more advice; but I have one exhortation which I hope you will take in good part: it is this, that if you set out on this journey, you would please to proceed to *its end*; for I have been acquainted with some young men who have turned their faces towards Athens or Rome, and trudged on manfully for a few miles; but when they had travelled till they grew weary and worn out a good pair of shoes, have suddenly become disheartened and returned without any recompense for their pains."

---

A very recent and spritely letter-writer, blessed with genius but blasted by sickness, thus gayly alludes to one of his symptoms:

"I was glad to hear of the *eclat* with which Charlesworth disputed and came off on so difficult a subject as *the nerves*; and I beg him, if he have made any discoveries, to communicate them *to me*, who, being *persecuted by these same nerves*, should be glad to have some better acquaintance with my *invisible enemies*."

---

Voluptuousness is not the less dangerous for having some slight semblance of the veil of Modesty. On the contrary her fascinations are infinitely more powerful in this *retiring habit*, than when she *boldly protrudes* herself on the gazer's eye, and openly solicits his attention. The *broad* indecency of Wycherly and his contemporaries was not half so dangerous as this *insinuating* and *half-covered mock* delica-

cy, which makes use of the blush of Modesty, in order to heighten the charms of vice."

—

In an epistle to a juvenile student, a sensible correspondent thus wisely counsels his friend with the *intendes animum studiis et rebus honestis* of Horace.

"The little sketch of your past occupations and your present pursuits interested me. Cultivate, with all assiduity the taste for letters which you possess. It will be a source of exquisite gratification to you; and if directed as it ought to be, and I hope as it will be directéd, it will be more than gratification, if we understand pleasure alone by that word, since it will combine with it utility of the highest kind. If polite letters were merely instrumental in cheering the hours of elegant leisure, in affording refined and polished pleasures, uncontaminated with gross and sensual gratifications, they would still be valuable; but in a degree infinitely less than when they are considered as the handmaids of the virtues, the correctors as well as the adorners of society."

—

Ask what prevailing pleasing power
Allures the sportive wandering bee,
To roam entic'd from flower to flower—
I'll tell you—'tis *variety*.

Look Nature round, her features trace,
Her seasons, all her changes see;
And own, upon creation's face,
The greatest charm's variety.

For me, ye gracious powers above,
Still let me rove, unfix'd and free
In all things but the nymph I love,
I'll change and taste variety.

But, Delia, not a world of charms
Could e'er estrange my heart from thee;
No; let me ever fill thine arms,
There still I'll find variety.

—

During the mania, which raged for viewing a Newfoundland dog jump into the water at Drury-lane theatre, Mr. Dignum, the singer, who had a small character in the farce, the Caravan, in which the above pantomime trick was introduced, came up early in the evening to Mr. Sheridan who was standing behind the scenes, and told him he had something very serious to communicate to him. Mr. Sheridan

accordingly was very seriously attentive. Sir, said Mr. Dignum, I am sorry to inform you—What, my dear fellow?—that, feeling myself very hoarse, I am afraid I must be obliged to omit my song this evening. My dear sir, said Mr. Sheridan, shaking him by the hand you remove a world of anxiety from my mind; I really was afraid the *dog* was taken ill.

---

A LYNX-EYED critic of the old school has favoured us with the subsequent remark, which is as just as it is ingenious.

The conclusion of that pretty song *Tweedside* runs thus:

Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray,
Oh tell me at noon where they feed?
Shall I seek them *in* sweet winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

We should rather read *on* than *in*, that is, *on the banks* of the Tay, for the flock is imagined to be in the river. But what is more to be remarked, the alternation here is unnatural, the two rivers Tay and Tweed being at such a distance from each other that Mary's flock can never be supposed to feed sometimes near the one and sometimes near the other. The Tay is in Perthshire, scores of miles north of Tweed. Here is a striking instance of the rights of good sense and accuracy being sacrificed by an ingenious man too, for the sake of a rhyme.

---

LORD CHESTERFIELD in familiarly addressing one of his correspondents, immediately after the demise of the brilliant Bolingbroke, thus paints a few features of his original character. This sketch may be considered as an excellent companion piece to the full length which may be found in the possession of Eugenia Stanhope.

"Are you not shocked at the dreadful death of our friend Bolingbroke. The remedy has hastened his death, against which there was no remedy, for his cancer was not topical, but universal; and had so infected the whole mass of his blood, as to be incurable. What I most lament is, that the medicines put him to exquisite pain; an evil I dread much more than death both for my friends and myself. I lose a warm, an amiable and instructive friend. I saw him a fortnight before his death, when he depended upon a cure, and so did I; and he desired I would not come any more till he was quite well, which he expected would be in ten or twelve days. The next day the great pains came on, and never left him till within two days of his death, during which he lay insensible. What a man! what extensive knowledge! what memory! what eloquence! His passions, which were strong, were injurious to

the delicacy of his sentiments; they were apt to be confounded together, and often wilfully. The world will do him more justice now than in his lifetime.

---

Sonnet writing in England has undergone a surprising change. It was once supposed that the genius of the language was hostile to this species of composition, and some of the efforts of the early poets scarcely contradicted this hypothesis. But, at the present era, we are not surprised to read a sonnet perfectly elegant and legitimate, like the following:

Give me a cottage on some Cambrian wild,
Where, far from cities, I may spend my days,
And, by the beauties of the scene beguil'd,
May pity man's pursuits and shun his ways.
While on the rock I mark the browsing goat
List to the mountain torrents' distant noise,
Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note,
I shall not want the world's delusive joys.
But with my little scrip, my book, my lyre,
Shall think my lot complete, nor covet more.
And when with Time shall want the vital fire,
I'll raise my pillow on the desert shore,
And lay me down to rest, where the wild wave
Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely grave.

---

The wanderer of the Alps, however discontented with his native rocks in his youth, always hies to them with glee at a maturer age. Let us mark how a poet describes this sort of patriotism.

*THE SAVOYARD'S RETURN.*

Oh! yonder is the well known spot,
My dear, my long lost native home!
Oh welcome is yon little cot,
Where I shall rest, no more to roam.
Oh! I have travell'd far and wide,
O'er many a distant, foreign land,
Each place, each province, I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband.
But all their charms could not prevail
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

Of distant climes, the false report
It lur'd me from my native land,
It bade me rove, my sole support
My cymbals, and my saraband.
The woody dell, the hanging rock,
The chamois, skipping o'er the heights,
The plain, adorn'd with many a flock,
And oh a thousand more delights,
That grace yon dear beloved retreat,
Have backward won my weary feet.

Now safe return'd, with wandering tired,
No more my little home I'll leave;
And many a tale of what I've seen,
Shall while away the winter's eve.
Oh I have wandered far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land,
Each place, each province I have tried;
And sung, and danced my saraband;
But all their charms could not prevail
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

---

For pastoral songs we have not the most profound admiration, and when *Colin* sings to *Phœbe* have but little desire to join the concert. The following, written by a boy, may possibly escape the rigid critic's animadversion.

"Let pass, quoth Marmion, by my fay."

Come, Anna, come, the morning dawns,
Faint streaks of radiance tinge the skies,
Come, let us seek the dewy lawns,
And watch the early lark arise;
While Nature clad in vesture gay,
Hails the lov'd return of day.

Our flocks that nip the scanty blade,
Upon the moor, shall seek the vale;
And then secure beneath the shade,
Will listen to the throstle's tale;
And watch the silver clouds above,
As on the azure vault they rove.

Come, Anna, come and bring thy lute,
That with its tones so softly sweet,
In cadence with my mellow flute,
We may beguile the noontide heat;
While near the mellow bee shall join,
To raise a harmony divine.

And then at eve, when Silence reigns,
Except when heard the beetle's hum,
We'll leave the sober tinted plains,
To these sweet heights again to come.
And thou to thy soft lute shalt play
A solemn vesper to departing day.

---

Though the thought in the subsequent stanzas is exceedingly trite, yet the expression is remarkably beautiful.

SONNET TO APRIL.

Emblem of life! see changeful April sail
In varying vest along the shadowy skies,
Now bidding Summer's softest zephyrs rise,
Anon, recalling Winter's stormy gale,
And pouring from the cloud her sudden hail;
Then, smiling through the tear, that dims her eyes,
While Iris with her braid the welkin dyes
Promise of sunshine, not so prone to fail;
So, to us sojourners in life's low vale
The smiles of Fortune flatter to deceive,
While still the Fates the web of misery weave,
So Hope exulting spreads her airy sail,
And, from the present gloom, the soul conveys,
To distant summers and far happier days.

---

In the ensuing narrative, extracted from the writings of a traveller of unquestionable veracity, the reader will discover new proofs of the marvellous character of man. Perhaps every country furnishes some whimsical example of similar absurdity; but we do not instantly remember a parallel to the *barley* of a provincial town, and the durable resentment of the populace. Were this story published at the *Minerva Press*, every reader would suppose himself engaged in the perusal of an adventure, as purely fictitious as any romance, which has figured in the annals of *il*-legitimate history. Ed.

"To the east of Paris, Lagny may be said to be famous for a mortal pun. The monks and inhabitants being in a state of sedition, the lord of Logres was ordered to reduce them in 1544. The people of Lagny defended themselves with fury, and punning on the name of Lorges, which in French signifies *barley*, threw sacks of that grain from the walls as food for him and his troops. This insult so enraged the besiegers, that the town being taken by storm, all the men were put to the sword, and the women abandoned to the brutality of the soldiers, which, however, soon repaired the defect of inhabitants. But the memory of this genealogy is far from being agreeable, and any allusion to it kindles deadly wrath among the descendants. If any thoughtless or uninformed stranger were simply to say, What is the price of *barley?* the consequences would be terrible. He would be instantly seized and scarcely escape drowning in a fountain which is in the middle of the town. In 1766, the niece of a curate in the environs, at the instigation of some malicious person, asked the fatal question, and with the utmost difficulty, and the greatest exertions of the curate of the place, escaped from the frantic populace. Another adventure shall be related in the words of the sufferer.

Passing through Lagny in October 1779, when I was very young, I asked in pure pleasantry and thinking the story fabulous, "What is the price of barley?" I was immediately attacked by several women, who attempted to seize the bridle of my horse, and was obliged to set off at full gallop. But the cries of *barley*, *barley*, excited the shopkeepers to throw chairs, brooms, and other machinery to stop me, or to trip the feet of my horse. At length a miller dismounted me so quickly that I had barely time to save myself in the inn, called *The Bear*, which was luckily near at hand. I was pursued by boatmen, millers, and porters, who forced the door of the chamber, seized my knife, and were proceeding to execution; but the publican rushing to my assistance, I escaped by a side door into a neighbouring house. When night approached, crowds returned from the vintage, and forced the gates of the inn, examining cellars, garrets, beds, presses, and chimneys; some even entered the house where I was, but did not find my chamber. On looking through the window, I do believe there were fifteen hundred persons, men and women, and some of a superior sort. When they were dispersed by the darkness, thirty remained to keep guard. Suspicious circumstances forced me to seek another house in the night; but seeing the mob continue all the following day, I sent for a merchant, who lent me clothes to disguise myself, and I withdrew on foot to Crecy. The fury and inhumanity of the populace, their oaths and abuse can scarcely be conceived; and

such had been my fear that I was long confined with a dangerous disorder.

To check this infatuation, decrees of the police have been issued at different times, and registered in the parliament of Paris 1786, declaring a fine of thirty livres against any person who shall at Lagny ask, What is the price of barley? and the same fine against any persons of Lagny who shall use violence on account of this fatal question. And now whenever barley is sold there, the seller must merely open the sack, and the price is concluded without mention of the grain.

---

Grosbois, the sometime chateau of Gen. Moreau, is five leagues from Paris, on the south-east. It is a stately house, with noble avenues, situated in a large wood, whence the name; and the gardens are spacious and agreeable. This was the first retreat of Barras, when Bonaparte seized the reins of power, but he afterwards retired to Brussels.

---

At Charenton is a religious house, which at length became a refuge of the insane, to which use it is still dedicated. The infamous author of the romance of *Justine*, was here detained by order of government, during the monarchy. The savage cruelty, the diabolical depravity, the perverted reasoning, in a word, the insanity of Vice, displayed in that production, the very disgrace of human nature and of the faculties of man, most justly entitled the author to this residence. Other books of the same erotic description, though dangerous to youth, are most innocent incitements to fulfil the strongest command of nature, when compared with this detestable rhapsody, in which love itself, whic htends to impart happiness and diminish egotism, is converted into an engine against the chief bond of society, and a mean of such selfish and cruel gratification as madness alone could conceive. The count de Sade, the author, remained in confinement at Charenton, till the revolution, when the madmen without attacked those who were within. The madhouse being taken by storm, the count de Sade appeared, declaimed against the government, (his *praise* would have been an indelible stain) and sounded some periods of that eloquence which makes Virtue tremble, and puts Reason to flight. He was delivered; and by way of miracle, the earth did not open to swallow him. But as soon as a firm government appeared he was again lodged *among the insane*, at Bicetre, where he remains.

---

There is a beautiful recent map of the environs of Paris, in twelve sheets; but the pocket map by Picquet, will be found sufficient for the

use of the traveller, and it is to be regretted that, having been published during the reign of Jacobinism, the names are altered; thus, Mont Matre is, forsooth, Mont Marat, St. Denis is Franciade, Montmorency Enguien, St. Germain is the Montagne de Bon Air, &c. But the first sheet of the great map of France, by Cassini, may still be regarded as the most useful and convenient delineation of the environs of Paris.

The following sentiments occur in one of the letters of Henry Kirk White, a young man of very splendid talents, who was himself seated sufficiently long at an attorney's desk to obtain something more than a bird's eye view of the profession. The general reader, whether he has the honour to belong to the bar or not, will readily subscribe to the good sense and accuracy of discrimination which Mr. White displays.

I think the noise of ——, the overbearing petulance of ——, and the invincible assurance of ——, will readily yield to that pure, chaste, yet manly eloquence which you so nobly cultivate. It seems to me, who am certainly no competent judge, that there is a uniform mode, or art of pleading in our courts, which is in itself faulty, and is moreover, a bar to the higher excellencies. You know, before a barrister begins, in what manner he will treat the subject; you anticipate his positiveness, his complete confidence in the stability of his case, his contempt of his opponent, his voluble exaggeration, and the vehemence of his indignation. All these are of course. It is no matter what sort of a face the business assume. If Mr. —— be all impetuosity, astonishment, and indignation on one side, we know he would have not been a whit less impetuous, less astonished, or less indignant on the other, had he happened to have been retained. It is true, this assurance of success, this contempt of an opponent, and dictatorial decision in speaking are calculated to have effect upon the minds of a jury; and, if it be the business of a counsel to obtain his ends by any means, he is right to adopt them; but the misfortune is all these things are mechanical, and as much in the power of the opposite counsel as in your own; so that it is not so much who *argues best*, as who speaks last, loudest, and longest.

True eloquence, on the other hand, is confident only when there is real ground for confidence; trusts more to reason and facts than to imposing declamation, and seeks rather to convince than to dazzle. The obstreperous rant of a pleader may, for a while, intimidate a jury; but plain manly argument, delivered in a candid and ingenuous manner, would gain the confidence of a jury, and would find the avenue of their hearts much more open than a man of more assurance, who, by too much confidence where there is much doubt, and too much vehemence where there is greater need of coolness, puts his hearers continually in mind that he is pleading for hire. There seems to me to

much beauty in truth, that I could wish our barristers would make a distinction between cases, in their opinion, well or ill founded; embarking their whole heart and soul in the one, and contenting themselves with a perspicuous and forcible statement of their client's case in the other.

—

The mind of youth, however deeply it may feel for a while, eventually rises up from dejection, and regains its wonted elasticity. That vigour by which the spirit recovers itself from the depth of useless regret and enters upon new prospects with its accustomed ardour, is only subdued by time.

—

To the learned and accomplished, the good and grave Dr. HORNE, late lord bishop of Norwich, the friend of Dr. JOHNSON, and the triumphant champion of the christian faith, we are indebted for many of the following remarks and apophthegms, which combine in glorious union the force of reason and the brightness of fancy.

By the writers of dialogues, matters are often contrived, as in the combats of the emperor Commodus, in his gladiatorial capacity. The antagonist of his imperial majesty was allowed only a *leaden* weapon.

—

The Biographia Britannica is a work, which, notwithstanding its singular merit, I cannot help calling vindicatio Britannica, or a defence of *every body*.

—

Valerius used to say he learned more from *borrowed* books than from his own, because not having the same opportunity of receiving them, he read them with more care.

—

To read while eating was always my fancy says ROUSSEAU, in default of a tête a tête. 'Tis the supplement of society I want. I alternately devour a page and a piece: 'tis as if my book had dined with me.

—

Sir Peter Lely made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience, that whenever he did so, his pencil took a tint from it. Apply this to bad books and bad company.

Bossuet, before he sat down to compose a sermon, read a chapter in the prophet Isaiah, and another in Rodriguez's tract on Christian Perfection. The former fired his genius, the latter filled his heart. Dominichinor never offered to touch his pencil, till he found a kind of enthusiasm, or inspiration upon him.

The fiery trials of adversity have the same kindly effects on a christian mind, which Virgil ascribes to burning land. They purge away the bad properties, and remove obstructions to the operations of Heaven.

——————Sive illis omne per ignem
Excoquitur vitium, atque exsudat inutilis humor:
Seu plures calor ille vias et cæca relaxat
Spiramenta novas veniat qua succus in herbas.
Geo. I. 87.

—

An Abbé, remarkable for his parsimony, happened to be in a company where a charitable subscription was going round. The plate was brought to him, and he contributed his louis d'or. The collector not observing it, came to him the second time. I *have put in*, said he. If you say so, I will believe you, returned the collector, though I did not see it: I did see it, cried old Fontenelle, who was present, *but did not believe it.*

—

Every man has a certain manner and character in writing and speaking, which he spoils and loses by a too close and servile imitation of another, as bishop Felton, an imitator of bishop Andrews, observed. I had almost marred my own natural trot, by endeavouring to imitate his artificial amble.

—

Depth of sentiment, illustrated by a bright imagination, is like the sea when the sun shines upon it, and turns it into an ocean of light.

—

Places in the temple of Fame are a tenure, against which, of all others, *quo warrantos* are sure to be issued.

—

Metaphysical speculations are lofty, but frigid; as Lunardi after ascending to an immense height in the atmosphere, came down covered with icicles.

—

The busy man, say the Turks, is troubled with one devil, but the idle man is tormented with a thousand.

—

Idleness is the most painful situation of the mind, as *standing still*, according to Galen, is of the body. The irksomeness of being idle is humourously put off by Voltaire's old woman, in *Candide*, who puts it to the philosopher, which is worst; to experience all the miseries

through which every one of us have passed, or, to *remain here doing nothing*.

—

The most sluggish of all creatures, called the *sloth*, is also the most horrible for its ugliness: to show the deformity of idleness, and, if possible, to frighten us from it.

—

In the mind as well as the body, natural and politic stagnation is followed by putrefaction. A want of proper motion does not breed rest and stability, but a motion of another kind; a motion unseen and intestine, which does not preserve but destroy.

—

The mind that has been subject to the fires of wantonness, becomes, like wood burnt to charcoal, apt upon every occasion to kindle and burn again.

—

Some persons who have a great deal of sharp and pungent satire in their tempers, do not discover it unless they are highly provoked; as in the evaporation of human blood, by a gentle fire, the salt will not rise.

—

It was the saying of a great general, that there should be some time between a soldier's dismission and his death; and it has been observed of the most furious polemical writers, as Bellarmine and others, that they have spent the latter part of their lives in pious meditation. Thus huntsmen tell us that a fox, when escaped from the dogs, after a hard chase, always walks himself cool before he earths himself.

—

When the institute presented its congratulations to Bonaparte, the emperor, on that occasion, conversed freely on history and historians. He said he did not admire ecclesiastical writers of history, who were apt to give distorted hues, and perhaps to rail against incontinency, when they had arisen from the sides of other men's wives; but observing Caprara and another cardinal within hearing, he said with a smile, I did not know that you were so nigh. He added that he preferred Machiavel to Tacitus, because the latter did not explain the motives and causes of events; but let us remark, that it is the art of the great historian to present such previous combinations and concomitants, that the attentive reader will generally discover the motives and causes although there be no formal explication.

—

A sensible Englishman somewhere remarks, that nations, like individuals, are often instigated and controlled by good or bad passions and habits acquired in their early years, and which the voice of rea-

son and experience is generally ineffectual to overcome. Our American brethren, he continues, had been long educated and prepared for their happy situation, under a free government, but which being at a distance, was so little felt that they may be said to have been accustomed to live without government. The French, on the contrary, had been habituated to a severe and vigilant government, perhaps necessary to control their quick sensations, ardent passions and a disposition naturally unquiet, turbulent, and enterprising. Hence it is inferred, that the government of an emperor is better calculated for the felicity of Frenchmen than a government of the people, or a government of consuls.

## EPIGRAMS.

*The Irish antiquarian, or queen Ann's farthing.*

" For guineas full four hundred fold,
A *single* farthing has been sold."
" Oh, bless the queen," cries Pat O Blarney,
Imported fresh from sweet Killarney,
" How snug were honest Teddy's lot,
Had he a *bushel* of them got."

---

Hardly the gods have dealt with man,
However short the life they gave;
For many a wo has mark'd the span,
And cold's the comfort of the grave.

When ask'd what lot for man is best,
Silenus sagely made reply,
Not to be born, was the most blest,
The next was, soon as born to die.

---

Here, ladies all your favours shower,
Your favours none can merit more,
Other ungrateful souls, pox on 'em;
Forget a favour really done 'em;
But grateful Damon, tis believ'd,
Remembers those he ne'er receiv'd.

## MORTUARY.

It is with deep regret that a friend and fellow student of Dr. Richard Brown has seen his death at Chilicothe announced in the public papers. This gentleman was the second son of the late respectable and distinguished Dr. Brown of Alexandria, but the merits of the son are the source of the pain now felt at his early fall. He was indeed extraordinarily endowed by nature and by art. To the first he was indebted for the fire and beauty of poetry, which he conspicuously possessed, for a solid understanding, and strong correct judgment, for a just and generous heart, with all those manly and honourable dispositions, which constitute the worth and excellence of character. To the latter he owed a finished education, which rendered him the accomplished scholar, and perhaps, he composed in the dead languages, with an ease and elegance, not excelled. He was well versed in subjects of general literature, perfectly well read at his age, and possessing a discriminating mind. Thus stored, he failed not to prove a most valuable companion and with the few he was accustomed to, and beyond the influence of an unfortunate diffidence and awkwardness, which he could not subdue, when in the presence of many, though not a stranger amongst them, it was remarked by his associates, that he scarce ever uttered an observation, not worthy to be remembered, or in some way marked with good sense originality or wit. In his profession, though but a youth, his attainments were uncommon, and when in Philadelphia attending lectures at the university, he published a thesis, as an exercise, on the applicability of physiognomy to the practice of Physic. This treatise was approved by the best judges, and in style is sensible judicious and brilliant. To those who delight to contrast compose and select resemblances in the human character, it will not be uninteresting, if the writer does not grossly err, to add, that he possessed very many points in common with the celebrated Dr. Goldsmith. In his beauties and in his defects too, the likeness was always striking.

The price of The Port Folio is six dollars per annum.

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*Copy of the Medal presented by Congress to Commodore Preble.*

# THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.
COWPER.

Vol. III. MAY, 1810. No. 5.


BIOGRAPHY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## LIFE OF COMMODORE EDWARD PREBLE.

COMMODORE EDWARD PREBLE was born August 15, 1761, in that part of Falmouth in Casco bay which is now Portland in the state of Massachusetts. His father was the honourable Jedidiah Preble, who was a brigadier-general under the government of the Massachusetts bay; and after the revolutionary war began, a member of the council and senate. He died in the year 1783, aged 77.

Edward Preble from early childhood discovered a strong disposition for hazards and adventures, and a firm, resolute, and persevering temper. Possessing an athletic and active frame, he delighted in exertion, and particularly in sporting with a gun, in which he displayed superior skill. His constitution, naturally robust, was corroborated by this athletic exercise.*

* The Editor anxiously hopes that the candid and accomplished scholar, and the generous and partial friend, who has so admirably acquitted himself in recording the exploits of the gallant Preble, will forgive a brother for the exercise of a brother's privilege. With all the diffidence of virgin modesty, we have ventured, in the present instance, under the sanction of a liberal permission, to vary our author's phrase. The Biographer is not ignorant of the Editor's partiality to the Roman idiom; and, for the choice of one word, we

His father, with a view to a college education and liberal profession for his son Edward, placed him, at a suitable age, at Dummer academy, Newbury, then under the care of the late Mr. Samuel Moody, a celebrated teacher. Here he was employed in Latin and other studies, and though the bias of his nature to action and enterprise proved an overmatch for the attractions of literature and sedentary occupation, his time at school yielded valuable fruit. The correctness and propriety of expression in his letters and orders, the quality and cast of his conversation, and the general resources of his mind showed him indebted to early culture as well as to the opportunities he enjoyed from much intercourse with the world and his standing in society. He doubtless with others experienced the benefit of having a preceptor who made it his care and gratification to discover and fan the spark of honourable ambition in the minds of his pupils. He was particularly attentive to their characteristic individual traits; and fond of viewing them on the most favourable and indulgent side. He was struck with the marks of a fearless invincible spirit in Preble; and though aware of its disadvantages and hazards to its possessor, was disposed in this instance, accompanied as it was with ingenuous feelings and a disdain of all baseness, to regard it as a prognostic of good. A single anecdote in illustration we venture to record, trusting that none of our readers, young or old, will receive it in ill part, or think it capable of any evil use. The good preceptor, with a dear love for his pupils, was liable sometimes to gusts of passion, portentous in appearance, though commonly harmless in effect. On one occasion, our hero in an encounter with a schoolfellow, had given a blow, which covered his face with blood. On the boy presenting himself in this

appeal to the good taste of Mr. HUME, who, by the by, was rather more addicted to the use of the Gallic, than of the Latin construction. In the initial chapter of his History of England, the first and fairest of his productions, when describing the despotism of the druids over the consciences of the abject populace, he concludes the paragraph in the following manner: "Thus the bands of government, which were naturally loose among a rude and turbulent people, were happily *corroborated* by the terrors of Superstition." Moreover; the word occurs repeatedly in the Ramblers; and who will dare to deny the authority of doctor JOHNSON?

plight in school, and announcing Preble as the author of his misfortune, the master's ire was raised to a tempest—seizing the fire-shovel, he sprung towards the offender, and aimed a blow at his head; which, however, he took care should just escape on one side of his mark and fall on the desk. He repeated the motion, bringing down his deadly weapon on the other side with the utmost violence. The boy never changed his attitude or countenance, sitting perfectly erect and looking calmly at the assailant. The latter, from being pale and quivering with rage became instantly composed, and turning away exclaimed "that fellow will make a general." Against the wishes and hopes of his father Edward persisted in that predilection for the sea which he had always shown; and leaving school after two or three years, he entered on board a ship. His first voyage was to Europe in a letter of marque, captain Frend. On their return, they had a severe time on the coast through head winds and extreme cold. The young sailor was conspicuous for his activity and usefulness in this trying exigence.

About the year 1779 he became midshipman in the state ship Protector, 26 guns, commanded by that brave officer, John Forster Williams, who has always spoken with emphasis of the courage and good conduct of Mr. Preble, while in his ship.

On the first cruise of the Protector, she engaged off Newfoundland, the letter of marque Admiral Duff of 36 guns. It was a short but hard fought action. The vessels were constantly very near and much of the time along side, so that balls were thrown from one to the other by hand. The Duff struck, but taking fire about the same time, she in a few minutes blew up. Between thirty and forty of her people were saved and taken on board the Protector, where a malignant fever soon spread and carried off two thirds of captain Williams's crew. He returned to an eastern port, and landing his prisoners and recruiting his men sailed on a second cruise. Falling in with a British sloop of war and frigate, the Protector was captured. The principal officers were taken to England, but Preble, by the interest of a friend of his father, colonel William Tyng, obtained his release at New-York and returned to his friends.

He then entered as first lieutenant on board the sloop of war Winthrop, captain George Little, who had been captain Williams's second in command in the Protector, had scaled the walls of his pri-

son at Plymouth, and with one other person escaping in a wherry to France, took passage thence to Boston.

One of Mr. Preble's exploits, while in this station, has been often mentioned as an instance of daring courage and cool intrepidity not less than of good fortune. He boarded and cut out an English armed brig of superior force to the Winthrop lying in Penobscot harbour under circumstances which justly gave the action great eclat. Little had taken the brig's tender, from whom he gained such information of the situation of the brig, as made him resolve to attempt seizing on her by surprise. He run her along side in the night, having prepared forty men to jump into her dressed in white frocks, to enable them to distinguish friend from foe. Coming close upon her he was hailed by the enemy, who, as was said, supposed the Winthrop must be her tender, and who cried out, "you will run aboard" —He answered, "I am coming aboard," and immediately Preble with fourteen men sprung into the brig. The motion of the vessel was so rapid that the rest of the forty destined for boarding missed their opportunity. Little called to his lieutenant "will you not have more men?" "No," he answered with great presence of mind and a loud voice, "we have more than we want; we stand in each other's way." Those of the enemy's crew who were on deck chiefly leaped over the side, and others below from the cabin window and swam to the shore, which was within pistol shot. Preble instantly entering the cabin found the officers in bed or just rising: he assured them they were his prisoners and that resistance was vain, and if attempted, would be fatal to them. Believing they were surprised and mastered by superior numbers they forbore any attempt to rescue the vessel and submitted. The troops of the enemy marched down to the shore, and commenced a brisk firing with muskets, and the battery opened a cannonade, which, however, was too high to take effect. In the mean time the captors beat their prize out of the harbour, exposed for a considerable space to volleys of musketry, and took her in triumph to Boston.

Lieutenant Preble continued in the Winthrop till the peace of 1783. This vessel is acknowledged to have rendered eminent service by protecting our trade near our shores, and picking up a great number of the small privateers which issued from the British ports to the eastward.

From this period the flag of our nation began to be displayed in every sea, and her ships to visit every mart in both hemispheres. Mr. Preble was a ship master in successive voyages, to various places, near and distant.

In the year 1798, the accumulated injuries and insults of the rulers of France awakened a spirit of resistance in the people and government of this country. The president uttered a loud call for a navy and obtained a hearing. That class of our statesmen and citizens, who had always thought a maritime force an indispensable instrument both of defence and negociation, and who had often before pleaded for it in vain, embraced the occasion to begin the good work. In this and the following year, fifteen frigates, and about twelve other vessels of war were built and commissioned. It was fortunate for the prosperity and usefulness of this infant establishment that many of the naval heroes of the revolution, who had been accustomed to maritime warfare, were of an age to be employed in the service, and acknowledged the claim of their country to the benefit of their experience.

Of the five first lieutenants first appointed Mr. Preble was one. In the fall and winter of 1798-9 he made two cruises as commandant of the brig Pickering. The next year, 1799, he received a captain's commission, and the command of the frigate Essex of 36 guns. January 1800, he made a voyage in her to Batavia, whither he was sent with captain James Sever in the Congress to convoy our homeward bound trade from India and the East.

The day after leaving port, a snow storm came on, and they parted from the three vessels under convoy out. On the 12th, in a heavy gale, he lost sight of the Congress. She unfortunately was dismasted and obliged to put back. The Essex pursued the voyage alone, after waiting a suitable time at the Cape of Good Hope to see if the Congress would come up, she sailed for Batavia. Before and after arriving at Batavia, captain Preble made two cruises of a fortnight each in the streights of Sunda. In June he took under convoy home fourteen sail of American merchantmen, valued at several millions of dollars. He was separated from them in a tremendous gale off the bank of Lagullos—but most of them rejoined him afterwards at St. Helena, and were protected till they were considered out of danger. He met few cruisers of the enemy. He gave keen

chase to a French corvette from the Isle of France, which he would have overtaken, but the wind dying away, she escaped by means of her sweeps. He arrived at New-York near the end of the year. He had been sick on the voyage, and failed in health exceedingly afterwards. Being appointed to the Adams for the Mediterranean, he was too feeble to take command and was obliged to resign her to captain Campbell.

In the year 1803 he was sufficiently recovered to enter again upon duty. At this time he commenced a career in which he acquired great honour; and exalted the character and evinced the importance of our infant navy.

In May of that year he was appointed to the command of the frigate Constitution, then lying in Boston, which he was instructed to get ready for sea. In June he received orders to take charge of the squadron destined to act in the Mediterranean, as soon as it should be prepared; consisting of seven sail, viz. The Constitution, 44 guns; Philadelphia, 44, already on the station; Argus, 18; Siren, 16; Nautilus, 16; Vixen, 16; Enterprise 14. This force was committed to his direction for the purpose of protecting effectually the commerce and seamen of the United States against the Tripolitan cruisers on the Atlantic ocean, the Miditerranean, and adjoining seas.

The president is his message to congress, October 3, of this year, says "The small vessels authorised by congress with a view to the Mediterranean service have been sent into that sea, and will be able more effectually to confine the Tripoline cruisers within their harbours and supersede the necessity of convoy to our navigation in that quarter. They will sensibly lessen the expenses of the service the ensuing year." It would seem that the views of the administration respecting this armament were limited to a constant blockade before Tripoli, as a substitute for convoys to our merchantmen. The commodore, however, hoped to give the bashaw other reasons for desiring peace with the United States besides those he would find in the obstruction of his harbour, by carrying the war into his palace and the streets and houses of his capital.

The secretary of the navy, in announcing to captain Preble his appointment, observes, "Reposing in your skill, judgment, and bravery, the highest degree of confidence, the president has determined to commit the command of this squadron to your direction.

To a gentleman of your activity and zeal for the public service, to command your most strenuous exertions, I need only inform you that your country requires them."

Commodore Preble accepted this trust with unfeigned pleasure. By a judicious and spirited exertion of this force, small as it was, and apparently insufficient for any brilliant exploit in such a warfare, he hoped not only to effect the immediate object of his command, but to secure public favour to our military marine, and to earn laurels for himself and his associates. He made welcome the chance given him of adding to the proof already existing that if love of money and commercial enterprise, are thought to be the only strong traits in the American character, it is because our local situation and the nature of our policy deny us the means of earning glory. "I am fully aware," says he in his answer, "of the great trust and high responsibility connected with this appointment. The honour of the American flag is very dear to me, and I hope it will never be tarnished under my command." He felt responsible to his immediate superiors. He also felt responsible to his own high sense of reputation as a commander, to the advocates of our naval establishment, and to his partial friends, who were anxious he should be tried in some "enterprise of pith and moment." He considered that he was to do well and more than well; more than would ordinarily be expected, to distinguish himself and his companions, if the field should be opened, by gallant adventure and bright achievement. Such an issue of his command, he imagined, would interest national pride as well as policy in the maintenance and patronage of a maritime force. It would help the cause of those patriots who wished our nation in our disputes, not only with the African governments, but others, to unite with all possible moderation in councils and discussions, a readiness to use our resources with energy where they could be used with effect. It is no more than justice to commodore Preble, in giving a sketch of his life and character, to say that these were his sentiments and feelings on this occasion.

At this time, our situation with respect to Morocco and Tunis, was critical, and in respect to Tripoli had been hostile for more than two years. The American administration had proposed to adopt the same policy towards these powers as that submitted to by most of the governments of Europe; that is, to give them presents, or

annuities, in conformity to their prejudices and habits, but to make an occasional display of force in their seas, with a view to keep down their demands and expectations. The former part of the system, however, had been practised upon at least till after the year 1798 without the aid of the latter. The opposition in congress to the building of vessels of war till that period, withheld from the government the means of employing force to lessen the amount or secure the effect of presents.

Great sums had been paid in specie and articles of war, especially to Algiers. The new bashaw of Tripoli, who had deposed his elder brother, wishing to gratify his subjects—thinking to sell his friendship to us at a high rate, and perhaps expecting the co-operation of one or more of the African governments, sent out his cruisers against our trade. The United States squadrons, first under commodore Dale, and next under commodore Morris, had furnished protection to our commerce and seamen by convoys; and had annoyed Tripoli by blockading her principal cruiser in Gibraltar, and by attacking and dismantling another. Still the bashaw had not received such an impression of our ability and determination to make the war distressing to him, as to be inclined, on admissible terms, to discontinue his piracies. "Specks of war," and symptoms of insolence in the other Barbary States rendered it important they should have a stronger conviction of the inconvenience and danger of refusing to be at peace with the United States. The commanders before Mr. Preble, had urged the necessity of an increase of our force in those seas, and, if Tripoli was to be blockaded with effect, had recommended that a larger proportion of the squadron should be small vessels, who might easily relieve each other. The last suggestion, not the former, appears to have been regarded by the government in the armament entrusted to our officer.

Although impatient to reach the scene of operation, he was not ready to sail with the Constitution till the 13th of August. The wages in the merchant service being higher than those to public ships, it was found difficult to get her manned at all and still more with native American sailors.

On his passage to Gibraltar, he brought to and visited, 7th September, the frigate Maimona, 30 guns and 150 men, belonging to

the emperor of Morocco. After three several examinations of her papers, which were fair, he dismissed her, though he afterwards believed she was authorised to capture Americans. He arrived at Gibraltar 12th September, and immediately found work to fill his hand in the position of our affairs with Morocco. Captain Bainbridge had, on the 26th August, captured the Moorish ship Mirboka of 22 guns and 100 men. This ship had sailed from Tangier August 7th. Among her papers was an order to cruise for Americans. It was not signed, but declared by the captain to have been delivered to him sealed, with a direction to open it at sea, by Hashash, governor of Tangier. She had taken the American brig Celia, captain Bowen, which was then in company, and which captain Bainbridge retook and restored to the owner. The last of May captain Rogers had detained the Mishouda, a Tripolitan vessel under Morocco colours. She had a passport from the American consul, with a reserve for blockaded ports. She was taken attempting to go into Tripoli, which captain Rogers, in the John Adams, was known to be blockading. On board her were guns and other contraband articles not in her when she received her passport at Gibraltar; also 20 Tripoline subjects taken in at Algiers. The appearance was that she had been taken under the imperial flag for the purpose of being restored to our enemy. The emperor denied authorising the attempt of the Mishouda, and said if she was given up the captain should be punished. The governor Hashash on learning the capture of the Mirboka, at which time the emperor was absent, declared she acted without authority, and that war was not intended. At the same time her captain certified that this governor gave him his orders. Hashash was, and continued to be in the confidence of Muley Soliman. He had said "do what you please and I will support you."

The next day after his arrival, commodore Preble wrote to the consul Simpson at Tangier, desiring him to assure the Moorish court, that the United States wished peace with his majesty, if it could be had on proper terms—that he could not suppose the emperor's subjects would dare to make war without his permission; but as their authority was disavowed by the governor, he should punish as a pirate every Moorish cruiser, who should be found to have taken an American.

Commodore Rogers, on whom the command of the former squadron under Morris devolved, and who was under orders to return to the United States with the frigates New-York and John Adams, agreed to remain a few days on the station, and to join commodore Preble in Tangier bay, to assist in effecting an adjustment.

On the 17th, taking into his ship the principal Moorish officers of the two prizes, he appeared, with the Constitution and John Adams, in Tangier bay, hoisting the white flag in token of peace, but having the men at quarters. Mr. Simpson, however, was not permitted to come on board, nor to write except on an open slip of paper; being confined to his house, with two centinels at his door, by order, as was said, of the governor of Tangier. The governor was at Tetuan, and the emperor was absent at Fez and not expected for several days.

Another act of hostility had been done at Mogadore, by an order to detain all American vessels, and the actual seizure of the brig Hannah of Salem, Joseph M. Williams master.

The commodore was confirmed on the propriety and benefit of a high tone and vigorous measures. He observes, in his communications to the government, "that all the Barbary powers, except Algiers, appear to have a disposition to quarrel with us, unless we tamely submit to any propositions they may choose to make. Their demands will increase, and be such as our government ought not to comply with."—"They send out their cruisers,—if they prove successful it is war, and we must purchase peace, suffering them to keep all they have taken; and if they are unfortunate, and we capture their cruisers before they have taken any thing valuable, it is not war, although the orders for capturing are found on board; and we must restore all." This he believed ought not, and need not be suffered. It was equally disgraceful and impolitic for a nation, whose navigation and commerce were second in the world, and whose resources of skill and courage are abundant, to allow these barbarians to think they might have peace on any terms they might please to dictate. Under these impressions he did not hesitate to use his discretion, although specific instructions on this subject were not given, and follow his own ideas of what expediency and honour required, taking a firm attitude towards the agressor. This he would have

done and risked the consequences, if he had been backed by no force other than that of his peculiar squadron. The consent of commodore Rogers to cooperate with the two frigates under his control, left no room for question. Our officer believed the emperor of Morocco had long meditated to make war when a pretext should be furnished, and a prospect of impunity offered. It was essential he should know the system of concession was abandoned.

Accordingly the commodore took a decided course. He gave orders to his squadron to bring in for examination all vessels belonging to the emperor and his subjects; despatched three vessels to cruise off Mogadore, Salee and Zarach, and one off Tetuan, and entered the bay of Tangier at several times.

That the Tripolitans might not think they were forgotten, he despatched the Philadelphia and Vixen to lie before Tripoli.

The consul, Simpson, made representations to the emperor, who was absent, before and after the arrival of commodore Preble, explaining our hostile movements. The answers received were general, but showed that if he had authorised war, he was now prepared to disavow it; and if the orders for the capture and detention of American vessels had been the acts of his governor, given under a general discretion, he would refuse his sanction.

The excessive bad weather obliged our officer to keep harbour in Gibraltar several days. When this permitted, he was cruising, occasionally standing in to Tangier bay. On the 5th of October, when his majesty was expected, he anchored, with the Nautilus in company, in Tangier bay—the circular battery at the town W. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant. Here he remained, only changing his ground once to be nearer the town, until peace was concluded. He was joined in the afternoon of the 6th by the frigates New-York and John Adams. The ship was kept constantly cleared for action, and the men at quarters night and day. On the 6th his majesty arrived with a great body of troops, horse and foot, estimated at 5,000, who encamped on the beach opposite the squadron. The consular flag on shore indicating that the emperor had come and was in view of the ship, the commodore was careful to order the ship dressed and a salute of 21 guns, which was returned from the fort with an equal number, as was the salute of the other frigates in the morning fol-

lowing. The consul gave information, that when the emperor's minister arrived the negotiation would be opened.

A present (of bullocks, sheep and fowls) was ordered for the squadron, as a token of the emperor's good will.

On the 8th, the emperor, with his court and a large body of troops, visited the beach and batteries on the bay for the purpose of viewing the United States squadron, when the Constitution saluted again with 21 guns—a compliment with which the king and court, as the consul reported, were very much gratified. The present arriving at the same time, it was acknowledged by three guns, according to Moorish custom. The Moorish captain of the port and several respectable Moors, friends to the prisoners on board, came off to see their friends. The following day the consul gave notice that the emperor had given an order under his hand and private seal, to the governor of Mogadore, for the release of the American brig detained at that place, and that Monday was appointed for giving an audience to the commodore and consul.

On the day assigned, the 11th, the commodore, accompanied by col. Lear, Mr. Morris, as secretary, and two midshipmen, landed at Tangier for the proposed audience. He believed there was no danger in landing; but he expressed his desire, that if he should be forcibly detained, the commanding officer on board would not enter into treaty for his release, or consider his personal safety; but open a fire upon the town. They were ushered into the castle and the presence of the sovereign through a double file of guards. The commodore at the entrance was requested, according to Moorish custom in such cases, to dispose of his side-arms. He said he must comply with the custom of his own country, and retain them, which was allowed. On coming into the imperial presence, our officer and the consul were requested to advance near the emperor, with whom they conversed by an interpreter. He expressed much sorrow and regret that any differences had arisen, for he was at peace with the United States. He disavowed having given any hostile orders; said he would restore all American vessels and property detained in consequence of any act of his governors, and renew and confirm the treaty made with his father in 1786.—The commodore and consul, on the part of the United States, promised that the vessels and property of the emperor should be restored,

and the orders of capture revoked. They proceeded to an interview with the minister, where the details were settled. The mutual stipulations were forthwith executed, the Mirboka being appraised, with a view to the indemnification of the captors by our government. The commodore received a formal ratification of the treaty of 1786, and a letter of friendship and peace to the president, signed by the emperor.

Thus by the happy union of prudence and energy, seconded by a competent force, we escaped war with a power, from his situation formidable, and placed our affairs with him in a better condition than before the variance.

The commodore acknowledges his obligations to his coadjutors, observing, " In the whole of this business I have advised with col. Lear, Mr. Simpson, and commodore Rogers. I am confident we have all been actuated by the same motive, the good of our country."

*(To be continued.)*

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## STORY OF AMELIA HOWARD.

THAT clandestine marriages are generally productive of unhappiness, is an observation which the experience of every year proves to be just. The act of obtaining a wife surreptitiously is by many deemed heroic, and praiseworthy; but by none, I may venture to assert, but those whose minds have received an improper bias from unprincipled associates, or from seductive books and amusements. It is not surprising that a union thus secretly effected should often disappoint the fond and romantic hopes of the intrepid adventurers. They set out in the full idea of enjoying that happiness which they imagine is centred in themselves; and resolve to make up in love what they may lose in the good opinion of their friends. Hence they are very apt to overrate the passion: and, upon being convinced of error, vent their disappointment in sighs, upbraidings, and tears.

That union which is not established upon the broad basis of mutual confidence, firm affection, and inflexible virtue, can never prove happy. What confidence can a man place in the affection of his wife, when he finds that, on a slight persuasion, she could be prevailed upon to tear assunder those powerful ties, which duty holds to be inviolable? There is something in female delicacy and virtue that is ever averse from actions that are not stamped with the seal of approbation; and it is lamentable that so many girls should be so blinded by passion as not to see and know that she who oversteps the bounds of duty opens a door for the admission of guests, who, under the mask of friendship, may despoil the house, and deprive it of its comforts forever.

I address this paper to those ladies who have just entered upon the theatre of life, who are yet single, and whose vivacity has seldom permitted them to give a serious thought on the subject of their future destiny. A true gentleman, young ladies, despises every action that originates in meanness: and there are few actions, to which that character will apply, more despicable than that of forming a family alliance in an indirect or clandestine manner. He knows and feels the immense importance of reputation and will make any sacrifice to preserve it untarnished. Hence, if he meet a refusal to an honourable application, he will endeavour to obviate objections by a candid discussion of them; and should his arguments not be successful in convincing or persuading, he will retire with manly pride, and either postpone his overtures until a more favourable period, or abandon the object of his attention.

Fortunately for the happiness of mankind, all clandestine marriages do not terminate equally unprosperous; and instances may be produced wherein the parties have proved shining examples of conjugal tenderness and harmony. But these instances are rare, and do not militate against my position, which is—that a union thus effected is dishonourable, and consequently deserving the highest censure.

That repentance which comes too late, never fails to be attended with anguish of mind, the less able to be endured the more conscious we are of deserving it. And the memory of former joys seems to brighten in proportion as our present prospects become adverse

and gloomy; as if that faculty were deputed to be the inflicter of punishment, by contrasting what we once were, with what we now are: which leads to the melancholy conclusion—That we might have been happier, had we acted with more circumspection and prudence.

Amelia Howard was the third daughter of John Howard, formerly an eminent merchant of the city of Boston. Mr. Howard had the misfortune to lose his wife, after a happy union of ten years: she died, leaving behind her three daughters and one son. Amelia, whose history I am about to relate, was only five years old at this distressing period; and consequently was not sensible of the value of the mother she had lost. Mr. Howard being in the prime of life, and feeling the want of a partner to superintend the concerns of his household, after a lapse of fourteen months from the decease of his first wife, introduced a new mother to his little family.

For some time affairs wore a very pleasing aspect, and Mr. Howard's friends congratulated him on his seemingly prudent choice; but the period was not far distant when all these flattering prospects were to be overclouded, and the demon of discord was fated to usurp the dwelling of harmony and love. Mrs. Howard was possessed of an ungovernable temper, which was only calm when no adverse event aroused it into action. Such an event she was doomed to encounter. The children, in play, unfortunately happened to be guilty of a misdemeanor which, in her eyes, was unpardonable. She broke out into a violent rage, and proceeded to such extremities, that Mr. Howard, to keep peace, and preserve his children from abuse, removed them from his house, and placed them under the guardianship of a maiden sister, who resided in another part of the city.

Children that are taken from under the eye of their parents, are very apt to suffer by the change. Such was the case with Mr. Howard's; who, feeling that the yoke of bondage was removed, considered themselves as perfectly free to act as they pleased; notwithstanding Miss Howard used her utmost endeavours to restrain them within the bounds of sobriety and decorum.

As Amelia advanced to womanhood she gave evident tokens of an amiable disposition. But her education had been neglected. She wanted an attentive mother to instruct her in domestic duties; to

counsel her against the snares and delusions of the world; and, in short, to qualify her for that sphere in life, which the fortune and the reputation of her father gave her a title to move in.

Mr. Howard was a man of the world, and so taken up with its concerns that he neglected his duty as a parent: and, excepting that he liberally provided for the temporal wants of his absent children, seldom gave a thought with regard to their future welfare and happiness. From this neglect sprung a train of evils, the malignant influence of which he was destined to suffer; and, at a period of his life too, when he was the least enabled to endure them.

Amelia was now a woman; beautiful, lively, and engaging. Her company was courted by several young gentlemen of family and reputation; but her vivacity would not permit them to be upon more intimate terms with her than mere politeness allowed.

In the same street wherein Miss Howard resided, a young man, named Saunderson, kept a dry-good store. She had purchased several small articles of him, at sundry times; but one day having bought a piece of muslin, he insisted upon carrying it home for her. She endeavoured to dissuade him from his intention, by informing him that her servant would save him that trouble; but finding him resolute in his purpose, and her entreaties in vain, she consented; and he walked with her to her place of residence. The next day Mr. Saunderson waited upon Miss Amelia to inquire concerning her health. Hence an intimacy commenced; and after a courtship of six weeks, the beautiful Miss Howard consented to elope with Mr. Saunderson.

The evening for their nuptials was fixed. Saunderson had taken lodgings in a distant part of the city; and, in conjunction with a friend, had settled the plan of their proceedings. The fatal period arrived; a coach was provided; and Amelia, placing herself under the protection of her lover and his confidant, was hurried to a tavern, where, a clergyman being sent for, they were shortly united in the sacred bands of wedlock.

Saunderson and his friend retired to express their joy over a bottle of Madeira, leaving Amelia in the chamber, wherein the ceremony was performed, without one being to support her at that solemn and eventful period. She sat down, and leaning her head

upon her hand, became deeply engaged in thought. After a few minutes, hearing the door opened with rudeness, she turned hastily to learn the cause. Judge of her consternation upon beholding her husband and his associate so much inebriated, that it was with difficulty they could enter the room. She started from her seat, and seizing her bonnet, which was lying on the table at hand, sprang out of the chamber, and in an instant found herself in the street. Fear gave her speed—a few moments brought her to her own home; where, breathless, she had no sooner entered, than sitting down on a chair, she instantly fainted.

It unfortunately happened that no one was in the house except her eldest sister; who overcome with fright, was hardly capable of any assistance. A dash of cold water in the face, however, brought Amelia to her senses; who soon quieted the alarm of her sister by disclosing to her the whole history of the transaction. Her sister reproved her in a tender manner for her imprudence; counselled her with regard to her present conduct; and it was finally resolved that she should break off all connexion with Saunderson forever.

The next morning the bridegroom appeared with evident tokens of confusion and disgrace. He attempted to apologize for his base conduct by declaring that he had been deceived by the landlord, who had treacherously adulterated the wine which had occasioned his intoxication. But finding his wife more resolute than he expected, he fell upon his knees, kissed her hand, wept, and made so many protestations of innocency, and vows of eternal constancy and love, that the unfortunate and gentle Amelia overcome by his attitude, his tears, and his intreaties, regardless of her resolve, sunk down upon his bosom, and clasping him in her arms passionately exclaimed—"I submit."

The sister of Amelia, concluding it would be vain to oppose this fresh resolve, agreed to accompany her to her new home; where, after giving her some good advice relative to her future conduct, she left her, but not without many embraces, and many tears.

Mr. Howard during the above-mentioned transactions was absent, on business, in the state of New-York, and was not apprized of his daughter's imprudence until his return. As soon as he arri-

ved, and before he had the least intimation of the affair, he called at his sister's to visit his children. Amelia, since she had attained her sixteenth year, had shared more of his attention than formerly: for he often declared that she most resembled her mother of all his daughters. Judge of his astonishment, ye who are parents, upon being told of the disgrace of his favourite daughter. He paced the floor for some moments in silence—his face became alternately flushed and pale; at length he sat down, and, with a countenance on which was depicted marks of unusual anguish of mind, clasping his hands, exclaimed, "my God, is it possible!"

Amelia now had leisure to reflect on her late conduct. Already she had repented of her indiscretion. The thought of the grief which she had occasioned in a tender father filled her with remorse. Her seclusion from her friends, particularly her sisters, who were forbidden to visit her, overwhelmed her with distress. She consumed the tedious hours of the day, which were passed in the absence of her husband, in unavailing sighs and tears. At length, driven almost to distraction at the idea of her forlorn and solitary situation, she boldly resolved to cast herself at the feet of her father, to implore his forgiveness, and to entreat him once more to bless and acknowledge her as his daughter.

In pursuance of this determination, she reached his door, and having gained admittance sat down, waiting, with anxiety, his arrival. Mr. Howard in a few moments entered the parlour: but, on beholding Amelia, who was leaning upon a piano, with a handkerchief to her eyes, walked hastily two or three times across the room; then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he gave her a look expressive of stern displeasure, and was just hasting out of the door when she sprang from the chair, seized his hand, and casting up her lovely blue eyes, suffused with tears, wildly and tenderly exclaimed "My father!" The sound of her voice, and particularly the endearing appellation she uttered, aroused, in spite of the resolution of Mr. Howard, all the sensibilities of his soul; he broke from her, and throwing himself upon a sofa, gave vent to his feelings in a torrent of tears.

After this tempest of grief had subsided, Mr. Howard told his daughter that he freely forgave her, and hoped she would so con-

duct herself in future as to merit his forgiveness. "But, my dear," continued he, "I shall find it a more difficult task to pardon your husband; there is something in the manner in which he has obtained your hand so mean and so odious that I cannot suppress an expression of contempt which his ungentlemanly conduct has excited." Mr. Howard was about to proceed, but, finding Amelia much affected at his strictures, dropped the subject; and, after making several inquiries respecting her place of residence, and her mode of life, gave her his arm, and accompanied her to her home.

The interview between the gentlemen, as might have been expected, was formal. Mr. Saunderson, in a confused manner, attempted to justify himself; but was interrupted by Mr. Howard, who coldly replied, that justification at that juncture was of no avail: the offence was past, and so long as he comported himself with propriety as the husband of his daughter, and as a gentleman, he might depend upon his countenance and respect, but no longer.

Mrs. Saunderson, at the expiration of twelve months, became the parent of a lovely daughter. Young women, when they marry, anxiously, and joyfully look forward to the period when the duties of a mother will devolve upon them; and, with throbbing hearts, hail the appearance of their first-born, as a dignified personage commissioned to give importance and stability to the empire of love.

But other thoughts now possessed the mind of Amelia. For some time previously to the birth of her child, she had noticed with concern the careless behaviour of her husband. He would frequently absent himself from home, until late at night; and, to her tender inquiries respecting the cause, she had received cold and unsatisfactory answers. His business likewise was neglected; and often, when he came to his meals, she could observe the traits of dissatisfaction, which all his art could not conceal. One day she begged him to inform her whether he had discovered any thing in her conduct which caused him uneasiness; adding, "you know, my dear, I was never obstinate, and have always done my utmost to contribute to your happiness. If I have erred, deign to admonish your wife, and she will endeavour to

profit by your admonition." To this winning language, capable of melting into tenderness the heart of any one possessed of the smallest share of feeling, Saunderson replied—"O the devil! don't bother me! I am not in a humour to be cajoled with the sentimental cant of happiness. Go and whisper such fine stuff into the ear of your niggardly old father, and try if it will have any effect in charming his money into my pocket. How the devil does he think I am to support the character and appearance of a gentleman without a dollar in my purse!" This was the first intimation that was given to Amelia of the state of her husband's affairs. Every word was as a dagger to her heart. She knew not what to say in reply. And Saunderson, after muttering something, which the agitated state of her mind did not permit her to comprehend, left the house.

Mr. Howard had not been as ignorant as his daughter on the subject of her husband's affairs, and had observed with grief that he did not use much exertion to retrieve them. However, one day he called upon Mr. Saunderson, and spoke to him to this effect, "I find, sir, that you do not prosper in the world, and I have reason to believe that that is one cause, and I hope the principal one, of your seemingly indifference to business. That you may have no ground to reproach me with a want of affection for my daughter, and a want of respect for you, I will set you up in business, and employ my influence on your behalf: provided you will pledge your word of honour, that you will be diligent in the prosecution of it, and attentive to the care and prosperity of your family." Saunderson, who did not expect such a reverse in his favour, cheerfully complied with the terms enjoined, and immediately went home to communicate the glad tidings to his wife.

Thus as a tempest was gathering over the heads of our little family, which threatened to involve them in impenetrable gloom, the wind suddenly shifted to the point of prosperity, dispelled the dark clouds of adversity, and the sun of happiness "looked out and smiled."

After a lapse of two years, from the birth of her first child, Mrs. Saunderson was charged with the care of a son. Her hus-

band had again fallen into negligence with respect to her; though, in consequence of the obligations he was under to his father-in-law, he had conducted himself with more circumspection and cunning in business: well knowing that a vigilant eye marked his conduct with penetrating scrutiny. But one day, in an authoritative manner, he ordered his wife to prepare to remove from her friends, for he had determined to reside in Philadelphia. Thunderstruck with the unexpected intelligence, she requested to know what had induced him so precipitately to form such a plan of conduct. "Amelia!" replied he, sternly, "no objections! the next week is fixed upon for our departure, and nothing but heaven shall prevent us."

In a few days they safely arrived in Philadelphia. Amelia in that beautiful and flourishing metropolis was an entire stranger, and had not one acquaintance whose presence and friendship might sooth and console her amidst her afflictions. But she soon found that her husband was well known by a certain class of people, who immediately surrounded him in an obsequious manner, congratulated him upon his arrival, and cordially invited him to an entertainment which they had ordered in honour of him.

Here it was that he found himself at home. So long as he remained in Boston the presence of his wife's relations served as a bar to his inclinations, and a passion for gaming, which he had long secretly fostered, could not be indulged to the extent he wished. But now nothing conspired to oppose his fatal career. He was unknown, except to his old associates in vice, and his desires increasing in proportion to the facility of their gratification, he finally threw off all restraint, and appeared in the eyes of the wretched Amelia a consummate villain.

His house was often the place of resort of his diabolical accomplices, whose conversation and behaviour were so different from what Amelia had ever been accustomed to, that, alarmed at the thought of her deplorable situation, she resolved to write immediately to her father, to disclose to him the whole extent of her sufferings, and, at the same time, to beg him to come and save herself and her infants from impending ruin.

The letter was despatched by the next post, and in due time arrived in Boston. Mr. Howard prepared with all expedition for his departure. Meanwhile an event occurred, compared with which all the former distress of the amiable and heart-broken Amelia was of small account.

It was now the middle of December, and the season was unusually inclement. Saunderson had been for two days attentively engaged at home, in a private room, settling, as he made his wife believe, some important business. The night of the second day was, as usual, passed amongst his companions at their general rendezvous; and at three o'clock the next morning he returned home: but appeared much disturbed, insomuch he refused to go to bed, preferring to slumber in a chair near the fire. Shortly after sun-rise he ordered his servant to prepare breakfast as soon as possible, intimating he was going to the country. But scarcely was the order given when a confused noise in the street aroused him from his chair: snatching his hat and coat he fled through a back door and instantly disappeared.

The front door was silently opened by two constables, accompanied with a gentleman, who entered and locked it. At this moment Amelia was sitting in her kitchen, and was not apprised of the flight of her husband, nor of the admission of his unwelcome visitors. Her babe, who was six months old, was at her breast; whilst at her feet sat her beautiful little daughter, engaged in folding up her night clothes. She was so perfectly abstracted from the world, and her sorrows, by the smiles, and amusing actions of her infant son, that she indulged herself in those expressions of happiness, which so freely emanated from her heart in the days of her prosperity: she was laughing aloud when the strangers approached the kitchen. Her back being opposite the door, at which they entered, prevented her from seeing them: but the precipitate flight of a cat, which was lying near the fire, caused her to turn around, and she started on beholding them. Pray, madam, said one, be not alarmed at our intrusion at this unseasonable hour; we merely want Mr. Saunderson. Bless me, Jenny! exclaimed Amelia to her servant, what can they mean? We mean nothing more than to inform you, madam, replied

another, that your husband has committed forgery; and we must have him this instant, for he is in the house. Enough was said for the unhappy Amelia. No sooner had the word forgery escaped the officer's lips than she fell from her chair in a state of insensibility. Jenny caught the infant as the mother was falling; and the gentleman, raising her up, supported her in a chair, whilst the constables searched for Saunderson. Not finding him, as they had expected, they left the house; and the gentleman remained to condole with Amelia, who, by his exertions, was recovered from her swoon. He informed her that a bank-check had been forged, to pay a gaming debt: that his name was employed, and that the sum was considerable. In a short time he left her in a state of mind much better conceived than described. Her husband had committed a heinous crime, and fled she knew not whither. She was far from her family and friends, and did not know where to flee for advice and succour. In short, she was destitute of the means of support; and some days must elapse before her father could possibly reach her. To put the finishing stroke to her misfortunes the next day her insatiable and unfeeling landlord, hearing that Saunderson had eloped, distrained for rent; and obliged her to seek an asylum for herself and children in the house of a neighbour.

Amiable but unfortunate girl, hard was thy lot! Think on her fate ye who enjoy the comforts of life, who have homes to shelter, and friends to protect you; think on Amelia Howard, the daughter of a gentleman of fortune and independence, once the delight of the young, and the admiration of the aged, reduced to the humiliating condition of a beggar, and in an inclement season, stripped of her all, forced upon the charity of a stranger.

The neighbour, to whose house Amelia went, was a benevolent and tender-hearted woman. She endeavoured to calm her mind by assuring her that all would yet be well; and was so very attentive that Amelia's sorrows were not a little alleviated thereby.

Mr. Howard, at the expiration of a fortnight from the flight of Saunderson, arrived in Philadelphia. His journey had been

protracted to an unusual length by the badness of the roads; but more especially by the delicate state of his health, which had been for some time on the decline. It is useless to attempt a description of his feelings on being informed of the deplorable situation of his daughter, or their affecting interview. Let it suffice to say that as soon as he was recruited from the fatigues of travelling he took her and her children back to Boston: but not before he had returned a thousand thanks to the neighbour, whose benevolence, and motherly attention, they had so sensibly experienced.

Saunderson after lurking about Philadelphia for some time, entered, in the disguise of a sailor, on board a vessel bound for Havanna, from which place he never returned.

Amelia on her arrival at Boston was taken very ill. The repeated shocks her constitution had received were too powerful to be effectually resisted: though, for a while, by calling into action all the energies of her mind, she sustained the load of afflictions with patience: and did not yield to the destroyer until nature could lend assistance no more. After a lingering illness of six months, this amiable sufferer breathed her last in the arms of her affectionate and sorrowful sister.

Such was the fate of Amelia Howard. May this recital of her misfortunes warn the young and inexperienced against the delusions of passion, and the wiles of the insidious; and if ever an intemperate desire of pleasure, or happiness, should urge them to slight the precepts of Prudence, may Reflection point out to them the path of Duty, from which, if they once wander, the mazes of Error may preclude their return.

G.

RHETORIC—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## LECTURE IX,

*On the construction and proper recitation of the various species of verse, the correct application of the poetical pauses, and the means of producing the three great objects of poetical numbers, Melody, Harmony, and Expression.*

GENTLEMEN,

Having addressed to you a lecture upon each of the essential principles of correct Elocution, a clear Articulation, Accent, Emphasis, Quantity, Pause, Tone, Looks, and Gesture, I now proceed to state to you the proper application of them collectively, in the reading and recitation of the different species of verse.

The different species of verse, or poetical composition, may be arranged under twelve different heads:—viz.

1. The Epic Poem, and Drama,
2. Lyric Poetry, including the different species of Ode and Song,
3. The Elegy,
4. The Pastoral,
5. Didactic Poetry,
6. The Poetical Epistle,
7. Descriptive Poetry,
8. Allegorical Poetry,
9. Fables,
10. Satire,
11. The Epigram,
12. The Epitaph.

I shall give a short definition and exemplification of each of these species.

And first of Epic Poetry.

"The Epic Poem," says the celebrated Dr. Blair, "is universally allowed to be of all poetical works the most dignified, and at the same time the most difficult in execution. To contrive a story which shall please and interest all readers, by being at once entertaining, important, and instructive; to fill it with suitable incidents, to enliven it with a variety of characters and descriptions; and throughout a long work, to maintain that propriety of sentiment, and that elevation of style, which the epic character requires, is unquestionably the highest effort of poetical genius."

Epic, in its etymology from the Greek word ἔπος, narrative, has its name from being the verse best adapted to lengthened narration; and being for that reason fitter for heroic poetry, or a poem containing some great action achieved by a hero, has obtained the title of heroic verse. "The Epic Poem," says Dryden, "is peculiarly calculated to delineate the manners, and the Dramatic the passions of men."

English epic or heroic verse is a prosodial measure, consisting of five iambic feet, though to relieve the ear from an uninterrupted uniformity of accent other feet are occasionally introduced. Such is English epic verse without rhyme. The measures formed by rhyme are either couplets or what were formerly called staves; for which modern use has substituted the Italian word stanza. Among couplets, sometimes the triplet is introduced, or three lines rhyming together. The epic or heroic stanza is a combination of verses varying in number, and in the disposition of the rhymes, according to the poet's fancy.

Rhyme is the invention of the barbarism of the middle ages, and is still retained by all the polished nations of Europe. It is of great service to bad poets, for it conceals many imperfections both in thought and expression. But it is a diminutive ornament in the higher kinds of composition, and has for that reason been discontinued by almost all English epic, dramatic, and descriptive poets. In gay and sprightly works, however, it is not without some merit; it adds a degree of surprise to the sentiment, by the ingenuity displayed in the choice of the rhymes. It renders the composition more musical and curious to common ears, and therefore augments its praise; and it communicates a brisk and lively air to the words, by disclosing unexpected resemblances in their sounds.

Whatever is great, magnanimous, or sublime, is the object of epic poetry. The capital parts to which an epic poem requires particular attention, are divided, by Aristotle, and after him by all judicious critics, into the action or fable, the manners or characters, the sentiments and the style. The three principal epic poems in the English language, one of which is translated from the Greek, and the other from the Latin, are the Iliad of Homer, the Eneid of Virgil, and the Paradise Lost of Milton. A discussion of their respective merits would be foreign to the object of these lectures;

suffice it to say that they are the most finished productions of the epic muse. Episodes, or incidents connected with the principal action, but contributing neither to advance nor retard it, are considered as great beauties. They give variety to the scenery and relieve the mind from too intense attention to the principal object of the poem. The family scene in the sixth book of the Iliad, is of this nature; for by Hector's retiring from the field of battle to visit his wife, the Grecians had opportunity to breathe, and even to turn upon the Trojans. The descent of Æneas into hell does neither retard nor advance the catastrophe of the poem; and therefore, not being part of the principal action, is an episode. The allegory of Sin and Death is very finely introduced by Milton in his Paradise Lost.

In all the great epic poems unity of action is sufficiently evident. The subject of the Æneid is the establishment of Æneas in Italy. From the beginning to the end of the poem, this object is ever in view, and links all the parts of it together in full connection. The return and re-establishment of Ulysses in his own country, constitutes the subject of the Odyssey. That of Milton, the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise. The subject of the Iliad, is the anger of Achilles, and the consequent battles between the Trojans and Grecians. Cumberland's Calvary and Klopstock's Messiah are epics of similar merit to those already mentioned. "The former" says a late judicious critic, "is a work imbued with the genuine spirit of Milton, and therefore destined to immortality; though it has not yet met with the attention it so justly merits. 'Tis a poem which for grandeur and sublimity of design and execution will assuredly rank high in the estimation of the critic, and to those who combine religious fervour, with poetic enthusiasm, afford delight of the most exquisite relish."

Such being the sublimity and dignity of the epic poem, the manner of reading or reciting it should be accommodated thereto, varying the tones and expression with the changes of scenery and character, though always preserving a gravity and dignity of manner.

Dramatic poetry, according as it is employed upon the light and the gay, or upon the grave and affecting incidents of human life, is divided into two forms, Comedy or Tragedy. The latter

has always, and justly, been considered a more dignified species than comedy, inasmuch as the high passions, the virtues, the crimes and the sufferings of mankind, are more interesting and important than their humours, their follies, and their pleasures. Terror and Pity are the great instruments of the one, Ridicule the sole instrument of the other. There is no very essential difference between tragedy and the epic; for in both the same ends are proposed, viz: instruction and amusement; and in both the same mean is employed, viz: the imitation of human actions. They differ only in the manner of imitating: epic poetry employs narration; tragedy represents its facts as passing in our sight: in the former the poet introduces himself as an historian; in the latter he represents his actors and never himself.

The difference regarding form only, may be thought slight; but the effects it occasions are by no means so: for what we see makes a deeper impression than what we learn from others. A narrative poem is a story told by another, facts and incidents passing upon the stage, come under our own observation; and are besides enlivened by gesture and action, expressive of many sentiments beyond the reach of language. "It does very well," says Brydone, in his Tour through Sicily and Malta, "to see shows, but their description is of all things on earth the most insipid: for words and writing convey ideas only by a slow and regular kind of progress; and while we gain one we generally lose another; so that the fancy seldom embraces the whole; but when a thousand objects strikes you at once, the imagination is filled and satisfied."

Besides tragedy, dramatic poetry comprehends comedy and farce. These are sufficiently distinguished from tragedy by their general spirit and strain. While pity, terror, and the other strong passions, form the province of the tragic muse; the chief, or rather sole instrument of humorous comedy and farce is ridicule.

In the recital of mere narratives, of descriptions, and of argumentative or persuasive discourses, the reader, or speaker stands in the place, and speaks in the person of the writer; but in the rehearsal of conversation pieces, he must diversify not only his mode of reading or reciting, in conformity to the subject, but also in conformity to the character. Thus the same narrative and description,

if spoken by different personages, must be differently recited. Will it be said, this is to require the reader to be an actor, and to assume the different characters of the scene? Not at all. A reader is not required to wear a hump on his back with king Richard, nor a great belly with Sir John Falstaff. Nor is he required to saw the air with his hands, to make faces, to laugh, to cry, nor indeed take any one step in order to make the hearer think him a person of the drama. Any attempt of this kind would be ridiculous; for, speaking successively the language of the whole dramatis personæ, he cannot impose himself on the imagination of the auditor for either.

So far, however, as language and sentiment are concerned, the reader may, and it is requisite that he should, observe the distinction of situation and character. The same sentiments ought not only to be delivered differently by different personages; but to be delivered variously in various circumstances and situations.

Poetry seems to have been among all nations, originally song or ode. Instrumental music also, among all nations, has been a very early, or perhaps an original associate of song. The ode and song were among the ancients synonymous terms; but with the moderns they are considered as different compositions; the ode being usually employed in grave and lofty subjects, and is seldom sung but on solemn occasions. Its peculiar character is, that it is intended to be accompanied with music. Ode is in Greek the same with song or hymn; and lyric poetry imports, that the verses are accompanied with a lyre, or musical instrument.

The subject most proper for the ode and song, Horace has pointed out in a few elegant lines:

> "Gods, heroes, conquerors, Olympic crowns,
> "Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine,
> "Are proper subjects for the lyric song."

To which may be added the various pleasures of rural life, and such subjects as induce moral reflections.

The variety of subjects, therefore, which are allowed the lyric poet, makes it necessary to consider this species of poetry under the following heads, viz. the sublime ode, the moral and festive ode, and the song.

Songs are little poetical compositions, usually set to a tune, and frequently sung in company by way of entertainment or diversion. The song admits of almost any subject: those generally chosen are love, contentment, or the pleasures of a country life; naval achievements, the sports of the field and drinking. Be the subject however what it will the verses should be easy, natural and flowing, and contain a certain harmony, so that poetry and music may be agreeably united. Songs are composed in various measures; that most generally adopted is the stanza composed of alternately four and three feet. The style of the moral and festive ode should be easy: the thoughts natural, chaste and elegant; and the numbers various, smooth and harmonious. Of this description are the Sapphic ode, the Anacreontic ode; and the Pastoral and Elegiac ode. Of similar measures to these may be added sacred odes such as hymns and psalms.

The sublime and noblest kind of odes which are distinguished from others, by their elevation of thought and diction, as well as by the variety and irregularity of their numbers are called Pindaric odes, from Pindar an ancient Greek poet, who is celebrated for the boldness of his flights, the impetuosity of his style, and the seeming wildness and irregularity that runs through his compositions, and which are said to be the effect of the greatest art. Of this kind are Dryden's Alexander's Feast, Collins's Ode on the Passions, and that on the popular superstitions of the Highlands, his Ode to Evening, Gray's Progress of Poesy, and innumerable others.

The reading or recitation of these various lyrical compositions, must be regulated by, and accommodated to the subject they embrace, always endeavouring to imbibe and express the spirit of the author, and strictly to observe that cadence and those tones and inflections of voice, which the particular construction of the verse requires.

The Elegy is a mournful and plaintive, but yet sweet and engaging kind of poem. It was first invented to bewail the death of a friend; and afterwards used to express the complaints of lovers, or any other melancholy subject. In process of time not only matters of grief, but joy, wishes, expostulations, prayers,

reproaches, admonitions, and almost every other subject, were admitted into elegy. However, funeral lamentations and affairs of love seem most agreeable to its character.

Of elegies on the subject of death, that by Mr. Gray written in a Country Church Yard is one of the best that has appeared in our language, and may be justly esteemed a masterpiece. "This, had he never written another line," says doctor Johnson, "would immortalize Gray." On the subject of love, the elegies of Mr. Hammond are considered the best. Monody is a species of elegy in which one individual is supposed to lament the death of another. The celebrated monody of lord Lyttleton on the death of his wife is of this kind; as is also that by Cuthbert Shaw. Poetry of this description should always be read or recited with gravity, solemnity, and even sometimes with that low and tremulous tone of voice which excessive grief occasions.

Pastoral poetry derives its name from the Latin word *pastor*, a shepherd, the subject of it being something in pastoral or rural life, and the persons introduced into it as speakers are either shepherds or other rustics. These poems are frequently called eclogues, which signifies "select or choice pieces;" they are also called *bucolics*, from a Greek word which signifies a herdsman.

The character of the pastoral consists in simplicity, brevity, and delicacy. The two first render an eclogue *natural* and the last *delightful*.

Theocritus, who lived about the time of Alexander the Great, is the first writer of pastorals whose works have descended to posterity, and he has been imitated by all his successors, particularly by Virgil. Among the moderns, Pope, Addison, Shenstone, and Phillips, are the most conspicuous, but above them all the Theocritus of the Germans, Gesner, who, in his Idylls, has "soared with no middle flight:" Shenstone bearing the palm among English pastoral poets.

This species of poetry should be pronounced with a simplicity of manner, a softness of tone, and a serenity of countenance accommodated to the innocence and purity of pastoral life.

Didactic poetry discusses some branch of useful science, some beneficial art, or some system of prudential or moral conduct, by which the reader may improve his knowledge, his wisdom or his virtue; and it recommends the discussion of all the merits of imagination, and all the charms of poetical composition.

The great ornaments of didactic poetry are beautiful and interesting episodes. No other species of poetry admits so much latitude in this article. Virgil has treated the whole theory and practice of agriculture, and Armstrong the art of preserving health. Pope has designated a serious and elegant system of morals, in his Essay on Man, and doctor Darwin has taught us with all the fervour and eloquence of true poetry, to distinguish between plants in the elegant strains of his Botanic Garden. Such poems should preserve a dignity in pronunciation suitable to the importance and usefulness of the subject, and should, at the same time, be expressed in so lively a manner, that the things described or inculcated may seem present to the reader's view.

We come now to the Epistolary poem, a species of verse suited to every subject, for as the epistle supplies the place of discourse, and is intended as a sort of distant conversation, all the affairs of life and researches into nature may be introduced. Addison's letter to lord Halifax, lord Lyttleton's to Mr. Pope and Mr. Phillips's to the earl of Dorset are elegant specimens of this kind.

An easy familiarity of manner, and an unaffected variety of tone, according to the change of subject, is here to be observed.

Descriptive poetry is of universal use, and affords an infinite variety of measure and of style, since there is nothing in nature which may not be described. As poems of this kind are intended more to delight than to instruct, great care should be taken to make them agreeable. Descriptive poems are made beautiful by similies, properly introduced, images of feigned persons and allusions to ancient fables or historical facts, as will appear by the perusal of the best of these poems especially Milton's

L'Allegro, and Penseroso, Denham's Cooper's Hill, and Pope's Windsor Forest. That inimitable poem the Seasons by Mr. Thomson, notwithstanding some parts of it are didactic, may be also with propriety referred to this head.

The mode of reading or reciting this kind of verse should be calm, animated, or depressed, in conformity to the subject, and always aided with a little action, which, agreeably to the attitude already prescribed, to a reader, will be chiefly with the right hand.

Allegorical poetry and fable may be connected together under one head; for an allegory is a fable or story, in which, under the disguise of imaginary persons or things, some real action or instructive moral is conveyed to the mind. It gives a boundless scope for invention, and enables the poet to give life to inanimate objects and to soar above all creation.

"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling
"Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n;
"And as Imagination bodies forth
"The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
"Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
"A local habitation, and a name."

*Shakspeare.*

No method of instruction has been more ancient, more universal, and probably none more effectual than apologue or fable. In the first ages amongst a rude and fierce people this perhaps was the only method which would have been borne; and even since the progress of learning has furnished other helps, the fable which at first was used through necessity is retained from choice, on account of the elegant happiness of its manner, and the refined address with which, when well conducted, it insinuates its moral. The fabulist has authority to press into his service every kind of existence under heaven; not only birds, beasts, insects, and all the animal creation; but flowers, shrubs, trees, and all the tribes of vegetables. Even mountains, fossils, minerals, and the inanimate works of nature, discourse articulately at his command, and act the part which he assigns them. The virtues, vices, and every property of be-

ings, receive from him a local habitation and a name. In short, he may personify, bestow life, speech, and action, on whatever he thinks proper. His subjects are as boundless as creation, and his command of them as extensive as the range of the human imagination.

The style of fable should be simple and familiar, correct and elegant. Of those in prose Æsop's are the most celebrated and well known. La Mothe, Fontaine, Dryden, Moore, and Langhorne have furnished the best poetical fables. The measures in which they are written are various. Such also is the manner in which they and other allegorical writing should be read or recited, always observing a due accommodation of manner to the matter of which they are composed.

Satire is a kind of poem of very ancient date. That which we now have is generally allowed to be of Roman invention; and may be distinguished into two kinds. The jocose, or that which makes sport with vice and folly, and sets them up to ridicule: and the serious, or that which treats them with asperity, severity, and acrimony. Horace is a perfect master of the first, and Juvenal much admired for the last. The one is facetious and smiles; the other is angry and storms. The foibles of mankind are the object of one, their crimes that of the other: they are, however, both pungent and biting. The verse in which they are composed should be smooth and flowing, and the language manly, just, and decent. Satire levelled at individuals, and exposing particular characters is called lampoon. The satires of Swift, Pope, Young, Dryden, and Butler, are known to every reader, and will sufficiently exemplify this species of composition. The manner of communicating must partake of its nature, and be sedate or lively as the subject requires, but always animated and sarcastic.

The Epigram is a little poem, or composition in verse, treating of one thing only; its distinguishing characters are, brevity, beauty, and point. Its usual limits are from two to twenty verses, but the shorter it is, the better, and the more perfect. The beauty required in an epigram is a harmony, and apt agreement

of all its parts, a sweet simplicity and polite language. The point is a sharp, lively, unexpected turn of wit, with which an epigram ought always to be concluded. The epigram is generally employed either in praise or satire. Of the first, the following is a specimen, written on a glass with the earl of Chesterfield's diamond pencil:

"Accept a miracle, instead of wit;
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ."

The following exemplify those of the biting and satyrical kind.

On a company of bad dancers to good music:

"How ill the motion with the music suits!
So Orpheus fiddled, and so danc'd the brutes."

And this, addressed to a bad fiddler:

"Old Orpheus play'd so well he mov'd old Nick;
But thou mov'st nothing but thy fiddlestick."

The following epigram on an enthusiastic preacher, at the commencement of the revolutionary war with Great Britain, who, in extremely hot weather, preached to a battalion of militia with a very ugly negro man standing behind him all the time fanning him, has considerable point:

"To preach up, friend Percy, at this critical season,
Resistance to Britain, is not quite so civil:
Yet what can we look for but faction and treason,
From a flaming enthusiast fan'd by the devil."

This species of verse should be communicated in a lively, animated manner, and when containing any thing satyrical, with an acute tone, and sarcastic look.

Lastly of the *Epitaph*.

This species of poetical composition generally contains some eulogium on the virtues and good qualities of the deceased, and has a seriousness and gravity adapted to the nature of the sub-

ject. Its elegance consists in a nervous, and expressive brevity, and sometimes it is closed with an epigrammatic point.

The following from the pen of doctor Samuel Johnson will prove an elegant illustration.

On a celebrated musician:

"Philips! whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty power and hapless love;
Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more;
Find here that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
Sleep undisturbed within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine."

The following is a merry epitaph on an old fiddler, who was remarkable for beating time to his own music:

"Stephen and Time are now both even,
Stephen beat time, now Time beats Stephen."

There is also a species of epitaph which rejects rhyme and has no certain and determinate measure; but in which the diction must be pure and strong, every word have weight, and the antithesis be preserved in a clear and direct apposition. Such is the epitaph written by Mr. Pope on a monument in lord Cobham's garden:

To the memory
Of
Signior Fido,
An *Italian* of good extraction;
Who came into England
Not to bite us, like most of his countrymen,
But to gain an honest livelihood.
He hunted not after fame
Yet acquired it;
Regardless of the praise of his friends,
But most sensible of their love:
Though he lived amongst the great
He neither learned nor flattered any vice.
He was no bigot,
Though he doubted of none of the thirty-nine articles.
And if to follow nature
And to respect the laws of society

Be philosophy,
He was a perfect philosopher,
A faithful friend,
An agreeable companion,
A loving husband;
Distinguished by a numerous offspring,
All which he lived to see take good courses.
In his old age he retired
To the house of a clergyman in the country,
Where he finished his earthly race,
And died an honour and example to the whole species.
Reader,
This stone is guiltless of flattery;
For he, to whom it is inscribed,
Was not a man,
But a
Grey-hound.

This species of poetry, whether serious or satyrical should always be read with a gravity, dignity, slowness and distinctness of articulation suited to its nature and application.

These, gentlemen, are the different species of poetry, and these the characteristic modes of reading or reciting them. The distinctions of measure as accommodated to various subjects has been already descanted on. Their combination in the same poem is frequently advantageous. For instance, in Alexander's Feast, the poet in describing the descent of Jupiter to Olympia, and the ambition of the hero to imitate the god, employs the dignity of iambic measure, suited to the grandeur of the subject, and nothing can be more simple and majestic than the expression:

"The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity! they shout around;
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres."

The magnificence of this scene is contrasted with the revelry of the joys of Bacchus. The measure also is contrasted, and the poet now assumes the brisk trochaic.

"Bacchus, ever fair and ever young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain."

This social scene is happily contrasted with the melancholy fate of Darius, and both the sentiments and the versification strongly prompt commiseration and sympathy:

"He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from his high estate
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not one friend to close his eyes."

The hero is next inflamed with love, and then with revenge so violent as to rise to fury. He will burn the Persian cities, and extirpate their name from the face of the earth. The violence of this frenzy is happily seconded by the rapidity of anapaestic measure.

"Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries;
See the Furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes.
Behold how they toss their torches on high!
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thaïs led the way
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy."

This ode does the greatest honour to the genius of Dryden. It is finished in every respect in the most perfect manner; and no language perhaps can present any production of the kind more correct and proper. Such and so various are the different kinds of verse, and

thus powerful the expression communicated to them by a judicious application of the different poetical feet. The nature of the poetical pauses, the caesural, demicaesural, and final having been already explained in lecture 6th, it cannot be necessary here to repeat them; suffice it to say, that to form lines of the first melody, the caesura must be at the end of the second, or of the third foot, or in the middle of the third; that the final and caesural pauses constitute in a great measure not only the melody but the harmony of verses, because the beauty of proportion in the members, according to these divisions, is founded in nature.

When men express their sentiments by words they naturally fall into that sort of movement of the voice which is consonant to that produced by the emotion in the mind; and the dactylic or anapaestic, the trochaic, iambic or spondaic prevails, even in common discourse, according to the different nature of the sentiments expressed. To imitate nature therefore the poet in arranging his words, in the artificial composition of verse, must take care to make the movement correspond to the sentiment, by the proper use of the several kinds of feet: and this is the first and most general source of expression in numbers. This is abundantly exemplified in the preceding ode of Dryden, in which the stanzas are composed in iambic, trochaic, or anapaestic verse, according to the subject expressed. As also in this line of Milton, in which the vast dimensions of Satan are shown by an uncommon succession of long syllables, which seem to detain us to survey the huge arch fiend, in his fixed posture.

"Sō stretch'd oūt hūge in length thē ārch fiēnd lāy."

The three great objects of poetical numbers, or the advantages to be obtained by restricting composition to the laws of versification, are melody, harmony, and expression. By the first is meant a pleasing effect produced on the ear by an apt arrangement of the constituent parts of verse according to the laws of measure and movement. Melody with respect to music is produced by a single instrument, and is always pleasing, if the notes sounded are so judiciously arranged as to be expressive of the sentiment intended to be conveyed. Thus notes judiciously arranged in a flat key are expressive of sorrowful and plaintive emotions. Those in a sharp, of gay and lively.

By harmony is meant an effect produced by an action of the mind in comparing the different members of a verse with each other and perceiving a due and beautiful proportion between them. Melody may be produced by one instrument; but harmony implies a combination of agreeable sounds: and as this is the case in music, so it is in the construction and reading of verse, where the lines; whether in blank verse or rhyme, are discovered by the hearer to possess the same length or number of feet. By expression is meant such a choice and arrangement of the constituent parts of verse as serve to illustrate and enforce the thought or the sentiment of the writer. This is exemplified by Milton in the beginning of his Allegro.

Hence loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven y'clept Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.
Haste thee, nymph! and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides."

Where these poetical pauses, and these essential principles of verse, viz. melody, harmony, and expression are attended to and produced, there the influence of poetic numbers must be irresistibly pleasing and powerful.

## NATURAL HISTORY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*A short account of the cataract of Tequendama, three degrees north of the line, near to the city of Santa Fé de Bogotá, kingdom of New Grenada.*

HAVING conversed a considerable time with a Mexican gentleman relative to the cataract of Niagara, which he visited in August of last year; he entirely agreed with me that it is an object truly worthy of being seen. That the fatigues of the journey were amply recompensed by a view of the romantic beauties of the shores of the Mohawk river; by the lively and cheering sight of numerous new towns, and villages, that have arisen, as if by magic, on grounds, that but a few years ago were scarcely pressed, but by the feet of the wandering aborigine; by the expanded lakes that frequently meet the eye like mirrors beaming in the midday sun; by the unexampled torrent of the river Niagara itself, which rushes, whirls, and tumbles over the rocks for the space of half a mile, before it precipitates itself into the unfathomable gulf below; and, lastly, by the stupendous prospect of such an immense body of water rushing through the air the distance of one hundred and fifty feet; whose inexpressibly rapid motion carries the eye along in spite of every effort of resistance, and forms the most lively contrast with the immovable, and deeply rooted beds of stone that compose, on each side, the boundaries of the tremendous yawning chasm.

I asked him if the southern world contained any thing equal to those falls? He said it did; and that he would bring me written proofs of his assertion. He complied with his promise, and put into my hands the 6th and 8th vol. of a work entitled "Mercurio Peruano," written in Spanish, and published in Lima. From No. 207 of the 6th vol. 27th December 1792, I have translated the following account of the cataract of Tequendama, by a person who frequently visited it in his youth. I consider this wonderful work of nature in some manner unknown, although an account of it was published in the year 1771, the knowledge of it has not reached many. I attribute this circumstance to the nature of the work in which the description was written being more peculiarly adapted to the perusal of monks, than to any other profes-

sion, though even not to all of these. Such subjects belong to natural history, and I have no doubt that it will hold an honourable place in that of the kingdom of New Grenada about to be published in Madrid, written by the eminent scholar doctor Joseph Celestino de Mutis. "It is most commonly known by the name of the Leap of Tequendama, derived from the farm, or seat where it is found, which has become famous on account of this wonder, as scarcely any of the viceroys whom the sovereign has destined to the government of that kingdom, have failed to visit it. It may easily be supposed what numbers join in those excursions. Nature appears to have contributed to facilitate the examination of this her wonderful work; it being but a short distance from the capital, and the ground so favourable, that with all ease, and without risk, you may ride to the Farm in a carriage. There you find a spacious and handsome country house, capable of containing a great many people. Thence you go on horseback to the falls. After you have passed the river on a balsa,* and your horses by swimming, you enter on a mountain as umbrageous, as it is delightful. The whole road offers the most agreeable prospects. The exquisite perfume of plants, the harmonious and varied songs of numerous birds, the delightful temperature of the air; and finally, every thing unites to render the jaunt most agreeably amusing.

"The cataract is about six miles from the house. Before you arrive at the distance of one hundred steps from it, there is a plain, where the declivity of the road, which is of easy descent, terminates. It is less than a half a quarter of a league in circumference; of a circular from, and skirted with trees, whose elevated tops form natural umbrellas, that shelter you from the sun, and even from the rain. In this rural spot, it is customary to gratify the appetite by partaking of a repast; to which, every thing around seems to invite you. Hence you go down to the falls on foot, amidst trees as heretofore; when after a few steps you

* Balsa is a raft or float made of large rushes and gourds, which the Indians propel by paddling with their hands; their bodies being partly in the water.

are suddenly struck with a dazzling light occasioned by the small particles of water reduced to vapour by their concussion on the rocks. The father Alonzo de Zamora speaking of the river of Bogotá, which forms the cataract, says, " With the impetus that the compressed waters of the river descend, they come dashing by innumerable cliffs covered with beautiful trees, and sweeping over rocks, flow rapidly on, until they are precipitated down the famous Leap of Tequendama, celebrated as one of the wonders of nature. Confined to a single channel, it is propelled as water poured out of a pitcher, forming a portion of a circle, which is said to be two hundred and twenty fathoms in height, with as frightful a noise as those of the Nile are said to make. It falls into a beautiful basin, that is more than a league in circumference. Generally it cannot be seen very late in the day, because the fall of such a vast body of water forms mists that embarrass the sight. But in the morning it is delightfully entertaining, for the fluid in passing through the air is divided into minute particles, on which the rays of the sun produce many rainbows. These, in the basin, add further to its beauty. Our admiration is augmented by the prodigious walls of stone, that art could not have rivalled in regularity. Their heights are every where covered by towering, and leafy trees, filled with beautiful flowers of various kinds. A natural Paradise inhabited by different species of birds, who mingle their songs to celebrate this wonderful work of nature."

The following more accurate account, and measurement of Tequendama, was made by the colonel-commandant of the royal corps of artillery, Don Domingo Esquiaqui, and sent with the plan of the falls, to the king of Spain, in 1790, from the same work No. 272, 11th August 1793, vol. 8th.

" From the surface of the river above, to the first shelf, five fathoms.* From the first, to the second shelf, thirty-nine fathoms. From the second, to the bottom of *the basin*, eighty-nine and a half fathoms. Total, 133 and a half fathoms. From which

* This must have been measured by the French foot, as it then agrees with the corollary.

deduct the depth of the basin, from the surface of the water, twenty fathoms; which leaves the height of the falls, from the natural bed of the river above, to the inferior current, where it flows in the valley; *one hundred thirteen and a half fathoms.* From this statement, it indubitably appears that our fall of Tequendama, is the most beautiful and stupendous cataract yet known in the world; and that the writers who have described it, have justly applied to it the title of a *wonder.*"

*Corollary.*

| | *Spanish feet.* |
|---|---|
| Cataract of the Cohoes near Albany state of New-York | 75 |
| Do. Niagara (including the upper contiguous rapid) | 184 |
| Do. Terni—in the road to Rome | 350 |
| Do. Tequendama in the river Bogotá | 933 |

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## AN ORATION

ON THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF MEMORY, DELIVERED AT NASSAU-COLLEGE, PRINCETON, ON THE EVENING PRECEDING THE COMMENCEMENT OF 1809, BY GEORGE MIFFLIN DALLAS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

In the choice of a subject for the present exercise, recurring to all that I had read, and thought, and heard, I was naturally led to a consideration of *Memory* itself, as a source of pleasure or of pain.

Through the medium of a mild and benevolent temper, one poet beholds in *Memory* nothing but its *pleasures;* while another, under the influence of a sad and sombre habit, contemplates nothing but its *pains.* Dazzled by the illusions of sentiment, or fascinated by the charms of verse, the nobler attributes of memory have been overlooked. The affections common to humanity, instead of the qualities peculiar to the individual, have been selected for its operations; and the resulting dispensations of pleasure, or of pain, have been referred to a *physical,* rather than to a *moral cause.*

But in the ordinary retrospect of life, the subjects of *memory* are the same to the good and the bad, to the weak, and the wise. Every man is capable of the sensations, which arise from disappointed hope, or gratified ambition; from the loss of friends, or the triumph of enemies; from the frolics of youth, or the solicitudes of age. To attribute therefore the pleasures and the pains of *memory* to such sources, is only to recognize the universal law of nature. But when *memory* is considered as a *moral agent*, discriminating between the effects of virtue and of vice, it will be found, that the *virtuous* cannot feel its pains, nor the *vicious* enjoy its pleasures; for the good man meditates upon the past, with the never failing solace of conscious rectitude; while the only attendant upon the bad man's remembrance, is an anxious, though ineffectual, *wish to forget*.

*Memory*, in its mere mechanical application, as a depositary of knowledge, or as a tablet of events, is, certainly, one of the most distinguished faculties of the mind. But the capacity, in which it becomes the *efficient minister of conscience*, renders it far more interesting to mankind, than all the acquirements of science, or all the enjoyments of sense. In the disposition of *time*, Providence, inseparably, mingles with the *present*, a reflection upon the *past*, and an anticipation of the *future*; rendering *existence* forever dependant, for its weal or its wo, on the thought of what it has been, or of what it may be. The same impartial wisdom, invariably connects the *hope of bliss*, with the recollections of *desert*, and *fear of evil*, with the compunctions of iniquity. Hence arises *the moral influence of memory*; for man convinced that wealth and power, that genius and learning, do not, in themselves, constitute *peace of mind*, will the more readily be induced to act well, that he may think well; or, in other words, will learn to be good, in order to be happy.

It is, then, not the *possession*, but the *employment*, of Fortune's gifts; not the *reputation*, but the *exercise*, of virtue and of talents, that must supply the memory with its stores of pleasure and of pain. Enter the *temple of Fame*, and of the heroes and statesmen, the philosophers and poets, whose deeds and works are consecrated there, mark how many lived to glory, how few to happiness.

The conquests of *Alexander* rendered his *name immortal;* but a reflection upon his follies and his vices, rendered his *existence wretched.*

The accomplished *Caesar*, at the summit of his ambition, blushed for the arts, by which his military popularity was attained; groaned beneath the weight of the guilty motives that formed, and that destroyed, the association of the first triumvirate; and when he passed the Rubicon, left the happiness of the man, with the fidelity of the citizen, behind.

Was Bacon

"The wisest, brightest, meanest, of mankind!"—

Was Bacon happy? His intellectual powers adorned and improved the world; but the feelings of moral depravity debased and agonized himself.

From the venerable *Homer* of Greece, to the polished *Horace* of Rome; from the garrulous *Chaucer*, to the dissolute *Savage;* the splendid catalogue is rather to be regarded as a memorial of genius, to excite admiration, than as a commemoration of worth, to command esteem. For poets, proverbially an irritable race, have too generally preferred the allurements of fancy, to the admonitions of prudence. The sweetest bard that ever sung, has, however, exquisitely portrayed the desperation of a mind, oppressed with guilty recollections.

When *Macbeth* is told by his physician, that the fair associate of his crimes, is

—"Not so sick, as she is troubl'd,
"With thick-coming fancies, that keep her
"From her rest;"—

With what feeling does he exclaim!

—"Cure her of that!
"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
"Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
"Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
"And with some sweet oblivious antidote,
"Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff,
"Which weighs upon the heart."

And being answered;

—"Therein the patient
"Must minister to himself:"

He exclaims in bitterness of anguish,

"Throw physic to the dogs—I'll none of it!"

But, pass from the *temple of Fame*, to the *shrine of Virtue*, and there trace the *moral influence of memory*, upon the illustrious votaries that surround it.

When *Socrates* raised the poisoned chalice to his lips, every eye streamed; every bosom throbbed; every tongue faultered;—but his own! The consciousness of innocence, rendered him insensible to the persecutions of injustice, while the remembrance, that he had *lived* the *best*, enabled him to *die*, the *happiest*, of mortals.

*Aristides* was requested to inscribe his own name upon *the shell of banishment*, by a stranger, who remarked, "I am tired of hearing him *called the just*," and smiling complacently, the Athenian sage complied. Memory, presenting an ample source of consolation against the rigours of the *Ostracism*, taught him to forgive the ungrateful levity of his countrymen, and to anticipate, with confidence, the period of their returning justice.

But why multiply examples, when, for every purpose of illustration, it may be, exultingly, asked, what, in all the worldly possessions, in all the sensual gratifications, of mankind, can be compared with the treasures, which a career of active benevolence accumulated for the meditations of a *Howard;* or a life of exalted patriotism, bestowed upon the memory of a *Washington*.

The *moral influence of memory*, which tends to make *individuals* better and happier, tends, also, to improve the condition of *society*. So far as it deters from the commission of crime, or impels to the practice of virtue, the consequence is obvious. But the moral influence of memory arises as well from what is *ejected*, as from what is *retained*. The philanthropy which is employed in the conferring of benefits, is not more important, in the scale of mental felicity, than the charity which is exercised, in the forgiveness of injuries. Nor is the *absence* of envy, malice, and revenge, less essential to the pleasures of remembrance, than the *presence* of truth, justice,

and generosity. Hence it is, that the chastened memory operates upon *passions*, as well as upon *principles*; meliorating the *manners* as well as the *dispositions* of individuals. And whatever forms and constitutes the characters of individuals, will form and constitute the character of the society, to which they belong. The *versatility of Greece*, the *constancy* of *Rome*, and the *perfidy* of *Carthage*, were national characteristics derived from the personal characters of the individuals, that composed the respective nations. And in modern story without dwelling upon the distinctions, which the arts, the arms, the pride, and the prejudice of Europe have produced, let the hope be cherished, that *a love of liberty and of justice* will forever signalize the *American name*.

Upon this disquisition (however brief and imperfect) a hint will readily be taken, for applying to the important subject, the test of personal experience; and for deriving from it, a lesson of personal improvement. Throughout the departments of society; in all the pursuits of public, or of private, life; by the rising, as well as by the passing, generation; the moral influence of memory, must, inevitably, be felt either in the participation of its pleasures, or in the sufferance of its pains. The suggestions of memory can neither be silenced, nor eluded. The inflexible, but faithful, monitor, can convert the music of unmerited applause, into grating sounds of irony and reproach; or make the calumny which wounds the ear of Innocence, fall light upon the heart. It is alike, active in the bustle of a crowd, and in the sequestration of solitude—whether we are exposed to the effulgence of the midday sun; or shrouded in the darkness of the midnight hour. Nay, when nature (seeking the renovation of corporeal strength) seems to extinguish all her mental fires; in the apparent torpor of sleep, and in the mere fiction of a dream; memory (pardon a repetition of the allusion) can fill with thorns the pillow of a *Richard*, to probe him to the quick; or scatter down on *Cato's* bed, that he may know, how

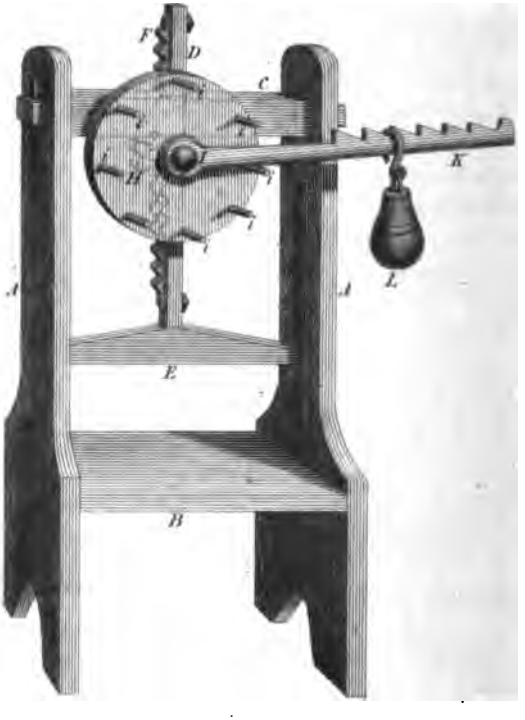
"Soft are the slumbers of the virtuous man!"

Will it not, then, be just and wise, by an early and a constant care, to cultivate the memory, as an intellectual paradise;—in which whatever is good, shall be planted, as with an angel's hand; and from which whatever is evil, shall be excluded as with an angel's sword?

*Bell's*

# Patent

## CHEESE PRESS.



Acting upon this system, the indulgence of the affections common to humanity, may be honourably united, with an observance of the principles inculcated by virtue: the plains of *Princeton* (famed in martial story) shall be traversed by many a veteran, with the fondest recollections of patriotic worth: And the sons of *Nassau* must forever associate in remembrance, even the inanimate objects of the collegiate scene, with a consciousness, a grateful consciousness, of the blessings of education.

## THE USEFUL ARTS—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

### BETTS'S PATENT CHEESE PRESS.

Mr. Oldschool,

I am happy to find that a portion of your elegant miscellany will be devoted to agriculture, and other branches of rural economy, and that while the *dulce* forms so agreeable a portion of the work, the *utile* will not be forgotten.

Every invention that tends to the improvement of our domestic manufactures deserves to be encouraged. Our farmers, our dairy women in particular will be gratified in being presented with an improved Cheese Press for which Mr. Betts of the Eastward who is the inventor has obtained a patent, as it combines a well regulated pressure with compactness of form, it promises to supersede all the awkward contrivances in use for the purpose: it is worthy the attention and will no doubt receive the patronage of our intelligent farmers and industrious housewives.

Two upright posts *AA* are connected at a suitable height by a plank *B* of a proper width to form a seat, and by a strengthening brace *C* above; a perpendicular rod *D* and cross piece *E* forming a T reversed passes through the connecting piece; on one side of the rod is a row of teeth *F*, the ends of the cross piece moves in a groove *G* on each side; a small cog-wheel *H*

operates on the teeth; its axis is supported under the brace by iron straps; it terminates with a head *I;* on this axis is also fastened a wheel, having a number of pins *iii* near its rim projecting in a horizontal manner; the lever *K*, the end of which is notched, so that by altering the position of the weight *L* the degree of pressure may be varied, is not fastened to the axis, but turns on it, and is confined by the head; when used, the end of the lever is brought towards the person, raised, and rested on the next pin above.

The manufacture of cheese within the last ten or fifteen years has greatly increased. The following facts, taken from the treasury statements, show the rapid progress of this interesting branch of our domestic manufactures.

In 1792 the cheese exported was only 125925 lb.
In 1802 it amounted to 1332224 lb.

Nor has the quantity only been attended to, the quality is also improved: in many of the States cheese is now made of a very superior kind, and but little encouragement is wanting to render it equal to the best of the English.

C.

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TRAVELS IN FRANCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## LETTER LXXIV.

Shortly after leaving Blois, we entered upon the embankment which protects the low grounds from the overflowings of the Loire. It is about twenty-five feet wide on the top, rising very gradually to an elevation of fourteen or fifteen feet above the level of the cultivated land; it lies on one, or the other side of the river, or on both, according to the situation and extent of the low grounds, which are every where in a state of the highest cultivation. Wherever they terminate and the high land commences, it is generally by a slope sufficiently gentle to be also in cultivation, and, for the most part, in vineyard; there are some vines also in the low grounds which are

trained from tree to tree, as in Lombardy. These last afford good grapes, I am told, but the wine they produce is of an inferior quality. The care of the embankment is by no means left to the individual over whose land it passes, and whose possessions it protects; it is a general concern, and being by far the greater part of the way the high road of the country, it is kept up and repaired by the profits of the different turnpikes. The earth which was necessary for the construction of this useful work was generally taken from the outside in dry seasons, and there are sluices at certain distances for letting off any great accumulation of rain water.

Amid a number of ancient castles on the left bank of the river, we were struck with the appearance of Chaumont; it stands upon a low but rugged rock, and overlooks a little town, which it seems to command and to protect. Chaumont is the property of a gentleman who has preferred to become an American citizen and to live in New-York. It would have cost me a struggle to have exchanged the castle of my ancestors, and such a castle in so fine a country for the narrow streets, the musquitos, and the docks, and the yellow fever of New-York. But I can conceive that the difference of government to one who has a family growing up may very possibly supersede every other consideration. The site of Chaumont, which was besieged and taken by Henry II of England some five hundred years ago, called our attention to the history of that great prince, and the more so, as we were now passing through the provinces which formed his hereditary dominions as heir of the ancient house of Plantagenet, when blinded by interest and ambition, just as a man might be in these latter times, he thought himself fortunate in contracting a marriage with the heiress of Guyenne, who disgraced and tormented him by her improper conduct, and by her jealousy, and excited his sons to acts of perfidy and rebellion against the most generous and indulgent of fathers.

The best maxims for the government of human life might surely be derived from history. Henry II, the greatest and wisest monarch of his time, so distinguished for his abilities in peace and war, whose character both in public and private life was, with very few exceptions, without a blemish, and who possessed every accomplishment both of body and mind which could render a man either estimable or

amiable, sinking under the disgrace of a dishonourable peace, opposed by his children, deserted by his favourites, and retiring to die in an obscure castle, affords a striking lesson of the versatility of human affairs. I have often thought that lord Lyttleton's account of the last moments of this great monarch's life was as pathetic a picture as is to be found in history, and that it ought to weigh with the reader in favour of one of the dullest books that was ever written.

We passed through Amboise, and took a hasty look at the exterior of the ancient castle where Charles VIII was born, and which is connected with some important events in the history of France. We saw Chanteloup far upon our left, and could distinguish the column which Monsieur de Choiseul erected during his exile in honour of those who came to visit him. No individual before the revolution ever united so much power in his own person as Monsieur de Choiseul, being at one time at the head of the three great departments of the army, the navy, and foreign affairs. From this world of business, this torrent of human affairs, the transition to the tranquillity of rural life must have been painful, and it was wise in him to think of amusing himself by the pursuits of agriculture. I do not imagine, however, from what I heard as I passed, that his proficiency in farming was ever very great or very profitable; his noble cow-house and well-established dairy, which Young speaks so highly of, could not, it seems, supply the household with milk, and Chanteloup was sold after his death to pay his debts.

To the castles of the former nobility, which are spread along the river, there were now added, as we approached Tours, a number of comfortable houses, which bespoke the prosperous trade of that ancient city in better times, and there began also to be seen some singular habitations scooped out of the soft rock which must have formed the banks of the river, in days of yore, before it had made for itself so deep a channel. The chimnies to these are opened through the rock, and smoke is frequently seen to rise amdist horses and cattle, who are thus grazing on the top of a human habitation. These cavern houses are generally inhabited by the class of labourers, and afford others the facility of having very cool and dry cellars at a trifling expense. We shortly after passed the ruins of the venerable and once wealthy and distinguished monastery of Marmon-

tice, and entered Tours over a noble bridge of fifteen arches, which leads into one of the handsomest streets we had ever seen in France. The houses are of hewn stone, their fronts have a uniform appearance, and there are side pavements for the accommodation of foot passengers. All that heaven has ever bestowed upon man was once to be enjoyed in this fine country. But their manufactories, which formed a principal source of their prosperity, are gone to decay, and the overplus of what the earth, in its utmost fertility produces, but suffices a livelihood and the means of paying taxes. In walking about the town I saw nothing that looked like opulence or prosperity, and the playhouses which we attended in the evening, was the very emblem of wretchedness. I could not have imagined that I should find a theatre in one of the handsomest towns of France, in comparison of which, the playhouse over the old beef-market at Newport might be called a splendid place. The cathedral, which you may have seen a description of in some book of travels, and which was once distinguished for a profusion of Gothic ornaments, and revered as a place of peculiar sanctity, was defaced and defiled with the most profligate ingenuity during the revolution. The workmen employed upon this iniquitous occasion are said to have received nearly thirty thousand livres as wages, and the government is now expending more than twice that sum to restore this ancient place of worship as much as possible to its former appearance.

Tours is known in history as the birth-place of Agnes Sorcel, who, with all her frailties, is said in an epigram made upon her by Francis I, to have rendered more service to France than the prayers, in all probability, and the mortifications of a whole convent of nuns could.

It was at Tours that Louis XI dragged on the last period of his wretched life, the horrors of which have been described by his historian, Comines, with so much truth and simplicity. He had trifled with oaths and promises, had oppressed his subjects, and put numbers to death, on every frivolous pretence; he had exercised his ingenuity too in the invention of such instruments of torture, as might best prolong the sufferings of those, who were the peculiar objects of his vengeance, and he now felt the full force of all the enormities he had committed, with the additional mortification of being exposed

to the insolence and rapacity of a physician, whom he did not dare to dismiss. On leaving Tours we took a last look at what remains of Marmontice, which once belonged to the Benedictines. Those good fathers, who like all of their order, were distinguished for the sanctity of their lives and for their erudition, here lived in the centre of a great estate, which they cultivated to advantage, whilst the growing ornaments of their church, and their various buildings encouraged artists of every denomination; their hospitality and charity consoled every wanderer in distress, and their charity relieved the poor. It does not appear that the lands which were once their property are better cultivated, or the revenue arising from them put to a better use than formerly, and as to the poor, they are now left to Providence. The nation meanwhile has received no benefit whatsoever from this sacrilegious confiscation. The purchase money in assignats when paid into the treasury after a year's credit was not equivalent to more than 10 or 15 pounds sterling, whilst the lead alone from the roof of the church and of the other principal buildings sold for upwards of twelve hundred pounds. Our road was now entirely confined to the embankment, and as the low grounds were in some places of no great breadth, we had an opportunity of examining several of the cavern houses as we passed along; they are in some places, where the cliff recedes sufficiently as it ascends, in tires one above the other, and it then sometimes happens, that the smoke of one man's habitation rises up in the midst of his neighbour's garden. Our first day's journey, and it was a very short one, brought us to the house of Monsieur Du Vau de la Fariniere, to whom we were particularly recommended by his son, whom I had been so happy as to become acquainted with at Geneva, and we had the pleasure of being received in an ancient castle like looking mansion, on the banks of the Loire in Touraine, with the same hospitality we should have experienced in Carolina or Virginia. Our host was far advanced in life: he had been living during the whole of the revolution upon the confines of the country which was the seat of civil war, and had suffered from the exactions of both parties. In common with many other parents he had been compelled by a law, in the highest degree unjust, to sell property in order to pay a child's portion of his estate for a son, who had emigrated. To render a parent responsi-

ble for a son, who is made a soldier, and beyond the term at which the parental authority would in every other instance cease, or to seize during the life of the parent upon such a portion of his estate as the son would be entitled to if he should be the longer liver are laws so remote from justice, that one might almost suppose them the invention of some ingenious writer, who was speculating upon the vices of mankind, in order to ascertain with how small a degree of honour and equity men might be kept together under a certain form of government. In common too with every other proprietor he felt the weight of taxes accompanied as it was with the impossibility of selling to any advantage the yearly productions of his estate, but he enjoyed the tranquillity of the present moment, maintained as it was by a uniform and regular administration of justice, and never broken in upon by any appearance of war or by parties of tired soldiers clamorous for food and quarters, and he considered the general operation of a similar sentiment as affording a very solid support to the present government.

The peasants in the neighbourhood of La Fariniere, like those of every part of France I had hitherto visited, have benefited by the revolution. They have paid their debts in depreciated assignats, they have added to their little portion of property by purchases of land on very easy terms; they are relieved from the *taille*, which was not only oppressive but degrading, and from the *gabotte*, which exposed them at all times to have their houses searched, and their daily consumption of provisions scrutinized, and from the injurious effects of the ancient corn police which prevented the superfluity of one district from passing into another, even in cases of absolute want; they are relieved too from the absurd oppression of the ancient game laws and the abuses of the capitaineries from the corvie, from many other feudal services, which were prejudicial to the cultivation of the little spot that was to give bread to the family of each, and from the mockery of justice in the seigneurial courts, which comprised every species of despotism and occasioned an irreparable loss of time and enormous expenses on the most trifling occasions. These taxes though heavy, are now in proportion to the property they hold, and to their consumption. Their wages as labourers are increased, and every article which they can raise for the use of the neighbouring towns commands a higher price; they

are in short better fed, better clothed, better protected by the law, and live in better houses, than before the revolution. What they feel most is the conscription; but the complaints of those who lament the absence of their children or deplore their loss, are drowned in shouts of victory at the arrival of every courier, and so great are the effects of the general exultation among the lower orders in some of the distant provncies, that without any knowledge of the enemy to be combated, or of the occasion of the war, or even of the part of the world it is to be carried on in, thousands would fly to arms at the first summons; a single defeat of a French army however commanded by the emperor in person might put an end to all this enthusiasm, and cure them of their delirium, for all depends upon the high idea they entertain of his capacity, and of his good fortune. The taxes, as I said, are high; they might better indeed be called exorbitant, for what with the fourth of the net income; and all the various taxes on consumption, on doors, windows, chimneys, furniture, servants, and houses, and the duties payable on the transportation of any article from place to place, and on its entering a town, the landholder is supposed to pay upwards of thirty-three per cent. on his income; this is paid monthly or quarterly with allowance of somewhat more than the legal interest for those who pay in advance.

The mansion house we were received at with a kindness of hospitality I have not as yet experienced in this old world, was within a few yards of the bottom of the *cliff*, which rose perpendicularly to a great height above it, and this had been excavated according to the custom of the country into all the various offices which the services of a large and opulent family required. It was so contrived that light should be admitted into the kitchen, but the spacious vaults which held provisions for the use of the farm, or the produce of the vintage, or grain, or wood, were so dark, that an old female servant, who put me in mind of dame Leonarda in *captain Rolando's* cavern, was obliged to precede us with a torch. The rock is of chalk, which is known to be a marine production, and we were therefore walking along what must have been once the bottom of the sea. It afterwards became the bank of a rapid river, and is now a receptacle for the fruits of the earth in a most fertile country. There is a natural

terrace near the house of La Faciniere, which commands an extensive prospect of the neighbouring country, and I beheld from it some little towns, the names of which are known in history, a number of castles and country houses, a highly cultivated soil and a beautiful river, which, whatever its appearance may be in dry seasons, with long intervals of sand between its shallow branches, was now what a river ought to be, " strong without rage, without o'erflowing full," and afforded the means of communication along a great extent of country. I was sorry to observe that almost every one of the castles and ancient mansions in view were uninhabited, either from the inability of the owner to furnish it, or from its having devolved on some new proprietor, who lived in one of the neighbouring towns in the exercise of some trade, or profession. Such of the exiled nobility as have been permitted to return, could not recover possession of any part of their property, which had been sold, or of their forests, even though they had remained unsold; so that the permission to return has been in general nothing more than a permission to endure poverty at home, rather than abroad. The price of land, notwithstanding the heavy taxes and the small profits which arise from agriculture, is much greater than before the revolution; that part which is protected from the river is sold, as I was assured, at one hundred and twenty pounds sterling an acre. The embankment which has thus converted a pestiferous swamp into a scene of useful industry, and plenty, was begun by some of the earlier kings of France, but improved to its present appearance by Louis XIV, whose vainglory and destructive ambition were certainly connected with some ideas of real magnificence and useful grandeur. Henry II of England, too, whose long experience of the ingratitude of mankind, could never, as Hume observes, affect the generous sensibility of his heart, had the glory of contributing to this great work, and found means, at a period of some difficulty in his affairs, to lay the foundation of that part of it which is near the Pont de Cè, for the benefit of his Angevin subjects.

We now passed far more rapidly than I could have wished along a very beautiful and interesting country. We had left the great road, which leads from Paris to Bourdeaux, we were remote from that which travellers generally take to Nantes, and found ourselves

among a people whose good nature and simplicity reminded us of Switzerland. It was entirely a new race of tall, straight men, who, with their overalls, and short coats, and large flapped hats gave me a very perfect idea of a Vendean soldier.

The ancient city of Saumur, which seems to have been destined to suffer by every civil war in France, was on our left; a line drawn hence to La Rochelle would include the greater part of the country which was the seat of the war of La Vendèe, of which I will endeavour, in a future letter, to give you some particulars not very generally known. We now quitted the river, and passing under the ancient and gloomy walls of Angers, which would hardly refuse to open its gates to such armies as Shakspeare brings before it in his tragedy of King John, we stopped for the night at Varades, where we found excellent accommodations in an inn whose appearance by no means seemed to promise such. We had made the same observation at Les Roziers the evening before, and it is the more surprising as there are so few travellers. It has frequently happened to us to go a hundred and sometimes two hundred miles without meeting any sort of carriage, except waggons, in which alone almost the sole exchange of merchandize takes place between Paris and the distant provinces.

There are but few canals in France, and the utility of that of Orleans, which makes a figure on the map from the waters it connects, is very much diminished by the uncertainty of the navigation of the Loire. Boats have been known to be three months waiting for a sufficient depth of water and a fair wind between Nantes and Orleans.

We had no sooner lost sight of the river, than the face of the country changed; it no longer reminded me of our low grounds in Carolina, of what they might be converted into I mean, but rather of some part of Massachusetts or Connecticut; the surface of the earth was undulated, and it was diversified by an intermixture of woods and different sorts of culture divided by hedges, and interspersed with villages. A traveller, who had time to examine this country, might very well bestow some weeks in visiting the different towns of the cidevant Anjou: many of them are rendered interesting by events which they have been the scene of in former days, by the sieges they have sustained, by the memory of the distinguish-

ed personages they have given birth to, and by what remains of their once flourishing manufactories. From the ancient princes of this country was descended the celebrated Margaret of Anjou, whose unconquerable courage and perseverance could, for a time, uphold the falling fortunes of the house of Lancaster: and Angers is said to have been the birthplace of Mr. Pitt, so long the first minister of England, the most eloquent, the most undaunted, and the most disinterested man of his time. Posterity will do justice to this illustrious statesman, and every succeeding age will hold him in reverence, as one who contended for the liberties of mankind; so great were his resources, and so powerful the means which he knew how to put in operation, that I have often thought we might almost apply to him in one sense, and without any similar condition, the expression of Archimedes, give me another globe but for a moment, said this great geometrician, give me but a spot to put my foot on, and I will move this earth of ours wherever I please.

The productions of the soil and the modes of agriculture would also afford very proper objects of curiosity; the earth is rich in mines of coal, of iron, of copper, and of lead; and there are quarries of marble and of slate, with animal and vegetable fossils without end. The last English monarch to whom this fine country belonged was John, the meanest and most envious of mankind, and yet the favourite, for a time, of Fortune, and, what is still more singular, of a father, who was himself one of the best and most enlightened of men: such were the effects of his folly and licentiousness, of his cruelty, his treachery, and his ingratitude, that nothing but a death hastened by poison, could have saved him from dragging on a miserable existence in a state of exile.

The first posthouse from Angers was so near a very ancient castle, that we had time to get the doors opened and to enter it. As it lay in the way of the Vendean and republican armies during the civil war, it had been stripped of every sort of furniture, and bore marks of having served as barracks. The apartments are spacious: an ancient castle, however, must be at best but a cold and gloomy habitation. As we wandered about from room to room, I was struck on entering one, where the seigneure formerly received his company on great occasions, at the appearance of a picture in perfect

preservation, which represented a person in the Scotch highland dress, with the insignia of the garter, and as just landed upon a rocky shore, in the act of delivering a paper to another, who receives it with great respect. I soon discovered that the principal personage in the picture was Charles Edward, the prince pretender, or perhaps his father, who, in England, was called the old pretender, and learned from the person who attended us, that he was meant to be represented as conferring a commission to raise a brigade upon an Irish gentleman of the name of Walsh, whose descendant, Monsieur de Seran, had been so fortunate as to preserve his property from confiscation, and it was in his castle we now were. Madam de Seran is one of the few ladies of high rank who have accepted a place in the household of the empress, and she is said to be a sort of favourite, a circumstance which has, perhaps, led Monsieur de Seran to hope, as I am told he does, that the embankment on the Loire will be continued, by order of government, so far below Angers as to protect his lands, the greater part of which are now an unwholesome marsh. There was somewhat in the appearance of this mysterious picture, which alone, of every thing in the castle, had been respected by both parties, and in the castle itself, and in the age and appearance of the keeper, and in the chapel, where the proprietors had a seat apart, so different from the rest as to have an air of regal distinction, and in a number of other circumstances, which brought the Mysteries of Udolpho very forcibly to our minds. We now saw marks of war which had never before occurred, in the remains of houses that had been burned, and I heard a great deal of the miseries the inhabitants had been exposed to: miseries which reminded me of somewhat similar scenes in our own country. I began to perceive also as we approached the sea, that the evils of war were more felt, that the inhabitants compared the present stagnation of trade with the shortlived joys of the peace they had been blessed with after the treaty of Amiens, and that they ventured to regret that inordinate ambition which no extent of territory could satiate, and which continues to sacrifice the general happiness and prosperity to the vain and selfish expectation of foreign acquisitions. The environs of Nantes bespeak the opulence of former times, but the situation is low, and must, I should suppose, expose the inhabitants to

autumnal fevers. The first streets we entered were narrow and the houses old, and decayed, but we soon found ourselves in what appeared a new city, and after driving across a handsome square we entered the largest and most commodious hotel we had any where seen. I felt and it gave a tincture of somewhat like melancholy to my thoughts, as we drove along the last part that we were now to take leave of travelling in France, which is certainly one of the most agreeable countries in the world to travel over; the accommodations are generally good, the roads excellent, and the horses as strong and willing as they are coarse and ugly; as to the postillions they are as lively and good natured as ever, and much less importunate than formerly, but they are still very great coxcombs, and that too with a union of wretchedness which is not perhaps to be met with in any other country upon earth—one of those, who drove us this last stage, and who I could see was a very pretty fellow in his own eyes, would have gathered a croud about him in America—whisps of straw served as bootlegs to his wooden shoes, and a piece of old tapestry, with figures of men and horses and towers and battlements "bosomed high in tufted trees;" protected him from the weather, whilst his sunburned face was partly shaded by the remains of a rose coloured handkerchief, which was thus converted into a substitute for a hat.

There are few towns or villages in France, where there are not beggars who assail every stranger that arrives, and there are various other marks and degrees of poverty not to be met with in America; I have heard a poor man, as I stood in the market place of a morning, compliment another upon his appearing abroad in a new pair of wooden shoes, as one of our people might wish another joy of a new coat: in Paris particularly there is a great deal of abject poverty concealed under a decent appearance made with clothes and linen hired for the day; numbers who appear occasionally in good company have no other resource. This once opulent city of Nantes has had some breathing time from the horrors of the revolution, which it was in a particular degree exposed to. But it still exhibits a sad contrast to the descriptions which I have read of it: there were formerly various seminaries, and colleges, and schools of chirurgery, and navigation, and a university, with societies of agriculture, and of the arts, and of mu-

sic in particular; there were also several charitable institutions for the maintenance of the poor and the gratuitous education of their children; there were manufactories of different sorts, and great distilleries, an overflowing commerce, beautiful public walks, and a theatre twice as large, says Arthur Young, as that of Drury Lane, and five times as magnificent. Of all this display of opulence and prosperity there remains little more at present than empty warehouses, and mouldering walls; libraries, hospitals, and schools have gone to ruin, as well as convents and churches, nor has any art and science, or any elegant institution met with more protection than religion: as to commerce and manufactories they are but the shadow of what they were, and seven eighths of the general capital is sunk: now and then a small American vessel aided by a swell of the river, and a strong wind from the sea, gets up as far as the city, and there are frequently five or six of them at anchor below Paimboeuf, but the flag of France which formerly crossed the ocean from Nantes in so many various directions, is now seen only on vessels of from thirty to fifty or perhaps sixty tons, which run from harbour to harbour along the coast, like mice from one hiding place to another, under convoy of an armed vessel or two, the commodore of which with a broad penant at his main top gallant mast, and carries perhaps six four pounders and forty men. The squares and public walks are still beautiful, but they are silent and solitary, and have been stained with the best blood of the city. Of the playhouse nothing remains but the vestibule; the other parts of this magnificent edifice were consumed by fire during the revolution, nor is there any prospect of its being rebuilt; those meanwhile who cannot live without the amusements of the theatre, must be satisfied with a corner of an old convent which has been converted into something like a playhouse, and with a company of comedians who appear to be in no better circumstances than those of Tours. There is a part of the city called La Fosse, where a long row of lofty houses follows the direction of the river, with trees in front and very commodious quais for the despatch of business; it was along this street that the victims of Carrier's cruelty were conducted, and at the extremity of it immediately before the doors of a large mill, which was for-

merly worked by stream, but which has long been useless, lay the fatal barges. I am not now going to shock you by a recital of scenes that do not bear description. But as far as I could learn from persons who were at Nantes during those wretched times, there does not appear to be any exaggeration in the printed accounts—as no one ever returned of the hundreds who were embarked, it was easy to prevent the effects of despair by making the prisoners believe, that they were to be transported to some distant country; they would surely otherwise have rushed upon their guard, and expired on the bayonet, rather than have been exposed to a death so unheard of, and in so frightful a form: they consisted in general of citizens of Nantes, of priests who were collected from different departments, and of the inhabitants of La Vendèe: A corps of troops was frequently sent out for the purpose of collecting these last, and with general orders to destroy every thing, nor was it unusual to see the party return, (if they escaped the effects of rage and despair in the unhappy people whom they attacked, which was not always the case) loaded like Tartars, from a plundering excursion into some christian country, with various sorts of booty, and driving before them a promiscuous crowd of old and young and women and children. It is but justice to the regular troops to say, that though ready enough to execute the orders of their superiors in spreading ruin and devastation over the fields and through the villages of La Vendèe, they refused any longer to conduct prisoners to the water side, when the effects of Carrier's cruel artifice were apparent, it became necessary therefore to have instruments for that special purpose, and the volunteers of Marat were raised, consisting of sixty men under a captain, these wretches who were of the lowest, the most brutal, the most profligate of the populace, soon deserved the approbation of their employer, and so well satisfied was he with their alacrity, that he extended their powers to the making of domiciliary visits at all hours of the day and night, a power dreadful at all times and in any hands, but more dreadful than death itself in their abominable perversion of it at the expense of the unhappy families, who were in any degree and from any motive the objects of their attentions.

I have been told of an individual, who acted frequently as a supernumerary upon these occasions, and whose pleasure it was to be ready at the water side, where he would wound and mutilate such of the prisoners as the volunteers of Marat were fastening to the timbers, and seats of the barge, adding thus a degree of corporal pain to the anguish of approaching death. It so happened, that he was unnoticed when a change of measures took place, and Carrier and his committee were ordered to Paris: but a young man, whose parents had been among the victims of his brutality, returning from exile some years after, shot the wretch through the head in a public coffeehouse, nor did the police, which is so singularly strict in this country, take any cognisance of the affair. Whilst the inhabitants of Nantes were thus suffering from exhibitions, which were at first confined to the night, but which were soon perpetrated in open day, exhibitions, from the bare recital of which our nature revolts; from a vigilant, an enraged and inveterate enemy, who waylaid every approach to the city, from the death or imprisonment of their principal citizens, who were suspected of being rich, or of what in the dialect of the times was called *negociantism*, from continued and severe military duty, from fines and impositions, from famine, and almost from thirst, for the waters of the river were polluted to a degree which rendered it unfit for use. Carrier, a man of profligate life, and violent passions, insulted the public misery by scenes of riot and debauchery. The wretches too who surrounded him, and who formed in some measure his court, had appetites and passions of their own to gratify, and interests to consult and enmities to satisfy, and the whole city with as much of the neighbouring country as their power extended over, was thus a prey to the most worthless of mankind.

The people of the earldom of Nantes having separated themselves from Britany in the 12th century, and chosen a sovereign of their own, whom they afterwards expelled to make room for Geoffry of Anjou, brother to Henry II of England, that enterprising and able monarch was enabled to get possession not only of Nantes but of all Britany, first as representative of his brother, who died without children, and afterwards as guardian of his own son Geoffry, whom he married to Constance, the daughter

of a late duke of Britany, and prevailed upon the inhabitants of that extensive dutchy to acknowledge as their sovereign. This Constance is the lady who renders Shakspeare's play of king John so interesting, and whose adventures, affected as they were by the sad fate of her son, seemed more of the province of romance, than history. The subsequent history of Britany, the fortunes of the house of Montfort, and the circumstances which finally annexed this part of France to the monarchy are also very interesting. The Britons were able to secure very important previleges at the marriage of their princess with Charles V; and these joined to the circumstance of their speaking a different language made them always seem a separate people from the French. The ancient castle of Nantes, in which so many monarchs have lodged from the days of Henry II, to those of Lewis XIV, has suffered by the accidental explosion of a quantity of gunpowder during the revolution, but is in other respects entire. The angle of the bastion from which the cardinal de Retz let himself down by a rope, remains precisely as it was at the time of his evasion, and I was glad that the door also which opens upon the river, and at which Mad. de Sevignè describes herself as having been so handsomely received by torch light, is still entire. I wished very much to have gone to Rennes and to Vitri, but it was impossible. I received however a very particular account of the house of Les Roches from a friend at Rennes, and was glad to find, that the name of Mad. de Sevignè had afforded protection to some old fashioned walks, and that the desk at which she wrote, and the inkstand she made use of are preserved with religious care. The estate of Les Roches is the property of Monsieur des Netumiers, a gentleman of lower Britany, who having been driven from his paternal castle during the civil war, has been so fortunate as to make himself a home at this once favourite residence of Mad. de Sevignè. As we had come provided with letters of recommendation we experienced the kindness and hospitality of two or three families whom I shall always think of with gratitude, and we found a friend in Mr. Patterson the American consul. Mixing as I did in company at his hospitable house, and at other places, I had frequent opportunities of

conversing with persons who had borne a part in the late war of La Vendèe, and been present at many of the horrors which attended it: it is the memory of those dismal times which gives to the present government its principal support, for there is nothing which a great majority would not submit to, rather than risk a renewal of them: they feel however very sensibly in Nantes the weight of taxes, and the loss of trade; they feel that the treasury calls for more in proportion as they are less able to pay, and the additional duty on salt which raises the price of that indispensable article from two to five sous a pound, has occasioned no slight sensation. The peasants of Britany who had lately adopted the custom of manuring a certain quality of land with salt, have been obliged to desist: the sudden manner too in which the government imposes any additional duty, and the numerous regulations which are made by people entirely ignorant of or regardless of trade, add extremely to the embarrassment of the commercial world. Disputes are every day arising between the buyers and sellers of salt in cases where the article has not been yet delivered, and many who had contracted to furnish large quantities at certain prices must either recede from their engagements, or be ruined. An appearance of something like a riot in the streets, which I saw yesterday for the first time since I have been in France, I at first imagined was connected with this general cause of dissatisfaction, but I soon discovered my error. Forty or fifty people, partly young men and partly fathers of families, had assembled somewhat tumultuously and were endeavouring to make the keeper of an e o table, who had been carrying on his business very successfully for some time, consent to leave the city, or shut his doors; but the man, who had according to custom paid largely for permission to hold his table in Nantes a certain time, applied to the police for protection, a captain's guard was immediately paraded at his door, good order was instantly established, and the keeper of the e o table goes on ruining people with impunity as before. The prevalent turn for gaming either with dice, or in the lottery, which is renewed every fortnight throughout all France, furnishes indeed one of the great financial resources of the empire, unfortunately for the

lower orders, any sum, however small, may be ventured upon a certain number or numbers which the adventurer chooses out of one hundred, his choice is necessarily confined to five, upon any one of which, or upon all, he stakes any sum he thinks proper; five numbers only are drawn out of the wheel; those who happen to have fixed upon any one of the numbers drawn, are the fortunate adventurers, and if upon more than one, they gain in proportion, and the profits are so great in the case of those who shall have chosen all five, that the passions of avarice and ambition are continually excited in the breasts of hundreds from one end of France to the other.

And now, my dear daughter, adieu. I shall write you no more letters from France. In a few days we are to be at Paimboeuf where I have secured as comfortable lodgings as such a place admits of. I shall there spread my map of France upon the table, collect my notes, and look over my scraps of information, and learn all I can from every one I meet with as to the history and agriculture of the neighbouring country, and if we are so happy as to reach New-York in safety, you shall hear from me again.

## MEMOIRS OF HAYTI—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

### LETTER XII.

*The Cape, Island of Hayti, November* 1805.

That portion of the island of Hispaniola called the Spanish part, which is by far the most considerable in extent of territory, though not in culture and population, was ceded to France in the year 1795 by the treaty of Basle (or Bael). In conformity with this arrangement, Toussaint L'Ouverture, in his capacity of general in chief of the island under the French Republic, took possession of it, with the exception of the city of St. Do-

mingo. This important place was in the occupancy of a force under the command of Don Joachim Garcia, insubordinate to the authority of the new proprietors, and was not surrendered until the year 1800, when Paul L'Ouverture, brother of the black general, was stationed there as commander in chief of the Spanish department.

Upon the arrival of the French army in the winter of 1801-2 under the captain-general Le Clerc, Paul L'Ouverture embracing the apparent friendly offers of the Gallic commanders, delivered up the city to general Hervérseau. Brigadier-general Clervaux, a mulatto officer, who commanded at the town of St. Iago, following this example, also submitted without opposition, and thereby placed the whole province in the complete possession of the troops of France. The war which commenced at that period between the white and black *republicans*, and which was terminated by the expulsion of the French army towards the close of 1803, had its seat principally in the western part of the island. In consequence of this, the inhabitants of the Spanish part were in a situation to remain neuter until the contest should be decided, and then to side with the victorious party. They accordingly pursued this system, and upon the success of the indigene arms, those upon the north side of the island, as far eastward as Port Plate, generally hastened to acknowledge their subjection to the authority of Dessalines, as citizens of Hayti. In consideration of this honourable proof of loyalty, the governor-general appointed the officers that were to command them from among themselves, and a cordial intercourse was kept up with them for several months, and a profitable commerce in the products of their territory, encouraged. Those on the contrary who resided near the city, placing more confidence in the protection of the French, who still preseryed a garrison there under general Ferrand, preferred to continue their allegiance to that government. About the first of March a decree was issued by the French commander prohibiting all intercourse with that part of the island which was in possession of the blacks, by which it appears that at that time, the French only occupied the district which lies between Cape Raphael on the North-East coast, and Ocoa bay on the south side.

Thus stood affairs for a short time until the intrigues of the French had changed their complexion. Emissaries and agents, aided by the influence of a priest, were employed to bring the Spaniards over to their interest, by circulating addresses through the country calculated to inspire faith in the great nation, and distrust in the "brigands." At length after the commencement of the horrible system of massacre which was extended throughout the French part, the Spaniards became alarmed and fearful of encountering a similar fate with their unfortunate cidevant allies, manifested a disposition to withdraw from their new masters. They accordingly made application to Ferrand for assistance, and requested him to send a capable officer to command them. That general, seizing with avidity the favourable opportunity which presented itself, despatched to their aid general Devaud with a body of troops. On the receipt of intelligence of their hostile movements, Dessalines issued from the Cape a proclamation addressed to the Spaniards, bearing date the 8th of May, printed copies of which were distributed through their territory. In this document he cautions them against being seduced by the "perfidious insinuations" of the French, and threatens them with destruction if they should dare to oppose his authority. He allows them fifteen days to make up their determination "whether they would coalesce with his cruel enemies, or rally under his banners."

As stated in a former letter, Dessalines left the Cape for the seat of government on the 14th of May. During his visit in the North, the grand dignitaries of the government had heaped additional honours upon his head, by granting him an extension *for life* of his title of governor-general, with the important powers of nominating his successor and of making peace and war.

The determination of the Spaniards eventuating in favour of the French interest, a small army was marched against them, which penetrated without much difficulty as far as the town of St. Iago. This place being defended by a garrison of about seven hundred men, opposed a powerful obstacle to the further conquests of the Haytiens. A battle took place on the 3d of June, in which the blacks were unsuccessful, and were compelled to retreat with loss. A short time afterwards, however, under the

command of Christophe, who had advanced with a reinforcement, St. Iago was carried. All the white inhabitants who could not escape, were put to the sword, the town was delivered up to pillage, and the Haytien army returned to the Cape with about seven or eight hundred black and mulatto prisoners. Most of the white inhabitants of the conquered town and its vicinity had fled to the city of St. Domingo, leaving behind them their property, which afforded to the victorious troops a rich and extensive field for plunder. St. Iago is an ancient, and has once been, a very wealthy town. A large quantity of gold and silver was found there by the soldiers, who indiscriminately robbed the churches as well as private habitations. On the return of the black army with the spoils of war, the French advanced their outposts as far as Monte Christi, where they were in possession on the 30th of September following. The Spanish prisoners becoming burthensome to the government, were soon afterwards liberated, and in a state of the most abject poverty and distress, were compelled to beg their bread in the streets of the Cape.

The existence of a French force in the island, though at a considerable distance from the Haytien settlements, and separated by a very mountainous country, and although during the continuance of the war then supported between England and France, there was no probability of an attempt at another invasion by the latter, was to Dessalines a source of serious uneasiness. He was determined to use his utmost endeavours to expel them, by "reconquering the boundaries which nature had set to his dominions." But he was not yet prepared for an undertaking so arduous, and therefore laid aside any immediate intention of marching against the city of St. Domingo. The internal affairs of his government required some attention, and after his departure from the Cape, he visited Port de Paix, Port au Prince, and other towns, for the purpose of ascertaining generally the situation of their fortifications and military establishments, and of reviewing his troops.

Immediately after the expulsion of the French army, the construction of powerful forts had been commenced on the high mountains in the interior of the country, as places of retreat in

case of a future visit from their old enemies. These fortresses have been built under the direction of skilful architects and engineers, and are admirably well constructed and defended. There is one near the Cape called Le Fevrier which I shall describe on a future occasion as a specimen of the strong holds of this country. It is the determination of the Haytiens, in case the French should send another army to the island, which they look for on a return of peace in Europe, to abandon the towns on the coast after setting them on fire, to conflagrate and destroy all the gardens and plantations in their neighbourhood, to poison the water, and then to retire to the mountains, leaving their foes neither protection from the climate nor sustenance from the soil.

In addition to these forts, some of which were constructing under his inspection, the governor-general devoted a portion of his time to the planning of two cities, which were about this time commenced. One was a few leagues to the eastward of Port au Prince, and was called Alexandria, in compliment to Alexander Petion, general of division, commanding one of the western departments. The other, situated upon the plantation formerly called Marchand, afterwards Camp Marchand, about ten leagues from Gonaives towards the interior, was nominated the city of Dessalines, and was intended to be the permanent seat of government, and the residence of the executive. At this latter place, a splendid palace was built by his excellency, to which he shortly after removed.

Until the month of September following, no event of a political or interesting nature occurred. The chiefs of the island were busily employed in the superintendance of the forts, and in the government of their respective departments, the cultivators were kept closely at work upon the plantations in the cultivation of coffee, sugar, &c. and the inhabitants of the towns were engaged in their commerce and their various respective occupations. The government assumed a settled appearance, and tranquillity was again restored. Still, however, something occasionally transpired to excite uneasiness. The coffee plantations having suffered much from the devastations that had so long existed, had not yet been sufficiently productive to supply all the

demands of commerce. The officers of the government were obliged to make extensive purchases from the Americans, of provisions, clothing, and ammunition for the troops, and to provide for future exigencies, in payment for which, the latter had contracted to take coffee. The supply not being equal to the demand, and the government conceiving that the Americans did not pay sufficient for the produce of the island, foreigners were at times entirely prohibited from purchasing coffee, except from them, which occasioned many complaints. The natives too, who from being mere *marchands*, aspired to the rank and character of *negociants* complained to the governor of the disadvantages they were subjected to, from the privilege the American supercargoes enjoyed of hiring stores and retailing their cargoes, which entirely precluded them from the opportunity of speculation. To remedy this, a decree was issued prohibiting the further continuance of this regulation, and declaring that none should have the liberty of retailing cargoes but the *resident* merchants, not however confining it to the indigenes.

The animosity of the Haytiens against the Spaniards, not being confined to those alone who resided in the island, was extended to the mother country. War was declared against Spain, and whenever an opportunity offered of exercising their cruel vengeance it was not neglected. About the 28th of June, a Spanish brig called *La Bucha Dicha*, bound from Cadiz for Vera Cruz with a valuable cargo of wines, &c. was captured by an indigene barge, and brought into the Cape, where she was condemned. The captain, his wife, son, and crew were cast into prison, where no one was permitted to converse with them, and were afterwards barbarously murdered.

In the latter part of August or beginning of September, intelligence was received in the island that Bonaparte had been proclaimed emperor of the French in the month of May preceding, and to the astonishment of all, before many days had elapsed, a proclamation signed by the chiefs Vernet, Clervaux, Christophe, Petion, Gabart, Geffrard, and a number of inferior officers, declaring citizen Jean Jacques Dessalines emperor of Hayti, was published. This act of appointment sets forth that the chiefs could see no advantages the people could derive from a division

of the executive power, and they were fully satisfied that the supreme authority of the nation could be best confided to the hands of the man who possessed the affections of all. It farther stated that his excellency had refused for a long time the acceptance of a title of so much dignity, and that it was with the greatest reluctance that he had consented to accede to their wishes. This was something in the style of that *unambitious* man of whom Mark Antony observed

> "I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
> "Which he did thrice refuse."

In order however that it might not appear that Dessalines had been acting "like master like man" with Bonaparte, or as a servile imitator, the proclamation was very cunningly antedated the 25th of January, and the document intimating the acceptance of the title, the 15th of February. This is perhaps one of the weakest and most silly acts ever committed by the Haytien cabinet. The very proceedings of the government bear *prima facie* evidence of the trick, for in all the public documents prior to September, Dessalines is entitled governor-general. That this creation of the imperial dignity had its origin in the similar event which had taken place in France, does not admit of a doubt, and I think it more than probable, that the idea was first suggested by some of the waggish British officers who were occasionally visiting the island in their ships of war as a *hoax* upon the first consul, by depreciating the importance of the dignified title he had assumed. Be this as it may, Dessalines was proclaimed emperor throughout the island amid the acclamations of all his subjects and celebrations of the event were held in various parts of the empire. The festivity which commenced on the 15th of September at the Cape, was continued with entertainments and illuminations for three days.

The 8th day of October was appointed for a grand procession at Port au Prince, in honour of this glorious event, and nearly a month before, a pompous *programme* describing the order of it was published by general Petion. The intention of this chief was no doubt to exhibit something splendid, as from a perusal of the intended order is very evident, but the means of doing it were

wanting. A friend of mine, an American, who marched in the procession as one of the deputation of foreign commerce, has diverted me exceedingly by contrasting the real appearance of it, with the idea one would conceive from a view of the *programme*. Thus what are called "the troops of the garrison" who were to assemble on the Champ de Mars to receive the procession, was composed of about two or three hundred negroes with arms, "some without coats hats and shirts, and others even destitute of *culottes*." The public teachers, conducting a great number of their pupils, "consisted of an old negro pedagogue, followed by about a dozen dirty children half clothed or naked." The deputation of the body of artizans, "was composed of a few ragged mechanicals." The deputation of agriculturists "was made up of eight or ten plantation negroes who had been sent for to the country to act their part, and who appeared like the Laplanders, in *bear-skins*. Upon the whole, except the officers, the Americans, and a few other individuals, there was never before so shabby a set of ragamuffins called a *procession*. On their arrival upon the public square, they found "the amphitheatre in the midst of which was a throne," to be nothing more than a stage made of the roughest boards, in the centre of which was a kind of table. One of the officers mounted this rostrum and read aloud the act announcing the nomination of the emperor, after which he delivered a kind of oration, and the procession then moved to the church where a *Te Deum* was sung in thanksgiving for this memorable day. At the conclusion of this the procession returned to the house of the general, where it was dismissed. It appears that after the *Te Deum* had been appointed as part of the duties of the day, no one could be found capable of performing the service, and it is an actual fact that a detachment of soldiers was sent into the Spanish part of the island to catch some priests. In this curious employment they succeeded, and returned to Port au Prince with two, who regulated the religious exercises of the day. The firing of cannon, which was answerd from the American vessels in the harbour, was repeated several times in the course of the ceremonies, and the festivities of the occasion were closed by a general illumination. The emperor was him-

self at Port au Prince, and after the procession, which he beheld from his window, had been dismissed, he received the gratulations of all who went to pay their respects to him. In this tribute of regard, our countrymen were not backward. They waited upon him in a body to congratulate his majesty upon what they humorously termed, his accession to the throne of his ancestors, and were very graciously received. R.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*Shakspeare vindicated from the aspersions of Voltaire.*

VOLTAIRE's inveterate hostility against Shakspeare is notorious. He seized every occasion to vent his malignant spite against the first of poets. Such was his wretched vanity, that while it was willing to submit him to be the buffoon of a capricious tyrant; the "washer of his dirty linen;" the slave on whom he sometimes cracked jokes and sometimes laid stripes, it could not bear the blaze of superior genius. He sickened in its heat; he was delirious when it shone upon him. But although these degrading feelings principally induced Voltaire to become the reviler of Shakspeare, I would charitably hope that his imperfect knowledge of our language may be charged with some of the sin. He was incapable of comprehending that sublimity and beauty which consists in simplicity and nature; in plain and unadorned expressions of feeling. He was delighted with the rant of Caesar, which he says is "incredibly sublime," when he exclaims

> "Danger knows full well,
> That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
> We were two lions littered in one day,
> And I the elder and more terrible."

and ridicules this reflection in the soliloquy of Hamlet,

> "Frailty thy name is woman!
> A little month; or e'er those shoes were old,

> With which she followed my poor father's body—
> O heaven! a beast that wants discourse of reason
> Would have mourn'd longer!

Great ideas, splendid figures and high sounding words are more easily translated to another language, than those affecting touches of true nature which are expressed without noise, and melt the heart without storming it. Indeed a Frenchman sees no sublimity but in extravagance; no beauty but in caricature. Every thing is magnified by his optics; nothing has its natural size. Look at a French description of a battle or a ball; of a palace or a horsepond; it matters not what is the subject, every thing is grand and astonishing.

One of these gentlemen was, a short time since examined as a witness in one of our courts of justice. He was, among other things, asked the size of an inconsiderable town in Cuba. His reply was "It is immense—it is infinite."

In a French tragedy, the lord and the peasant, the general and the soldier; the master and the slave, all strut upon stilts, and declaim alike in heroics. Voltaire defends this violation of nature, these gross absurdities, by alledging that although such vulgar personages might, in truth, express themselves in coarse and common phrases, yet that, on the stage, in the presence of persons of distinction, who express themselves nobly, every person should express himself in like manner; as if nature regarded persons of distinction, or would in compliment to their nobility, transform a clown into a courtly gentleman, or an unlettered servant into a dealer in the sublime and beautiful.

But I am passing from my object, which is merely to expose the undignified petulance and low scurrility with which the French critic assails the English poet.

Some, who have a respect for the extraordinary talents of Voltaire, and know the contempt in which he held Shakspeare, might be disposed to give some importance to the testimony of such a witness against our bard: but when they see the manner of the attack, and how entirely destitute it is of the principles of fair and liberal criticism, as well as of the duties of decency and good breeding, they will no longer hold a prejudice founded on such a basis. I have never hesitated to give full credit to the brilliant wit and ge-

nius of Voltaire; I hold them in high admiration, and really wish he stood as fair in the account of religion, philosophy and literary candour: but he was grievously tormented with three devils; with "envy, hatred, and malice" towards every man whose reputation moved in the same orbit with his own.

Monsieur le comte de Catuelan, Monsieur le Tourneur, and Monsieur Fontaine Malherbe, had undertaken a translation of the works of Shakspeare into French, and published a commendation of their author. This stirred up the wrath of Voltaire to its very dregs. One of his letters on the subject was addressed to Monsieur D'Argenteuil, and is as follows:

*Ferney, July* 19, 1776.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I hear that Monsieur de St. Julian is just arrived in my desert with Le Kain. If this news be true, I am quite surprised and quite overjoyed. But I must also tell you, how angry I am, for the honour of the gang, against one Tourneur, who is said to be secretary to a set of book-makers, but who does not appear to be a secretary of taste. Pray have you read two miserable volumes, in which he would have us look upon Shakspeare as the only perfect model of tragedy? He calls him the god of the theatre; he sacrifices all the French dramatists, without exception, to this idol, as they formerly used to sacrifice hogs to Ceres. He does not deign to name Corneille or Racine: these two great men are only enveloped in the general proscription, without their names being pronounced. There are already two volumes printed of this Shakspeare; which one would take to be pieces composed for Bartholomew-fair two hundred years ago. This rascal has found means to engage the king, the queen, and all the royal family, to subscribe to his work.

Pray have you read this abominable conjuring book of which here are to be five volumes more? Do you feel sufficient hatred against this impudent blockhead? Can you bear the affront which he throws on the whole French nation? You and monsieur de Thoubeville are too milky. There are not in France enough of foolscaps, enough of pillories for such a knave! The blood boils in my veins when I speak of him; if he has not put you in a passion, I hold you to be incapable of feeling. The worst of it is, that the monster has a party in France; and what is peculiarly unfortunate, 'twas I that formerly talked of this Shakspeare; 'twas I that shewed the French some pearls which I found on his enormous dunghill. I little thought that I should help to tread under foot the crowns of Racine and Corneille, to adorn the head of a buffoon and a barbarian.

I beg you would endeavour to be as much in a passion as I am, otherwise I feel myself capable of committing some desperate deed. As to my friend, monsieur Gilbert, I wish he may go full gallop to the pillory.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

Now would any body imagine that this is the letter of a scholar and a gentleman? Is it not rather the raving of a madman, the anger of a fish-woman? And what is the offence that brings forth this torrent of abuse? An attempt to introduce to the knowledge of the French people, the works of Shakspeare; of whom Voltaire himself has condescended to talk. The truth is that this vain, irascible Frenchman had been in the habit of stealing *pearls* from this "enormous dunghill," and could not bear that the source of his wealth should be discovered. Like *Ali Baba*, in the tale of the Forty Thieves, he wished to have the exclusive knowledge of this cave of inexhaustible treasures; into which he might enter in secret, and then astonish the world with a display of his magnificence. The contemplated translation would have brought the works of the English dramatist into a general acquaintance in France, where certainly very little was known of them even among the learned. In another letter of Voltaire upon this subject to the French academy, he says "some of you, gentlemen, know that Shakspeare wrote a tragedy called Hamlet." If only *some* of this learned body knew that Shakspeare had written such a tragedy, it is probable that his very name was unknown to the nation in general. I do not believe Voltaire indulged all this passion merely for the disrespect he thinks is shown to Racine and Corneille. He will be better understood if wherever these names occur in the letter we blot them out, and write *Voltaire* in their place, or at least add it to them. He was particularly fond of considering himself at the head of dramatic poetry; and raged at the approach of a rival. It was not the crown of Corneille or Racine he was so anxious about; but he knew that his own was studded with the *pearls* of Shakspeare. It has been asserted that Voltaire afterwards repented of this disgraceful animosity, and did homage to the genius of the English dramatist.

## ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

### ODE TO MYSELF.

*Qui miser in sylvis moerens errabit opacis,*
*Ipse suum cor edens, hominum vestigia vitans.*

In vain proud man thou seek'st to hide
The floods of grief which o'er thee roll;
In vain thy high indignant soul,
With scorn repels the flowing tide!

In vain with conscious honour bold,
Thy haughty frown-contracted brow
Disdains with humble mien to bow,
Or shrink from harsh Misfortune's hold!

Heaven frown'd indignant at thy birth,
And Misery mark'd thee for her own;
Alas, poor youth! thou stand'st alone,
Without a single friend on earth.

Without one friend whose feeling breast
Will beat responsive to thy grief;
Whose fond endeavours for relief,
Might lull thy anguished soul to rest.

The only refuge earth could give,
To sooth thy troubled bosom's pains,
Another there triumphant reigns,
And can'st thou then endure to live?

Oh canst thou tamely live to know
Thy dearest fondest hopes destroyed?
Canst thou taste misery unalloyed,
Nor break from such a scene of wo?

Death has no terrors for the brave,
For him whose soul no vice e'er knew;
The man to virtuous feeling true,
Can calm survey the silent grave.

Then boldly break the feeble chain
Which binds thee to this wretched life,
Oh! leave at once this scene of strife;
And in the tomb forget thy pain.

GUIDO SELVAGGIO.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MARY IN LOVE.

Though Mary loves, still do we feel
'Tis sweet each lingering blush to view,
To mark what witching glances steal
From her dark eye of brilliant blue.

And though that fair and sylphid form
Enshrines no more her virgin heart,
Her ruby lips still boast the charm,
A glow of rapture to impart.

Though Mary's heart (too rich a prize)
Shall ne'er its plighted faith reclaim
From him, who wak'd her glowing sighs,
Who lighted first the hallowed flame;

Still do we love that pensive air,
Where soft emotion is expressed,
Still dwell upon those features rare,
With tenderness and hope impressed.

Though her affection's opening flower,
Reserves its fragrance to reward
The youth, who, in the nuptial hour,
Shall reign supreme "her bosom's lord."

A bright, bewitching bloom remains,
Still to her form attraction lends,
Her cheek its vestal glow retains,
And purity with sweetness blends.

But though that eye of dazzling beam,
That lovely cheek's enchanting hue
Display each feeling's faintest gleam,
To nature and to passion true;

Can these with Mary's voice compare?
Her dulcet tones and syren song,
That melody which floats in air
And steals the raptur'd soul along.

Oft when the vesper planet reigns,
Illuming night with splendors pale,
Fancy might feign such plaintive strains
To linger in the sighing gale.

Or sounds so sweet, perchance, might flow
From some chaste convent's sacred shrine,
Where nuns with holy fervour glow,
And virgins chant their hymns divine.

Yes! could we hear the anthem swell,
When some pure spirit wings its flight:
Some sainted sister's requiem knell,
Which wafts the soul to realms of light,

Then should we think 'twas Mary sung
Of pray'r and praise, and sins forgiv'n;
While angels o'er the minstrel hung,
To guide the seraph notes to heaven.

*New-York*, 1810. E.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

APOSTROPHE OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF E. C. AET. V.

DEAR LITTLE INNOCENT! thy artless smile,
Thy prattling tongue, so sweet, so voluble,
Full oft have sooth'd the weary hours
That press the mother's heart. Deceitful Hope
In Expectation's fondest dreams, had smiled
On thy fair promise! But thou hast left us!

Like a cold frost that nips the tender bud,
DEATH, with relentless hand thy thread hath cut,
And bade Affliction mourn thy early loss.
His rapid march thy beauty could not stay
Nor thy infantile smile his purpose move.
No more thine eyes with liquid lustre shine,
Thy little hands their faery skill have lost,
And mute is now the tongue that charmed *old age*,
And won with fond delight, the ears of all.
With heart untainted by Corruption's ways
Thy spirit upward soars to seats of bliss
Where no rude cares molest: where endless joys
Bright and unmixed shall greet thy happy flight
To realms, *where all the weary are at rest*
*And wicked men no longer persecute!*

*Baltimore, March* 5, 1809. SEDLEY.

## THE LAUGHING WORLD.

Before either the *chirping*, or the classical reader peruses the following, let him run to his bookcase and turn to that far famed ode of GRAY entitled *The Fatal Sisters*. We think this Parody for a mere magazine effusion is something more than tolerable. It is very melodious and poetical. The allusions to the London fire offices will not be *unintelligible* here, for Philadelphia has her *Phoenix*. Our readers may rest assured that it is much pleasanter, as well as wiser to smile at such merriment as the following than to frown at the dulness of our neighbours, the dulness of the times, or the dulness of the day. *Editor*.

### THE FIRE OFFICES, A PARODY.

Now in robe of bombazeen
Sable Night enshrouds the air,
Coaches, "few and far between,"
Rattle through the darkened square.

Where the million lately trod
Now the watchman seeks to tame
Votaries of the reeling god,
Daughters of the Paphian dame.

Hark! an echoing scream I hear,
Harbinger of blows and battle—
Guardians of the night draw near,
Summon'd by the watchman's rattle.

In a hack, that carries four,
Slow I move the streets along,
Tree,* that once a monarch bore,
Forms the axle stout and strong.

*Pelican*, embowell'd maid,
*Eagle*, *Rock* and *Atlas* see,
Followers of the insurance trade,
Hark! they sing the mournful glee.

Ere the shades of night retire
Wheels shall rattle, engines shake,
Streets and lanes reecho "*fire*,"
Wakers bawl and sleepers wake.

Vulcan, fir'd with deadly hate,
Limps to Lemnos back again:
Where we nail our brazen plate,
Roars th' Ignipotent in vain.

Now the engines ranged complete,
Bid the pagan god retire;
*Phœnix*, pride of Cockspur street,
With thy pinions shroud the fire.

We the pipes to Fortune give,
Ours to quell each anxious throb;
Firemen roar out "*By your leave*,"
Clear the streets, and duck the mob.

Tides, which late the plugs confin'd
Underground, unknown to fame,
Now, in many a kennel join'd,
Tumble to the banks of Thame.

* Royal oak.

Low in sleep see *Rolla* lie,
Dreaming of Peruvian dames;
Wake! to Covent Garden hie,
See thy theatre in flames.

Long its loss shall London rue,
Sing its dirge in Drury Lane,
Ne'er again its likeness view,
Till they build it up again.

O'er the choak'd piazza wide
Banners sleep with Moon and Sun;
Firemen, point the irriguous tide,
Firemen, cease, the mischief's done.

Sisters! each inspect her book,
Some will wail and some will frisk,
Wo to those who premiums took,
Happy, who *declined the risk*.

Mortals who remain in doubt,
Wisdom learn from what ye view,
And if your *policies* be out
Quick your *policies* renew.

Hence! to guard your household store,
Goods and chattels keep secure,
Each produce the unwilling ore,
Hurry, hurry, to insure.

## THE SENTENTIOUS WORLD.

Mr. OLDSCHOOL,

The other day while examining the contents of an old pocket book I came across the following communication. It appears to be made up of selections from various authors; the greater part of the sentences however, seem to be taken from the Spectator. If, under these circumstances, you think the paper entitled to a place, in the

sententious department of your Port Folio, you will oblige, by inserting it, your obedient servant

EXCERPTA.

Just praise is a debt, but flattery is a present.

The hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas; those of a fool by his passions.

Never praise yourself with compliments which may be applied to others with more advantage.

When you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear *you*, than that you should hear him.

No man heartily hates him at whom he can laugh.

Light sorrows speak—great grief is dumb.

Never use unnecessary proofs in an indisputable point.

Better one thorn pulled out, than all remain.

He who is a troublesome companion to himself, will never be an agreeable one to others.

A man should never be too much addicted to any one thing.

Express your sentiments with brevity.*

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproach of his own heart—his next to escape the censure of the world.

If a great deal of knowledge is not capable of making a man wise, it has a natural tendency to make him vain and arrogant.

Every person should obtain, if possible, a disposition to be pleased.

An ingenious mechanic, who employs his time in constructing puppet shows, is like Swift making riddles.

If I am to suffer I would rather it should be from the paw of a lion, than the hoof of an ass.

Hypocrites are of two kinds—the modish or fashionable, and the vulgar or common. The first endeavours to appear more vitious than he really is; the other wishes to seem more virtuous.

An author should take all methods to humble himself in the opinion he has of his own performances.

It is a certain sign of an ill heart, to be inclined to defamation.

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* Indeed, Mr. Oldschool, I am so much in favour of this maxim, that I think with the celebrated Butler that

"Brevity is very good
"When w'are, or are not understood."

——— We seldom find
Much sense with an exalted fortune joined.

As the world leads we follow.

There is nothing that we receive with so much reluctance as advice.

It is a difficult matter to praise *most* men without putting them out of countenance.

## SARCASM.

Some of Mr. Wordsworth's earlier effusions of poetical genius were certainly not unworthy of the muse. But, of late, he has extended so far his theory of simplicity in writing, that it degenerates into burlesque and puerility. Some wag thus scoffs at the poet.

EDITOR.

### SIMPLICITY, IN IMITATION OF MR. WORDSWORTH.

Simplicity is a characteristic of the highest species of poetry. Now no one has carried the *simple* so far as Mr. Wordsworth, and as I hold it good sense to imitate perfection, I have taken him for my model. The piece in which these lines occur has given most uneasiness to my Ambition:

Violets, do what they will
  Withered on the ground must lie:
Daisies will be daisies still;
  Daisies they must live and die:
Fill your lap and fill your bosom,
Only spare the strawberry blossom.

*Vol. II, p.* 116.

I fear much lest some little meaning which may have crept into my verses, through the want of habit, should prove destructive of that exquisite simplicity at which I aim. But what scholar is not inferior to the master? what copy falls not short of the original?

Fair women win the hearts of men,
  Men, the hearts of women too;
It has been so, the Lord knows when—
  What then can the poor things do?

Their blue eyes will be blue eyes still,
Will have fire, and lips will warm,
Lips will be lips, say what they will,
And to kiss them, where's the harm?

To church, to marry, fair one, go,
Bells in belfries toll ding, dong,
If your mother did not so,
Then your mother, child, was wrong.

## IRONY.

### RULES FOR POLITE BEHAVIOUR.

To tell your dreams and other whimsies of your brain has a delightful effect in company, and comes with particular grace from an old maiden aunt or cousin.

In the same way, long histories of battles, murders, executions, which happened in your remembrance, gives an agreeable variety to conversation.

If you should be required to sing in a convivial party, the good old ditties of Robin Hood, or Death and the Lady will serve admirably well.

In all conversations, studiously avoid brevity. If you have a good thing to say, the more you make of it the better; never mind people yawning, they encourage that practice through mere envy.

If a person for whom you bear any respect hesitate in conversation, and says I want a— a— a—, interrupt him with I know, my good fellow, what you were going to say, though at the same time you know nothing at all about it.

It is very amusing to perplex any one by reviving some affair that does not altogether appear to his advantage; as, for instance, entering into a long history of crim. con. to a man who has recently parted with his wife, or a dissertation on the striking of a docket to a man who was lately a bankrupt.

If you be a man of fortune, mixed with a tolerable portion of assumed consequence, and, at the same time, wishing to display your wit, invite some dependant to dine with you; no matter what his talents, so that he be poor, and in some degree at your command: in that case, play upon him, like a musical instrument. During the time he is partaking of your bounty, should he have spirit to retort, by some haughty expressive look, convince him of the humble situation in which he is placed; giving broad hints that if he does not put up with the display of your infinite humour, that he shall not be again invited to the honours of your table.

## LEVITY.

*Magni stat nominis umbra.*

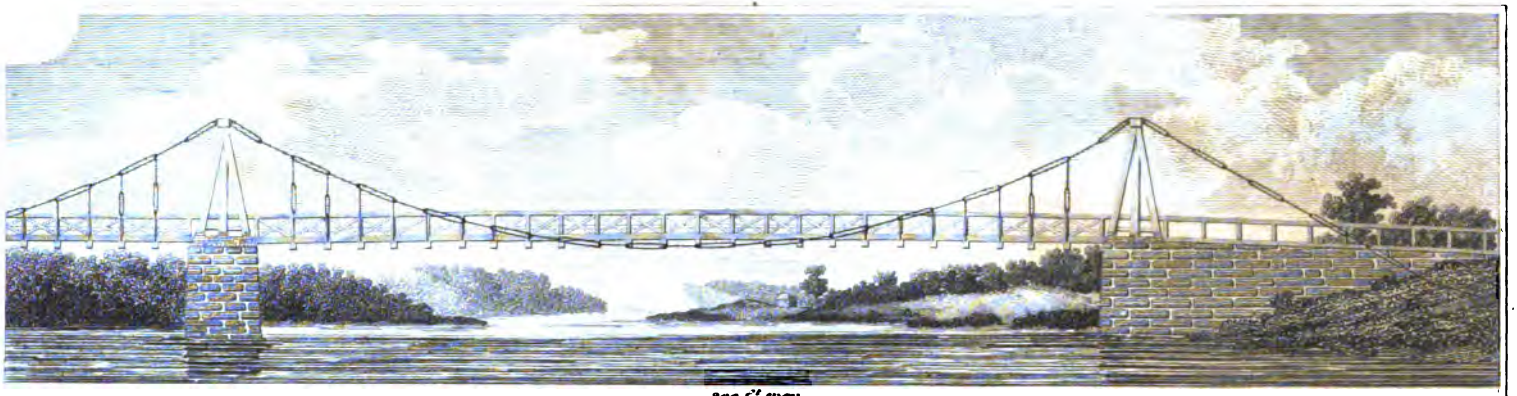
Proud as a peer, poor as a bard,
A lonely Spaniard, late one night,
Knocked at a tavern door, so hard,
It roused the family in a fright.
Up sprung the host from his bedside—
Open the chamber window flew,
Who's there?—what boisterous hand, he cried,
Makes at my gate this loud ado?
Here is, the stately Spaniard said,
Don Lopez Rodriguez Alonzo
Pedrillo Gusman Alvarade
Iago Miguel Alphonzo
Antonio Diego—Hold, hold, hold!
Exclaimed the landlord, pray forbear,
For half the numbers you have told
I have not half a bed to spare.
Sir, quoth the don, tis your mistake,
If names for men, of course you count:
Though long the illustrious list I make
In me still centres all the amount.
Worn down, with tramping many a mile,
Don Lopez Rodriguez Pedrillo,
With all the etceteras of his style,
Will sleep upon a single pillow.

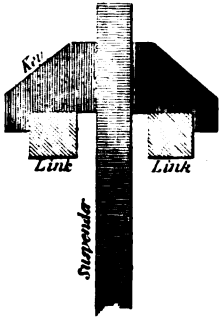
## EPIGRAMS.

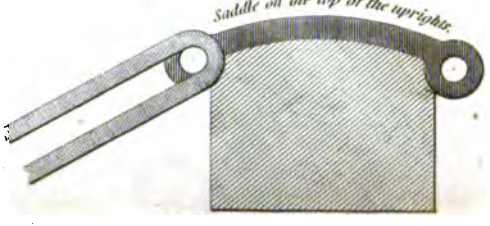
Some men there are two wives would crave,
Their appetite is such;
Not so with me, but one I have,
Yet find that one too much.

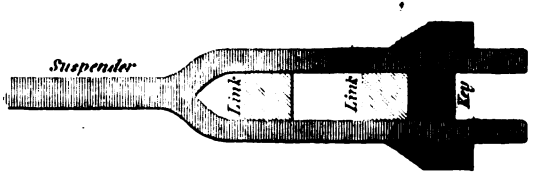
—

Dear Fabius, *me*, if well you know,
You ne'er will take me for your foe;
If right yourself you comprehend,
You ne'er will take me for your friend.




W.m Strickland del.

B. Tanner Sc.

View of the Chain Bridge invented by James Finley Esq.r

# THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.
COWPER.

Vol. III. JUNE, 1810. No. 6.

## THE USEFUL ARTS—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*A description of the patent Chain Bridge; invented by James Finley; of Fayette County, Pennsylvania. With data and remarks, illustrative of the power, cost, durability, and comparative superiority of this mode of bridging.*

THE general satisfaction that this invention has given to all concerned, since its first introduction, in point of safety, simplicity, economy and duration, has animated me in this attempt to diffuse the knowledge of its principles; and perceiving the rapid strides it has lately made towards a general adoption, I am not without hopes of a patient hearing before a candid public; and that this project may yet materially subserve the internal interest of our country.

JAMES FINLEY.

### DESCRIPTION.

THE bridge is solely supported by two iron chains, one on each side, the ends being well secured in the ground, and the chains raised over piers of a sufficient height erected on the abutments at each side, extended so slack as to describe a curve, so that the two middle joists of the lower tier may rest on the chains. The other joists of the same tier, are attached to the chains by iron pendants of different lengths so as to form a level of the whole. In order that the chain may support as much weight as it could bear,

when hung with the weight attached to the end of it, the piers must be so high as to give the chain a sinking or curve of the one full seventh of the span. The ends of the chains must descend from the tops of the piers with the same inclination that they take inwards, until each end reaches the bottom of a digging, large enough to contain stones and other materials sufficient to counterbalance the weight of the bridge and what may chance to be thereon. The chains, if only one to a side, must be made with four branches at each end, to be let down through as many stones, and to be bolted below. These stones are laid flat on the bottom of the digging: other flat stones may be placed thereon, to bind and connect the whole, that they may have the same effect as a platform of one piece; four or more joists will be necessary for the upper tier—to extend from end to end of the bridge—each will consist of more than one piece; the pieces had best pass each other side by side, so that the ends may rest on different joists on the lower tier. The splice will then extend from one joist to another of the lower tier, and must be bolted together by one bolt at each end of the splice. The plank flooring is laid on this tier. It will be probably found most convenient that the chains be made with links as long as the space between the joists: every other suspender must attach to a link of the chain edge upwards, perhaps this may best be done by a clevis to go through the upper link of the suspender, and embrace the link of the chain and receive a key above—the other suspenders will come up through the flat links of the chain and receive a key above—the lower end of the lower link of the suspender may be made so wide as to receive the end of the lower tier of joists.

In the year 1801, I erected the first bridge on this construction over Jacob's creek, on a contract with Fayette and Westmoreland counties, to build a bridge of seventy feet span, twelve and a half feet wide, and warrant it for fifty years (all but the flooring) for the consideration of six hundred dollars. Nothing further of the kind was attempted for six years. The exclusive right was secured by patent in the year 1808.

There are eight of these bridges erected now; the largest of which is that at the Falls of Schuylkill, 306 feet span, aided by an intermediate pier; the passage eighteen feet wide, supported by

two chains of inch and half square bar. There is also one at Cumberland (Maryland) supported by two chains of inch and quarter bar, span 130, width 15 feet. Another over the Potomack above the Federal city, of nearly the same dimensions as that at Cumberland. This season, one has been thrown over the Brandywine, at Wilmington, 145 feet span, supported by four chains of inch and $\frac{3}{8}$ths square bar, breadth 30 feet, it has two carriage ways, and one or two foot passages. There are two erected near Brownsville, in Fayette county, the spans 120 and 112 feet—inch and quarter iron, breadth 18 and 15 feet. There was one built last season over the Neshamany, in Buck's county, near 200 feet span, one pier. An incorporated company at Frankfort, have begun to build one over the Kentucky river, span 334 feet, with one pier. Another incorporated company at Pauling's Ford, on Schuylkill, are taking measures to erect one this summer at that place near 200 feet span, without any pier.

The following particulars it is thought will enable any person to make a rough estimate for any particular case. A bridge of 300 feet span and 30 feet wide, with two or more passages, so arranged that one may undergo repairs while the others are in use. To support such a bridge with four chains of inch and half square bar, would require about twenty tons of iron, and would be equal in strength to eighteen bars of iron one inch square—a strength capable of bearing 540 tons weight. And supposing the timbers to be of pine or other light wood, the whole materials will not amount to 140 tons; consequently the bridge will have an excess of power of at least 400 tons beyond its own weight.

A bridge of the same span fifteen feet wide would be supported by two such chains.

One of 150 feet span and 15 feet wide, would require about five tons of iron—the chains being one half the length of those in the first case stated, and the materials only one fourth of the weight. But in order to possess that strength on which these calculations are made, the chains must be allowed a sinking or curvature of nearly one sixth of the span; and when this proportion is adhered to, the strength will be the same, whether extended to three feet, or to three hundred.

When there is but one space or span, and no middle piers, nearly half the chains are taken up in fastening; but the same fastening would serve for any number of spaces.

The smith's work will cost two or three cents per pound, and the carpenter's work is not worth naming.

The scantling will cost about as much as the plank for flooring. No scaffolding is necessary for raising the bridge.

With allowance for thickness at the ends of the links, and wasteage in making, &c. a chain of inch and half square bar will weigh sixteen pounds per foot—one of inch bar will be about seven and a half pounds per foot. About one fifteenth of the span will give curve sufficient, and one fifth the weight of the chains will be iron sufficient for suspenders, bolts and keys.

An estimate on these principles for a bridge of 500 feet between the abutments, with only one pier, will not amount to seven thousand dollars, exclusive of abutments and pier. Compare this with the Philadelphia Schuylkill bridge of the same extent, which cost sixty-five thousand dollars after the abutments and the *two* piers were completed; total expense, three hundred thousand dollars.

It is believed that saving the expense of one pier, the duration of materials, facility of erection, as well as repairing, is worthy of public attention.

There is no reasonable doubt, that in some extraordinary case this kind of bridge will be extended to one thousand feet, when the subject shall be fully understood; and should it ever be necessary, I would undertake to satisfy any person concerned, that it is capable of a still greater extension.

As the bridge has no support but the chains, two things ought to be accurately understood; i. e. how much iron can bear at a direct pull endwise, and what it can bear in the other positions in which it is to be employed. As to the first, my experiments agree with the opinions of those who have investigated the subject; but I have made my calculations at 60,000 lbs. to the inch square bar, which is something less than the strength of iron of the lowest quality.

But what a chain will bear when the two ends are fastened, and the weight affixed to the middle, or rather equally distributed along it, is a question that I presume may be determined by fastening one end of a line, and extending the other horizontally over a pully;

whirl with a given weight attached to it, (say 10 lbs.) then let as many pounds be placed along the middle part at distances horizontally equal. The middle part of the line will then represent the chains loaded as when supporting the bridge. The end that hangs in the manner of a plummet, determines the tension, and the pully-whirl equalizes it between the two parts. The conclusion is unavoidable, that a line or chain will bear just as much with the curve of the middle part, as it would bear attached like a plummet; and this will be found equally true in a long distance as in a short one; so unequivocally true is it that the balance at the end determines the tension—that the line was as tense before any weight was put on the middle part, as when the ten pounds were affixed to it. The same ten pounds will balance fifteeen or eighteen pounds, provided the line is permitted to sink until the balances find their proper level or equipoise. It is also clear, that when there is little or no curve, *one pound* creates more tension than *ten*, when the curve is greatly larger. I have stated the strength of the chain at 60,000 lbs. per inch bar, when the sinking or curve is nearly one sixth of the span. By some hasty experiments that I have made, it appears that with a sinking of one ninth, it will bear 45,000 lbs. and at a sinking of one fourteenth, it will bear 30,000 lbs. and at a sinking of one thirtieth, it will bear only 15,000. Thus we see the effects of greater or less curve. Another purpose to be answered by the line and balances, is to find what position the chain would naturally take when supporting a bridge. We know it forms no part of a true circle, nor what is called the catenarian curve; the latter is formed by the weights being equal along the curve line, but in the case of a bridge, the weights are equal along the horizontal line.

EXAMPLE.

To find the proportions of the several parts of a bridge of one hundred and fifty feet span, set off on a board fence or partition one hundred and fifty inches for the length of the bridge, draw a horizontal line between these two points representing the underside of the lowest tier of joists—on this line mark off the spaces for the number of joists intended in the lower tier, and raise perpendiculars from each, and from the two extreme points, then fasten the ends of a strong thread at these two perpendiculars, twenty-three

inches and one quarter above the horizontal line—the thread must be so slack that when loaded, the middle of it will sink to the horizontal line; then attach equal weights to the thread at each of the perpendiculars—and mark carefully where the line intersects each of them. The distances between those marks on the curve line, is the length of each link for its respective place; and the distances from each of these marks to the horizontal line is the length of each suspender for its proper place.

It will sometimes be convenient to have a pier so nigh the abutment, that a part of the bridge can be attached to the chain as it descends to the ground to fasten. In one case, where the elevation of the chain at the pier is but twenty feet, there is forty feet attached to the chain, and ten more to reach the abutment. In all these cases, the line and balances determine every thing.

In a bridge of but one arch or space, it must be considered a grievance, that the chains, including the branches, must be nearly twice as long as the bridge. I have just been trying on a space of 400 feet between two piers how much of the bridge can be attached to the chain as it descends to the bank to fasten; and it appears that about 170 feet may be attached to each end in this way. The two ends will and must be exactly in the position of a half bridge as far as they go, the end of the chain taking nearly a horizontal direction, may be let into the bank as far as may be thought proper. Here then is a bridge of say 740 feet, with scarcely any mason work but two piers, and the chains very little longer than the bridge. Suppose a shorter space to be divided in this way, say 300 feet, the middle space would be about 175: the chains would then need to be but a little more than half as strong, and not much more than half as long.

The spaces or spans may be different in the same bridge, and the suspenders must be longer in the short spaces, for although with equal weight on all the spaces the curve would be in proportion to the span. But the large spaces having more weight of bridge to support, must have more than its proportion of curve and the short spaces less, in order that the tension may be equal on all the spaces.

In a bridge of two or more spaces or spans a load on one will tend to sink it and raise the rest; to resist this tendency the framing

must be bound down to the stone work; for this purpose let four pieces of iron for each pier be made long enough to reach quite through the pier, and with strong eyes at each end turned up some inches, let two of these pieces be built in each end of the pier, say ten feet down in the stone work, so that the eyes may barely appear on the face of the work, and one brace of the framing can be fastened down to each eye.

If there should be a large space and a number of lesser ones, or should it be necessary to raise the chain at a draw-gate, lay off your plan on some convenient scale as before directed, employ the line and balances, fixing whirls at every bearing, to equalize the tension. In this way the position of the chain will be ascertained at every place, and likewise the length of the suspenders for their respective places; and I venture to say that this plan and this only, of ascertaining the proportions, can be safely depended on.

It is a matter worth knowing, what is the tension of the branches, compared with that of the main chain. It is evident if there were only two branches, and they should open so as to form an angle of 120 degrees, (that is one third of the circle) each of the branches would then be equally tense with the main chain; but whatever angle the branches form in spreading to receive the stones, the tension can be ascertained by the line and balances.

It may be inquired whether all parts of the chain are equally tense when supporting the bridge? I answer that the tension is about an eleventh less at the middle of the bridge than at the ends. I have ascertained this by taking a line to represent the chain that supports one half the bridge only, and extending it over two pully-whirls, one at the centre of the bridge and the other at the corner where the chain is supported, and loading it horizontally equal as in the case of a bridge. It is evident that the weight at the upper whirl must be greater than that at the lower; and the difference between the two, shows the difference of tension between the middle of the bridge and the two ends.

The spreading of the branches, unless very considerable, increases the tension less than I could have thought. In the length of branches that I have proposed the increase of tension is not worth notice. I have just been trying with a small line and balances, the longest branches two feet three inches, and the shortest fourteen

and a half inches, spread to fourteen and a half, and in that case the whole increase of tension in all the branches, appeared to be only one-seventh more than if they had all drawn in a straight line with the main chain. By these experiments it is probable that many of those concerned will be relieved from groundless fears. I have found great difficulty in obtaining permission to let the ends of the chains open each a foot or two off the direct line, so as to make the passage to and from the bridge more free, and remove the chains out of danger.

I know the young mathematician, with mind half matured, would smile at my mode of testing the relative force and effect of the several ties and bracings of any piece of framing: but the well informed, will not so lightly treat any information obtained or supposed to be obtained by actual experiment. If the process is before him, he will carefully ponder all the parts, and discover where the defect lies before he rejects the conclusions drawn therefrom.

### SHAPE OF THE LINK.

It is plain that the bars in the middle of the link draw in a direct line, and it is easy to tell the strength: but is impossible to get the links fitted into each other as close and full as could be wished; to remedy which and to be secure in this point, it will be necessary to have those parts of the link made considerably larger. To accomplish this, nine or ten inches of each end of each bar is left a quarter of an inch larger than the rest, and two such bars make one link. As there is but one link of the chain to each space between the joists, there will not be much iron expended in this way. It is thought best not to round the inside of the links at the ends where they sit in each other, as there is no friction in the chain when in use. Every link will be so wide, that the side of the next one can turn freely in it, and the other side turn round its end, for the workmen will find it convenient to hang up the last made link of the chain, so that the lower end of it may be nearly on a level with the fire and anvil. In this way he will be able to turn up three sides of the one he is closing in, and will find no difficulty in shaping the work to his mind. This wideness of the link must always be filled up with the thickness of the end of the next. A link of inch and half bar will require to be more than two inches and a half wide,

and the end where it is welded must be left just as thick, measuring through the inside of the link; but the outside of the end of the link, may be reduced to one inch and a half; this will give pliancy to the chain. Some have thought that in calculating the strength of the chain, we should not reckon on both sides of the link, because it is single where it passes through the end of the other link. This is a misapprehension: but nothing is more necessary than that this part should be well fortified. Let the quantity of iron in this place be two or three times as much as in any other part of the link.

Although I have taken considerable pains to ascertain and to demonstrate the strength of the chains, it must not be forgot that they may be overloaded. Some books when stating the strength of metals, advise not to load more than half, for fear of the injury by a continued tension. There are two other considerations that must be attended to—the corrosion at least of some of the parts, and we must not expect the execution of the work as complete as the mind could conceive it. And here I would earnestly recommend all those concerned, to adopt it for a maxim, that the chains in all cases shall be able to support five or six times the weight of the bridge.

It will be prudent in all cases to have the joists and plank as light as can be with safety. In cases where the bridge is twelve or fifteen feet wide, I have put the joists of the lower tier ten feet asunder, they being about ten inches by five in size. Each joist of the upper tier being one continued joist from end to end of the bridge, each space will bear double what it could were the joists cut into separate pieces for each particular space. Why? Because a joist just long enough to rest on bearings at the ends, can give way under its load by breaking in the middle only; but where it is one continued piece over many bearings, and all loaded, it cannot give way without breaking at both ends and middle. Besides, the whole system is of a yielding texture, much in the nature of network; but they had best be at least one foot deep, and not more than three inches thick in order to stiffen the bridge as much as possible, where the ends pass each other and are bolted will give them thickness enough to stand firm. Plank of two and a half inches thick have always been used, so far as I know.

In regard to the anchoring or fastening of the ends of the chains, there is much diversity of opinion. Many are highly pleased with

the idea of fastening to a rock, when the situation will admit—some by letting the end of the chain into the rock with a staple or bolt to fix it to—and others by letting bolts into the rock with the head projecting out for a large piece of iron to rest against. To this large piece of (perhaps cast) iron, the chain is fastened.

This is wandering from our favourite principles. In those methods, the stiffness of the iron is depended on; and suppose the iron fastened in with lead, and the tension so great as nearly to tear the iron to pieces, will not the lead spue out like water? To my mind, all these methods have something in them too precarious and unsafe to be depended on. Give me a sufficient hold of a platform of some kind, and let me know the weight of the materials that rest on it, and I shall know on what I depend. And it must also be known in every case what the weight of the bridge is, and the fastening at each end must be, say one-third more. The fastening is no hard matter, and it ought to be remembered that a drove of cattle may sometimes get on at once.

The bottom of the digging to fasten the chains, had better be sunk say two feet deepest at the side next the bridge. This will give the platform a greater appearance of resisting the drawing of the chain. The shortest branches of the chain must be about eight feet long, and the other two will be about twelve.

It is settled beyond all controversy, that wrapping with canvass and pitch will preserve iron time out of mind, even in sea water, and that good painting is as effectual in an open situation. It must be granted that if any tolerable degree of care is taken, it will be but a very small part of the iron that can receive much injury. But supposing the chain bridge should become a total wreck in five hundred years, what then is the relative value of the ruins of this compared with that of any other bridge? And in point of duration, how will the account stand between this and a wooden bridge, even when covered? Will it be less than ten to one? And when uncovered, will it be less than thirty?

The chain bridge is as favourable to navigation as any other. It is only necessary, as in every other case, to have a pier on each side of the passage. The chains having nothing to support at that place, will pass in a direct line from the top of the framing on one pier to that of the other, which it is thought will generally give room suffi-

cient for vessels to pass under. I long for a case where a draw-bridge is wanted; I should undertake to devise means without any chain crossing above, and cheerfully take all the risk on myself.

Those engaged in such arduous undertakings, will generally pay some attention to the different modes of accomplishing the same purpose. In the Cyclopedia will be found the following notice of iron bridges: "Bridges of cast iron are much celebrated; in particular that at Coalbrookdale, Shropshire, England, span 100 feet six inches, iron 378 and a half tons. Also the Sunderland bridge over the river Wear, single arch 246 feet span, iron 266 tons, of which 46 are hammered iron. In the years 1795—6, an iron bridge was thrown over the river Teme, in Hartfordshire, England. Its parts were so slender and ill disposed, that no sooner was the centre taken away than the whole tumbled into the river."

In the first of these cases the one hundredth part of the iron would be more than sufficient for such a bridge. And in the second case, less than twenty tons would at a fair calculation, support a bridge of the same extent, that would bear more than four hundred tons burthen. And when these monstrous massess of iron are got together, their bridge is just as far from being completed as ours, when the chains are up and ready to receive the timber; for they too have the flooring to make after the iron is erected.

May I venture to glance at the grand, the majestic arch of solid stone, with any idea of contrast between it and our simple contrivance? Happy for me, utility, economy and despatch, are the ruling passions of the day, and will always take preference of expense, idle elegance and show, until the minds of men become contaminated with vanity or some worse passion.

I confess I have not yet obtained materials for a proper investigation of this subject, but for the present let one case suffice: the Monockasey bridge of about six hundred feet, is nearly completed by the Baltimore turnpike company; the lowest estimate of total expense to finish it, I am told is sixty thousand dollars. Just about one fourth would have answered the same purpose on our plan. I venture to pledge myself, that one third of the money shall erect such a bridge and keep it in repair forever.

Although hundreds of bridges of superior elegance and extent, have gone to ruin in a very short time after they were erected, we

will not suppose it possible that any part of the Monockasey bridge should tumble to pieces like the other bridges built by the same company.

But in estimating the expense of a stone bridge, what allowances is to be made for all the mismanagements and misfortunes that so frequently befal them? Perhaps it would be too much to say, that they must build two before they can count one; and yet I fear it would be hard to point out one of bold construction, without a fracture, or other strong symptom of decay.

It is remarkable that in a science that has been maturing for thousands of years, and in which nothing is undertaken but by those who have been regularly brought up to the business, we should hear of so many misfortunes, and so much want of skill!

Upon the whole, will it not be allowed that the best material has been chosen, (iron) the strongest and cheapest metal in the world—and applied in that way in which it possesses an hundred fold more power than it does in other positions?

Let the attentive mind be turned for a moment to the four chains erected to support a bridge of three hundred feet—here is the whole skeleton or frame of the bridge, and the whole strength, and what is it? Five hundred and forty tons at the lowest calculation!

May I not with some degree of exultation ask, who ever thought of the skeleton of a bridge so light and so strong, so permanent, and so easily erected and repaired or renewed in such parts as may require it?

I would invite a correspondence with any person who may have it in view to undertake a business of this kind. It would be pleasing to me, and might be of use to compare notes on a subject of so much importance. It is a great misfortune to be too wise before we get acquainted with the subject. And further, any observations honestly intended to point out an error in any of the above statements, will be gratefully received and punctually attended to.

*A Table, showing the strength of Iron.*

| | *Pounds wt.* |
|---|---|
| Cast Iron, at a direct pull endwise, or weight attached to an inch bar, | 42,000 |

| | |
|---|---|
| Bar Iron, do. do. | 59,000 |
| Ordinary, | 68,000 |
| Sturian, | 75,000 |
| Best Swedish and Russian, | 84,000 |

*Encyclopedia, vol* 18, *page* 10.

In March 1808 I entered into an agreement with Mr. John Templeman, of Georgetown, Maryland, by which he was to receive one half of all the monies arising from what permits or patent rights he could dispose of for and during the term of five years. All contracts to be in my name, and the money payable only to my agent in the city of Washington, who should pay one moiety over to Mr. Templeman. But in delineating the principles of my bridge I spoke only of one arch or space, and it seems that Mr. Templeman took it into his head that I should go no further; accordingly soon after our agreement he took a patent for all continuations, but he has thought better of it since, for I have gone on to receive the perquisites for all the spaces, with his knowledge, and without any complaint from him on that head.

In the same article it is provided that the parties shall not grant permission to build bridges on this plan at less than one dollar per foot span, without any discrimination as to breadth.

But gentlemen have proceeded to build with design to pay when the work should be completed, and have always paid on demand.

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TRAVELS IN FRANCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## LETTER LXXV.

*Newport, R. I. July* 20, 1806.

The few short lines I wrote you from Newyork will have informed you of our safe arrival after a passage of between six and seven weeks, and of our intentions to proceed to this place, where we are once more settled for the summer, after an absence of nearly three years.

It is a portion of my life, which, notwithstanding some moments of anxiety, I trust I shall always look back to with satisfaction; nor will you, my daughter, have been without your por-

tion of amusement: you will have followed us through the south of France to Geneva, have accompanied us in imagination to the Glaciers, over Mont Cenis, and along the Simplon, and have rambled with me over Paris by means of the accurate plan I sent you; from Paris, our route will have carried you along a very interesting part of France which is not much known, to Nantes, where my last letter was dated.

I will now reassume my narration, and, as usual, from my notes, which bring back to me the events of every day, and the impressions of every moment.

There are still very evident vestiges of the war of La Vendèe on the way between Nantes and Paimbœuf, but a few years of peace would make every thing of the sort disappear. The churches and private houses would be rebuilt, and the materials of a ruined castle might be applied to some better purpose. My first visit to Paimbœuf was alone. There was something extremely agreeable in the view of the ocean, and in the breeze which came over its surface; nor was I sorry to find myself for the day with several of my countrymen, who were waiting for a fair wind to carry them out, or employed in putting their cargoes on board of barges to be conveyed to Nantes. I dined with them at the Table D'Hote, where they seemed to enjoy the abundance of good wine, but they would not agree that there was any thing else besides in all France equal to what our own country produced: as to French cookery it was their abhorrence: they could not complain however upon this occasion, for the people of the house, who knew the value of such guests, took care to comply with their taste, while the young women who attended, as servants, submitted to a robust sort of gallantry, as Thomson calls it, which is very rarely to be seen in France.

Nothing can give a better idea of the small degree of military skill among the Vendeans during the late war, and the extreme inferiority of their means, than that a place, as Paimbœuf, with nothing better than field fortifications, such as we threw up in Charleston at the approach of general Prevost, should have resisted all their efforts to become masters of it. The possession of this or any seaport would have enabled them to keep up a constant and open intercourse with England, and it was what

the princes of the house of Bourbon required, in order that one of them should land. This is perhaps what at all events ought to have been done. A prince of the royal family determined, like Cyrus, not to seem unworthy of a crown while he was endeavouring to obtain one, and with the fearless gallantry of Henry IV, or the heroism of Charles Edward, and with such materials to make soldiers of as the enthusiasm and courage of the Vendeans afforded, would have been invincible.

You must now, with that pliancy of disposition which I have always given you credit for, figure yourself at the little fishing town of Paimbœuf. Before you, on the other side of the Loire, is the lower Britanny of former times, the seat of the war of the Chouans, and now divided into a number of new names. Behind you is the country formerly the province of Poitou and the principal seat of the war of La Vendèe, and on the left is the great Atlantic. About south east from Paimbœuf is the little island of Noirmontiers, where the inhabitants, though poor, and taught by their own experience alone, have recovered a great deal of valuable land from the ocean by means of dykes. Their mode is, when they begin a work of this sort, to construct it at first so low that the tide passes over it at half flood; openings are left for the discharge of the waters, but it is very gradual, and a great deal of sediment and of seaweed is deposited. When this has continued for some time, and the land to be reclaimed appears cultivable, the dyke is raised, it is made as strong as the means within the reach of the inhabitants will admit of, and is sometimes even faced with stone. Noirmontiers is also remarkable for the quantity of salt made there, and you will see the process very well explained in the Encyclopedia. Some of the canals which have been dug to carry the salt water for this purpose, are as much, I am told as three miles in length. The island was twice in possession of the Vendean army; but these troops, who were excellent among woods and rocks, and who were remarkable for a cheerful submission to every want, and for their daring courage, elevated as it was by a degree of religious enthusiasm, were unfit to defend lines, and upwards of two thousand surrendered after a very poor defence, to die in a much less glorious manner, for not to one of them, or to any one of the inha-

bitants, who were suspected of having in any degree favoured their cause, was mercy shown. In the midst of twenty or thirty officers, who were led to execution upon this occasion, was D'-Elbie, one of the most illustrious of the Vendean chiefs: he had received fourteen wounds in a late action on the main, and had retired to Noirmontiers as to a place where he might secure, and with some degree of tranquillity, the regular attendance of a surgeon. It was a melancholy sight, says the author I copy from, to behold this distinguished officer, whose weak state of health made it necessary that he should be carried in an elbow chair, followed by two or three faithful friends who wished to accompany him in death, supporting himself with heroism on this most trying of all occasions, and striving to support the spirits of a beloved wife, who, together with a lady at whose house D'Elbie and herself had been received, was told that they must die. I have been assured by a person, who was an unwilling spectator of this sad scene, that these interesting women surveyed with countenances unmoved the platoon of soldiers, which was drawn up before them, that they held each other by the hand to the last moment, and requested only as far as they were listened to, that their remains might be treated with decency.

The letter of general Turreau in which he communicated to the government the success at Noirmontiers, gives a minute account, and in all the language of exultation of the shocking scenes which were perpetrated there by his order; nor could the report of a victory at sea have been received with greater joy and satisfaction by the convention, who meanly bending under the despotism of Robespierre, applauded as he gave the signal; they thus joined in training their officers to blood, and became participators in all the cruelties which were committed.

You may form an accurate idea of the country, over which this worst of all civil wars was extended, by looking a moment at the map, I suppose you to have before you. A line from Saumur down the Loire, and along the sea coast to La Rochelle, and reaching again to Saumur, would comprehend nearly the whole, and you will perceive near Fontenoy, now honoured with the name of Napoleon, the little stream which has given name

to this disastrous war, as that of La Gironde did to an unfortunate faction.

The space above described contains a great variety of soil and situation: on the sea coast it is a long continuation of meadows and salt marshes, intersected by creeks and canals, and variegated by intervals of cultivation, and inhabited by a race of men, whose national activity gets the better of a sickly situation, of which however, they carry the marks very evidently in their faces. There is next a narrow strip of level country, with a few towns and villages, and then succeeds the Bocage, or woody country, which is by far the largest portion of the whole; it is interspersed with forests, and cut by rapid streams in deep beds, but is healthful and fertile, and abounds in natural pasturage, which supports the large droves of cattle that form the principal property of an uninformed but hospitable and cheerful race of inhabitants. Remote as they are from the rest of mankind, and left exposed to the evils of ignorance and superstition, they experienced at the same time the advantage of having been uninfected by the writings of modern philosophers, or the dreams of visionary statesmen; and their sentiments of loyalty and religion remained unshaken. The little they had learned of what was going on in France had been far from meeting their approbation, but they had remained quiet, until the government endeavoured to deprive them of their priests, to carry the law of the maximum into execution, and to enroll their youth in the army. This was in the spring of the year 1793, and scarcely three months had elapsed before the royalists, after a great variety of battles and skirmishes, with unequal fortune, but generally with success, were in possession of all the former provinces of Poitou, with part of Britany, and Anjou. Money, arms, and ammunition came from England. The country supplied an abundance of provisions; an internal administration was established; and several officers, who had acquired experience on happier occasions, trained the inhabitants to arms, and led them to battle; of these Bonchamps and Lescure deserve the glorious distinction of having never violated the laws of humanity, and of having saved thousands of lives from the rage of their soldiers, who were clamorous for retaliation; but the most distinguished for his

knowledge of the sort of war best suited to the nature of the country, and for the inexhaustible resources which he knew how to procure, was Charrêtte.

This gentleman, whose signeureal name was de la Contrèe, had been brought up in the navy, where he attained the rank of lieutenant, he had assisted in defending the last moments of the monarchy, on the 10th of August, 1792, and had afterwards emigrated, but was living peaceably in his castle, near La Garnache, when he was summoned by the public voice to place himself at the head of those, who were willing to risk their lives in the service of the altar and of the throne. Of all the generals of antiquity he most resembled Sertorius; like him he could contend successfully against very superior forces, and with soldiers whom he had formed himself, and whom he had taught by his own example, to encounter danger with cheerfulness, and to endure with perseverance the most accumulated distress; as skilful as Sertorius to avail himself of the power of superstitions over the minds of the ignorant; intrepid, insensible to pain, daring upon occasion, and yet full of art and contrivance, moderate in punishing offences, and yet not to be restrained by the interference of his friends from any act of severity that he thought useful to his case. Such was Charrêtte; with dispositions naturally humane and a turn for the liberal amusements of society he would have preferred a life of ease and tranquillity, but the miseries of the times called forth his exertions, and his temper being at length soured by disappointments and bad fortune, he is said to have been somewhat precipitate in taking vengeance of those whom he suspected of injuring or betraying him.

Neither under his command, nor that of their other generals, did the people of La Vendèe ever acquire the steady discipline of regular troops: their attack was always disorderly, and their time of service uncertain; but they were faithful, temperate, and obedient, and even merciful to their enemies taken in war, till the atrocious cruelties of the republicans provoked them to retaliation. They never deserted, and when taken, it was very seldom that any one would accept of life on condition of crying vive la republique. Their only request was, that their remains

might be committed to the earth, and not left exposed to the wild beasts of the forest.

After the unfortunate passage of the Loire, of which Charrêtte never approved, and the loss of Noirmontiers, general Turreau, provoked at the resistance which was still made to the arms of the Republic, determined upon the execution of a plan, which gave an additional character of ferocity to this horrid war. Twelve columns of troops were to march from different points on the circumference of La Vendèe, towards a common centre, with orders to burn or destroy whatever was *susceptible* of destruction, and to massacre the armed and unarmed, the old and the young. It will appear incredible to you, but those orders were obeyed; nor was it possible for the soldiers of the infernal army, as it was named all over France, to bestow more attention upon the claims of the patriot, than upon the prayers of the royalist; all perished alike; the march of each column was to be traced over plains and through roads by every mark of destruction, and by the silence of death. A great deal has been written of this war, and events have been coloured as you may suppose by the political sentiments of those who wrote, but all agree in the system of destruction which was pursued, and in their accounts of the atrocities which were committed; it is universally agreed also, and mankind will so far benefit by these dismal events, it is to be hoped, that the cruel experiment was unsuccessful, and the forces of Charrêtte, who would never be driven out of the country, were considerably increased by it.

The fall of Robespierre, the subsequent punishment of Carrier, and a change of measures throughout France, led to the pacification of La Jaunais (1796,) and Charrêtte, after coming to terms with the republic, without sacrificing his principles, or the security of La Vendèe, was received with every mark of respect by the constituted authorities of Nantes. This pacification however, lasted but a very few weeks.

Charrêtte, in his proclamation for a renewal of hostilities, accuses the commissioners of the Republic of having deceived him by a secret promise of reestablishing the monarchy, and complains of numerous infractions, whilst they deny the charge, and assert, that he was led to renew the horrors of civil war, in

the hope of assistance from the powerful army of emigrants which were known to be arraying in England. This was the army whose attempts ended so fatally at Quiberon. The gentlemen who commanded the expedition, and who formed some of the corps of which it was composed, were too late in their attempts: a better executive government had been established in France, they were opposed by Hoche, whose talents were formidable; they were divided among themselves, and betrayed by traitors in whom they had placed implicit confidence, and La Vendée, notwithstanding the efforts of Charrêtte and Stofiet, could make but feeble efforts to assist them.

To suppose, as I have heard it asserted in America, and, as it was for very obvious reasons, reported in France, that the expedition was planned by the British government, with a view of bringing down destruction upon a number of gallant Frenchmen, and distinguished naval officers, is too ridiculous to be refuted. Those officers were already lost to France; the privates who composed the greater part of the regiments embarked were prisoners of war, and the expense at which the expedition sailed and the debarkation was effected, was enormous. Clothing and accoutrements for 30,000 men, proved but a part of the spoils which fell into the hands of the republicans.

Whatever our opinion may be of the motives which led to this fatal expedition, we must all admire the conduct of the principal individuals who composed it; among them were many of the clergy, nor did they yield to their military friends in magnanimity. It was by the side of the gallant Sombrueil, and with equal resolution that the venerable bishop of Dol met death: he had exhorted his brethren, on the day of the battle of Quiberon, not to embarrass the retreat of the soldiers, who were crowding into the boats of the English squadron, but to yield to their fate, and he now gave them the example of a mind not to be moved by the fear of death. Not even the presence of the victorious republicans under arms could restrain the tears and prayers of the country people on this occasion, nor have they ceased to venerate the spot on which the execution took place. It is called the field of martyrs, and pilgrimages are made to it from distant parts of Britany.

The conduct pursued by general Hoche, in the last campaign of La Vendèe, was such as deserved and as secured success. Bodies of light troops paraded the country in every direction, and whilst they gave not a moment's intermission to such as opposed them in arms, they extented protection and ensured tranquillity to all who submitted. Agents and spies too were sent in every direction through the country, who addressing themselves to the old and infirm, to the women, and to the priests, prevailed upon great numbers to submit; nor did it require much exaggeration to alarm their fears with a representation of what might otherwise take place in their devoted country, and handsome offers were made to Charrêtte; but his unconquerable mind was not to be allured by promises of kind treatment and honourable conditions, or subdued by terror, and he still continued to resist, till repeated defeats had reduced his followers first to a few hundreds, and at length to about thirty. He was now incessantly pursued, and by people as well acquainted with the country as himself, from one hiding place to another; was frequently fired at, and once severely wounded in the arm, till at length a deserter from the republican army, who hoped to make his peace, betrayed him into the hands of general Travot (1796). After a short resistance against very superior numbers, in which he was again wounded, he submitted, and taking a belt, which contained a considerable sum in gold, from about his waist, he presented it to the general, who very handsomely replied, keep your money, sir, you may yet have occasion for it, and I do not want it. When transferred before the military commission at Nantes, after having been carried in triumph through every street of the city, his request was, that they would save themselves the trouble and him the pain of any discussion; that he was ready to admit of whatever might constitute his guilt, as far as they chose to call it so, and to die, and when brought out to execution in a public square of the city, his behaviour was such as became him; he would suffer no bandage over his eyes, and having opened his bosom he firmly gave the signal to fire, by dropping his handkerchief; the last words which faultered upon his lips were *vive le roi.* He is still remembered by numbers with respect and *affection*, and an engraving which is said to be very like him, is in

great request. There is no name at bottom, but simply the representation of a Charrêtte. A nephew of his was so ill advised in 1805 as to attempt an insurrection in La Vendèe. He was immediately taken, and died on the same spot where his uncle had met his fate, and with the same resolution. The rest of the family have been patronized by the emperor, who has promoted several of them in the army; and La Vendèe is now a peaceable province of the empire. In addition to the little I have said of the war of La Vendèe, it would be easy to give you some particulars of that of the Chouans, which are not generally known, but I feel that it is time to finish, and to take final leave of France, and I shall do so in a page or two.

A long period will elapse, I fear, before the French can feel the blessings of a permanent peace. The king of Prussia cannot much longer submit to his present humiliation; he has a numerous army, and may command the assistance of very powerful allies. In Italy the throne of king Joseph is by no means well established; the contest which he carries on against the Calabrians is like a former war in Corsica against a very similar people, but upon a much greater scale, and if he means to conquer he must annihilate. The French troops are unquestionably among the best, and are at the same time the most numerous in Europe, and they abound in good officers, who are as much interested as their emperor in the preservation of his ascendancy; but I still think that the fortitude of the great body of the army would not survive a signal defeat, could they but once believe, that their general is not the greatest in the world, and the peculiar favourite of fortune; I know of no other sentiment that would keep alive their energy, for he is not personally beloved as Henry IV was, there are no remains, in his favour at least, of that spirit of fealty which attached the vassal to his lord, and the subject to his sovereign; nor can the most enthusiastic Frenchman persuade himself that France is likely to be benefitted by conquests in Istria and Dalmatia, in the north of Europe, or at the extremity of Italy. The navy is by no means as well attended to in France as the army: their sailors who are neither well disciplined, nor well taken care of, and who are badly paid, feel their inferiority to the British, and shrink from a contest even upon equal terms, nor can it well be otherwise, while there is no commerce to serve as a school for seamanship, and while the larger vessels are more than two-

thirds of the time at anchor. I say nothing to you of the finances of France, for my opportunities of knowledge upon that subject have been limited to what the newspapers afforded. I will only observe, that with a debt of 70,000,000 sterling, which is about a fifth of the ancient debt, under the monarchy, the revenue of the state is nearly double what it was, and that too at a time when the customs may be said to yield little or nothing. The last town we passed an hour in was St. Navarre, at the north of the Loire, and it was not without sensations in which somewhat of melancholy entered, that I felt myself stepping into the ship's boat with the certain knowledge that I should never more land in Europe. We sailed on the seventeenth of April, and had a great deal of stormy weather, being exposed to a narrow strip of eastwardly winds almost the whole way. The theory of the winds is still a very obscure one, and doctor Franklin had too much sagacity not to have given up his ideas on the subject, had he found leisure in the latter part of his life, to turn his attention from politics to subjects of natural philosophy. In addition to the disagreeable circumstances of bad weather and contrary winds, we were by no means as well accommodated as on board of captain B—; but our captain excused himself by assuring us, that the people who sold sea-stores in France were all cheats, and that a French fowl was twice as long getting its sea legs as an English or an American one. The most unpleasant circumstance which occurred was the falling in with the British sloop of war Ratler, commanded by captain Mason; they were from the foggy atmosphere of St. John's, in Newfoundland; they had not shared a shilling of prize money since they had been upon the station, and were extremely rapacious and ill behaved: I now saw for the first how oppressive power can render itself without proceeding to what may be deemed hostilities; and how much the reputation and interests of a great nation may be trifled with by their unworthy servants. Our passage was a week longer than the one to France, and not in every respect as pleasant; nor was the first sight of land, though very agreeable, yet quite as delightful as that of the mountains of Cape Ortegal had been; it was the difference of romance and history, of splendid fiction and of sober truth. But I enjoyed extremely the surprise of some Frenchmen we had on board, when they were told, that the houses which they admired on either hand as we approached New-

York were the property of farmers, who sold their produce at market, and who had probably cultivated the soil themselves.

Let a passenger arrive from whence he may, he must always be struck with the beautiful environs of New-York, and the reflection of a very few moments upon what he has seen in other countries, will convince him, when he comes to know America, that one of the greatest of all blessings is to be born in a free country.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NOT many months ago, the citizens of Baltimore came forward in a spirit of noble and generous enthusiasm, with a proposal to erect in their city a monument to the memory of general Washington. In the prosecution of this very laudable design, it became expedient to apply to the legislature of New-York for permission to dispose, in that state, of a part of the tickets of a lottery which had been previously granted by the legislature of Maryland to raise the necessary funds. The ensuing memorial, which the managers of the lottery, on this occasion, presented to the legislature, we are induced to preserve as a specimen of singularly splendid, powerful, and eloquent composition. We recommend it, very strenuously, to the attention of our readers. No one, we trust, will be deterred from the perusal of the article by its technical character, or the seeming aridness of its topics. The genius of the writer, it will, at once, be perceived, has the power to mould materials, however intractable, into forms the most captivating, and to give grace and attraction to subjects otherwise rude and repulsive. It is disgraceful to the legislature of New-York, that this glowing appeal to their patriotism, and this strong exhortation to the discharge of their duty, was made without success. We learn, however, with satisfaction, that the rejection of their application has only served to quicken the zeal of the good people of Baltimore, who by individual enterprize will be able to achieve their proposed tribute of respect to a name, which emphatically "keeps that of his country respectable in every other of the globe."

"Clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus, et multum nostræ, quod proderat urbi."

*To the honourable the House of Delegates and Senate of the State of New-York now in session. The memorial of the undersigned, of the city of Baltimore, respectfully represents,*

THAT at the late session of the assembly of Maryland, a law was passed authorising a lottery to raise one hundred thousand dol-

lars for the erection of a monument to the memory of general George Washington, and that your memorialists were appointed managers of the said lottery: that in order to enable your memorialists lawfully to dispose of the tickets of the said lottery in the state of New-York, it is necessary that a law should be enacted by your honourable body empowering them so to do. Your memorialists are desirous that the citizens of the state of New-York may be enabled, by the purchase of tickets, to accelerate the completion of an end so laudable in itself, and so desirable for every real American, as that which your memorialists have now in view. In soliciting the interposition of your honourable body to this effect, your memorialists deem it expedient, and humbly beg leave to state the leading motives which have urged them to engage in this undertaking, and which, as they are hereinafter detailed, may serve to evince the propriety, and to insure the success of the present application.

Your memorialists have seen, with lively concern, the apparent relaxation of those feelings with regard to general Washington which were so universally entertained and so signally displayed at the period of his decease—they almost blush to remark how inadequate to the pomp of his funeral honours—how few and feeble are the efforts which have since been made to commemorate his virtues by other testimony than the mere language of panegyric. They are seriously alarmed by the reflection, that the people of these United States may have slackened in their sentiments of gratitude and admiration towards one, who did more to exalt the reputation and to promote the happiness of his country, than any one of the immortal patriots whom history holds up to the veneration of mankind. They are alarmed, because under a constitution such as we enjoy—inattention to the fame, and insensibility to the merits of those who magnanimously projected, and laboriously achieved our liberties, may be justly viewed as indications of the decay of that public virtue which is the only solid and natural foundation of a free government. Your memorialists deem every other support weak and artificial, and should they observe the same inattention and insensibility extend to the memory of the august personage, whose life was, if the expression may be allowed, but a personification of the virtues and principles of republicanism, they would not hesitate to qualify them

as the marks of a degenerate people—as the certain symptoms of a sickly state—as the unerring prognostics of ruin to the commonwealth. Indifference to the memory of the individual, in this instance, is scarcely compatible with an undiminished reverence for the institutions which he so materially contributed to establish, and the love of the republic is almost necessarily and undistinguishably blended with an attachment for the founder. Your memorialists are sensible that the transition is easy from enthusiasm to indifference, and even from indifference to contempt—unless the memory and the imagination habitually roused by monuments which, while they prolong, among ourselves, the first impulse on the subject of Washington, may, with our posterity, serve as an evidence of our feelings and a recommendation of his example. Your memorialists are therefore anxious not only to offer, by the present undertaking, the tribute due to public and private virtues so rarely found, so harmoniously combined, and so extensively useful, but to establish a precedent, the general imitation of which cannot fail, in rekindling in his favour the glow of enthusiasm among the people—to infuse into them a new portion of patriotic and republican zeal. The contemplation of his character, to which the attention is incessantly recalled by public works such as that we now propose to erect, ennobles and purifies the mind, and it may be truly said, that no cordial veneration for that character can exist without a manly spirit of independence. Until we can yield more illustrious proofs of our devotion to his name and his principles, no attempts, however inconsiderable, which tend to render them familiar to the country, should be despised. There is no effort of generosity, however small, springing from the desire of doing justice to the memory of Washington, which should not be industriously encouraged, and which may not serve both to elevate the feelings and to prompt to sacrifices of greater dignity. As often as our youth gaze on his image, and are led to meditate on the solemn glories, and the splendid popularity of his name, they will insensibly imbibe his spirit: the ardour of their patriotism will be the more readily inflamed into active emulation. Private life is said to be the nursery of the commonwealth, and the heart of the citizen to be a perennial spring of energy to the state. The legislators of this country cannot more successfully mould the one and the other so as to insure the du-

ration of a free government, than in attracting, by every external excitement, the studies and the affections of our citizens to the most perfect model, and the most animating example of political and domestic virtue which the world has ever exhibited.

Your honourable body need not be reminded of the great importance which the nations of the world have uniformly attached to the commemoration, either by public monuments or festivals, of the virtues of those who deserved well of their country. This object formed a part of the fundamental policy of the commonwealths of antiquity; it was their aim, not merely to discharge a debt of gratitude, but to foster the spirit of emulation, and to kindle the fire of generous enthusiasm, by constantly presenting models of excellence to the youthful mind. They exalted the benefactors of the state into heroes, whom the multitude, dazzled by the effulgence which every form of panegyric conspired to throw over their name, gradually invested with the honours of the godhead. The noblest works of the chisel, the most majestic monuments of architecture, the most solemn games, the pageantry of festivals, were regularly devoted to the memory of those who raised the renown or upheld the liberties of their country. After the battle of Thermopylæ every Spartan child committed to memory the names of the three hundred companions of Leonidas. After that of Platea, a whole people were solemnly set apart by the rest of Greece, to proclaim without intermission, the praises of those who shed their blood in the common cause. Among the Greeks, who so well understood the genius and the interests of freedom, it was held sacrilegious to destroy a statue or a trophy, even when the vouchers of imposture or crime, in order that merit might, in no one instance, lose its reward, or fail to produce its effect. They knew the force of early and habitual impressions, and sedulously laboured to cultivate the natural feeling of admiration for shining examples of public worth. They enlisted studiously on its side, the prejudices of education and habit, and thus planted and propagated the seeds of public wisdom and virtue: it was their maxim that glory was inestimable; and that he who gave the smallest particle to his country merited eternal gratitude and veneration. It was their belief that a nation could not degenerate into slavery, which, at every step in the path of dishonour, sustained a bitter reproach from its own public rewards; which was often roused to the

recollection of the champions of freedom, and fired by the recital of their principles and exploits. The republic of Rome pursued the same policy under the same conviction, that the *spirit* of liberty could not, in any other way, be more efficaciously preserved, and that without *that spirit*, the forms of freedom could not long endure. The sacred cause of religion itself is promoted, and the spirit of piety quickened and perpetuated by the periodical celebration of the divine merits of the Saviour, and the public monuments raised to his glory. The posthumous honours paid to merit by the nations of Europe are scarcely less liberal than those of the ancients. It may be added that the languor with which we celebrate the anniversary of our independence; and the slender tribute which we have, as yet, paid to the memory of Washington, are already, in Europe, urged against us as grounds of reproach. They are also assumed as proofs of the decay of that republican zeal which it is now the object of your memorialists to draw forth; an object in which your honourable body is earnestly solicited to cooperate. If ever there was an instance in which a nation was summoned by the strongest motives both of pride and policy to multiply proofs of gratitude and love to an individual, it is this, which your memorialists now press upon the attention of your honourable body. An illustrious orator* of another country, has said of Washington, that he, more than any other human being, gave to the world the example of a perfect man. An American may add, that he alone, besides conferring on his country the unequalled honour of such an example, secured to it a practical system of government and laws, founded in the perfection of human reason: a constitution in which, (to repeat the eulogy of another great orator)† there is more to admire and less to deplore; a more sacred regard to property, a more inviolable security to the rights of individuals, than in that of any other country under heaven. There is no one, among the many advantages which we possess over the rest of the world, which we would more ambitiously select than that of having so bright an example wherewith to assert the dignity of the American name—to train our youth to virtue, and to enforce the lessons of freedom.

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* Mr. Fox. † Lord Erskine.

The ancients allotted to the memory of their heroes, statues as large as life; and to their gods, figures above the natural size. In tracing the character of those to whom mankind has been most prodigal of their applause, a similar rule may be observed, and a faithful resemblance drawn, within the common stature, as it were, of human genius and virtue. But in delineating general Washington, the dimensions of the portrait swell insensibly beyond the ordinary standard of human perfection, and exhibit, not merely the dignity of Solon or Epaminondas, but an imposing, although temperate and natural majesty like that of the Apollo of Belvedere. His character resembles that idea of perfection, which is said to float before the imagination of the painter and the sculptor, but which no human skill can embody—it has an airy elevation to which the mind may soar, but which no hand can reach—it is a pure essence—a fine extract—an etherial substance without any of the dross and residuum of our nature. The strength of his judgment; the moderation of his desires; the lustre of his virtues; the perfect aptitude of his talents for every situation; the magnitude of his services, the whole tenor of his life and his character, which left nothing to desire, and exhibited nothing to reprehend—form altogether a combination of excellence, which, if it were not attested by the voice of all mankind, might be hereafter regarded as the fiction of some extravagant romance.

In his highest prosperity, during that struggle for national independence of which he was the soul, he manifested nothing of the intoxication of success. In the lowest depression of the public fortunes, if he ever doubted of the issue, he never failed to exhibit the rare union of practical vigour with speculative despondency. After having successfully maintained the cause of his country in arms, he twice saved it by the wisdom of his councils; once by securing the adoption and establishing the influence of the federal constitution; again—by resisting the spirit of innovation, when it was the epidemical disease of the world—he loved subordination, which excludes arbitrary power; and detested licentiousness, which leads to despotism. The whole tenor of his administration was not only immediately, but prospectively, useful. As Apelles painted, he legislated, for posterity. His aim was not merely to complete a work of temporary benefit, but to establish a model for the instruction of

every age. He generalized in governing, and framed a system adapted, not only to the circumstances of his own time, but to every vicissitude of affairs, and to every combination of difficulties to which his successors could be exposed. His maxims and his strokes of policy, were of the highest order and of universal application. They were drawn from a lofty sense of honour, from the most enlarged patriotism, from a comprehensive survey both of the proximate effects, and of the remote relations and indirect tendencies of public measures. Never in any one act of his administration, was he known to consult his personal interests, or to have in view the support of his individual authority. There was nothing about him of littleness, either in object or in means. With the most consummate prudence, and the most profound discretion, he was, nevertheless, totally devoid of cunning. He acted always upon great principles; from the dictates of a pure heart, auxiliary to the operations of a sound understanding. We have never seen him, therefore, at a loss in any conjuncture; never stooping to the low artifices which cunning suggests—nor involved in the difficulties to which a crooked or sinister policy so commonly leads. He understood, fully, the difference between the patience of fortitude, and the endurance of pusillanimity—between the puling policy of a weak and confused administration and the distempered vigour and insane alacrity of those who court danger without necessity, and make war the universal resort. In the iconology of the ancients, honour is appropriately sculptured with the sword in one hand, and the olive branch in the other. He bore this image constantly in his mind, and never wished to see peace unless led by "warlike honour," nor war unaccompanied by the emblems of peace. He felt, and in all cases, acted upon that peculiar responsibility which is imposed upon every administration by the infancy of this nation: the responsibility of exciting among the people, for the inheritance of posterity, a gallantry of spirit, a quick sense of honour; an abhorrence of despotism; the virtues of magnanimity, of fortitude, and of perseverance, by which nations contending in the cause of justice and freedom, have triumphantly surmounted difficulties otherwise invincible, and by which they have erected, on their very misfortunes, imperishable trophies to their renown.

When public virtue and real capacity, says a great writer, are rendered the sole means of acquiring any degree of power or profit in the state, the passions of the heart are enlisted on the side of liberty and good government. This was Washington's maxim—he knew it to be one of the ends of the constitution of this country, that the stations of dignity, and the ranks of society, should be allotted to merit alone. He deprecated the dominion of weak understandings and strong prejudices. He governed by no party—he laboured to raise up a spirit fit to cope with the passions which division calls into action, and which have so often disordered the frame, and, not unfrequently, extinguished the principles of a free government. He wished to inflame us with one *common zeal*, and to unite us in *one common end*—that we might be faithful to ourselves and to the state. He wished that the government, when called upon to exert its strength, should exert the strength of the whole nation. He knew that factions, like the iron race of *Cadmus*, destroy each other: that under their guidance, fools and knaves are often invested with the robes of honour and the emblems of wisdom; that the intemperance of party is, generally, more prone to emblazon, than solicitous to remedy the evils which incapacity or corruption may entail on a country. Your memorialists state, the more readily, the doctrines of Washington on this head, as it cannot be concealed that we now labour under unhappy divisions; and as they lament to see, so many whom the public good summons to act in concert, thrown into opposite ranks of party, with no real difference of principles or designs to support the distinction. Those who think alike, on the subject of Washington, cannot want a bond of union; and your memorialists know of no more efficacious means of producing unanimity, than that of attracting the attention of the country to his memory.

It has not been the intention of your memorialists to pronounce an elaborate panegyric on the character of Washington: but they have thus ventured to suggest some of the leading features and maxims of his mind, both because it is natural for his countrymen to dwell upon them at all times with delight, and because such a review strikingly illustrates the obligation and the utility of the end for which your memorialists now present themselves before your honourable body. They wish his principles to exert a universal influ-

ence, and to strike an everlasting root in the soil. Under their control we cannot fall into an oblivion of our rights, nor be duped into submission to the ignominious tyranny of demagogues;—nor yield an additional proof to the world, either that popular institutions are essentially short lived, or that the forms of a free, and the purposes of an arbitrary government are not irreconcilable. While the name of Washington is suitably revered, your memorialists entertain no fear that we shall ever be afflicted with the disgrace and the calamities of foreign conquest, or overtaken by that new and mighty current which has so irresistibly set against liberty in the other hemisphere.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE PORT FOLIO.

*Observations on the Music of Handel.*

Your discernment in perceiving, and your zeal in promoting whatever promises to conduce to the improvement of the public taste, warrants me in the expectation that you will lend your elegant pen and valuable publication to forward the grand musical performances of which a plan has been announced to the people of this city. Upon the strength of this presumption I beg leave to offer you a few observations on the music of Handel from which, it is said, selections will be made by the conductors of that plan. I do not pretend to say that those observations are my own; but as in all likelihood they will be new to your readers, they will answer the purpose of entertainment as well, and as they are taken from the writings of persons who understood the subject much more fully than I do, they will answer the purposes of instruction much better than if they were my own.

Music in its common application is considered merely as an entertainment: when bad it disgusts; when good, it creates sensations unknown from other sources, and, if it reach the sublime, our feelings are more powerfully excited than by the utmost perfection that poetry alone or painting has yet attained.

With painting music cannot be connected; but when joined, or, as Milton says, *wedded* with poetry, it reaches the highest pitch of excellence, and soars a height which, disjoined from its powerful ally, it never can attain. To the production of sublime effects neither poetical measure nor rhyme are necessary: Prose produced by a poetical imagination on a grand subject is as powerful as verse; indeed more so, as every one must have felt, who has heard passages from the psalms and prophets as they are set to music by Handel, from which any one of ordinary taste and capacity may conceive how much divine worship has lost by using the versions in hobbling rhyme of Sternhold and Hopkins and their fulsome successors.—How far altering the sublime words of the psalmist into the weak sing-songs generally used, for the sake of jingling terminations in rhyme, may be LAWFUL, I leave to the heads of the church to determine. I and mine, however, will adhere to the grand originals.

Music never attained perfect sublimity before Handel. The best vocal music was heard in churches, and the best composer was Purcell. Instrumental music was wretched till Corelli arose, and opened a new world in it. Even at this day that great composer continues to be the favourite of the tasteful and judicious. What Corelli did for bow instruments Handel did for the harpsichord, the forte piano, and the organ.

The first attempt to unite wind instruments with violins was made by Handel in his hautbois concertos; which have ever since been heard with delight, and are unquestionably the best compositions in their kind. This union of wind and bow instruments was for a long time reprobated in Italy, but like every thing that is true was at last triumphant.

The operas of Handel are confessedly superior to all preceding and contemporary compositions of the same kind. His oratorios are original in both design and execution. As these are the pieces which have from their first production to this day been most frequently performed, what Johnson says of the works of Shakspeare may be applied to them. "*They are heard without any other reason than the desire to please, and are therefore praised only as pleasure is obtained; yet thus unassisted by interest or passion they have passed through variations of taste and changes of manners,*

*and as they have devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every transmission.*"

The first essential, and without which all others are of no consequence, is what in popular music is called tune; in more refined is denominated air; and in the superior class of composition, subject. When it has this property alone, music is entitled to a long existence, and possesses it. The next essential is harmony, the strongest ally by which air can be assisted; but which receives from air more consequence than it communicates. To these must be added expression, giving a grace to the former, and facility which has the effect of immediate emanation, and, as the term imports, seems to accomplish with ease what, from its apparent difficulty, should be rather sought for than found.

Handel seldom possesses "tune" in the popular sense; but is seldom without "air" in its more refined application, and most commonly has an exuberance of subject for greater purposes. His harmony is well chosen and full: his expressions generally just, and his facility extreme, sinking at times even to carelessness. We find, therefore, no songs of his in the style of Carey's tunes and the old English ballad. His oratorio and opera songs are replete with air, and his chorusses which form the broad basis of his fame, are unequalled. They possess subject, contrivance and facility, altogether producing an effect superior to any other yet known. Their number and variety show his invention, the first criterion of genius. Where the words are most sublime, his composition displays most subject and expression; a proof that words exalt the fancy of the composer, and that, therefore, for the sake of music, a composer should make choice of works of imagination.

Thus, having the great essentials of genius, skill, and facility, Handel's music keeps, and is likely forever to keep possession of the public favour. Its performance is in England annually looked for with anxiety, and is by all men considered as the most exalted entertainment.

> "Strong in new arms, lo, giant Handel stands,
> Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands,
> To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
> And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums."

SCIENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*On the origin of stones that have fallen from the atmosphere.*

THE cause of such a surprising circumstance as that of stones apparently falling from the clouds, a phenomenon that has frequently happened, and the truth of which the many well authenticated accounts of such occurrences leave not a doubt, has for a long time engaged the attention of the learned world, and produced many curious disquisitions and theories for the purpose of solving this interesting question.

Dr. Halley was of opinion that the luminous bodies called fireballs, so often seen in our atmosphere, are nothing but exhalations composed of combustible gasses; but as Dr. Hutton observes, in a note upon that paper, the improbability of vapours attaining such a great height in the atmosphere, should have suggested the idea of a different origin.

From a perusal of the several accounts of the appearance of those meteors, we find that their explosion has almost always been accompanied by a fall of the stones in question; the luminous body breaks into pieces that descend with great force to the earth, and upon searching the place of the fall, masses of stone of a peculiar nature, and entirely different from any substances hitherto discovered on our earth, have been found of different sizes and at different depths in the ground, generally warm, and sometimes nearly red hot: if then the falling stones be the same with those meteors, it is evident that they are not exhalations, and that hard bodies, *such as those in question*, should be formed in or above the atmosphere, is contrary to every known law of nature. It is equally absurd to suppose that they are the productions of terrestrial volcanoes, for no force hitherto discovered in the eruptions of the greatest mountains of this kind would be sufficient to cast masses of rock to the one hundredth part of the distance that these substances have been found from volcanoes. Observing the absurdity of these several opinions, professor Chaldni, in a paper, on a mass of iron, found by professor Pallas in Siberia, started a new theory: he supposed that there is always an infinite number of indefinitely small particles of matter floating in space, that these particles by reason of their mu-

tual attractive properties collect together and increase in size; and that when they arrive within the sphere of attraction of any planet, they are necessarily drawn from their direct course to the body of that planet, and that these are the stones the object of which is the subject of the present inquiry. This idea, I own, at first sight bears the appearance of probability, but a little examination of the theory entirely destroys its plausibility. In the first place the hypothesis is itself founded on an hypothesis: viz. "that there is always an infinite number of indefinitely small particles of matter floating in space;" and secondly, its ingenious inventor has advanced no probable reason for their being always in a state of ignition; the rapidity of their motion will have no tendency to put them in this state until they arrive within our atmosphere, and then the diminution of their velocity caused by the resistance they meet with in passing through the air, added to the little distance the atmosphere extends, renders it very improbable that they should acquire so great a degree of heat in passing through so small a space. In this extended field of hypothesis, an idea was started, the boldness of which strikes the mind with astonishment, and, on a transient view appears to border on absurdity; what I allude to is the supposition of the substances in question having come from the moon. This curious conjecture was first seriously proposed by Laplace, a very celebrated French mathematician, who has been enabled, satisfactorily, to demonstrate its probability by calculations founded upon the modern estimations of the moon's density, those of Newton having been since found incorrect. He determined the position of that point at which the attractive powers of the earth and moon are in equilibrio, and then proved that a body projected from a lunar volcano with a velocity of one and a half miles per second, will be thrown beyond that point, and consequently descend to the earth. To demonstrate the probability there is of masses being projected from the moon with so great a velocity, it will be necessary to premise the following observations.

1. From the observations of naturalists on the eruptions of volcanoes, we find that masses of rock are often projected from the crater of the mountain with more than twice the velocity of a cannon ball.

2. From recent astronomic observations, it appears that the mountains and volcanoes of the moon are considerably greater than those of the earth, and that the lunar atmosphere is by no means so dense, or of equal extension with ours.

3. From mathematical calculations it appears, that a velocity equal to three times that of a cannon ball, will, if communicated to a mass of rock when projected from the crater of a lunar volcano, be sufficient to carry it beyond the point of equilibrium between the attractive powers of the earth and moon.

Now if the stones be projected from the crater of a terrestrial volcano with a velocity equal to twice that of a cannon ball, notwithstanding the resistance they meet with from the surrounding atmosphere, is it not more than probable that these substances may be cast with three times the velocity of a cannon ball from lunar volcanoes, which have been discovered to be much greater than those of the earth, and where the resistance they meet with in passing through the air will be so much less, owing to the superior density of the terrestrial atmosphere?

Let us now endeavour to adapt the several circumstances attending the appearance of the meteors abovementioned to the theory I have just explained, in which I own myself much indebted to a note by Dr. Hutton on Halley's paper on extraordinary meteors, published in the sixth volume of the Philosophical Transactions abridged.

1. In every account of those appearances the meteor was observed to be in a state of ignition, and the stones if found presently always hot.

2. They move with great velocity in nearly a horizontal direction, but a little inclined towards the surface of the earth.

3. The rapidity of their flight causes them to yield a whizzing sound.

4. They fall to the earth with great violence.

With respect to the first fact, if as we suppose they are cast from the crater of a lunar volcano, they must evidently when so thrown, be in a state of ignition, and their velocity being immense, their passage through the comparative vacuum between the earth and moon will cause them to lose but little of their original heat, and upon entering our atmosphere, their coming

in contact with the air, added to the velocity of ther flight, will cause them to burn with redoubled violence, until their heat and the rapidity of their motion together cause them to explode, break into pieces, and fall to the earth.

The rapidity of their flight is easily accounted for by considering the space they traverse, and their oblique direction in descending is entirely owing to the earth's motion in her orbit. The following are the words of Dr. Hutton on this part of the subject.

"The earth's motion of rotation at the equator is about seventeen miles per minute, or $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile per second, but in the middle latitude of Europe little more than the half of that, or little above half a quarter of a mile in a second; and if we compound this motion with that of the descending body, as in mechanics, this may cause the body to appear to descend obliquely, though but a little, the motion being nearer the perpendicular than the horizontal direction."

Now the earth's rotatory motion, added to its velocity in its annual course, which is upwards of twenty miles in a second, will inevitably cause the falling substances to descend in an oblique direction, according as the velocity of their motion is greater or less, which very satisfactorily accounts for the peculiar manner of their descent.

It is particularly deserving of notice, that all those stones, when compared by the curious, evidently resemble each other in their component parts: this fact clearly shows the probability of their having the same origin, and that the several phenomena are produced by one and the same cause. Upon the whole, there is nothing wanted to demonstrate evidently the truth of this theory, but careful observations with respect to the obliquity of the direction in which they descend; if this were always attended to, and it was generally observed that the course of those meteors was directly contrary to that of the earth in her annual course, it would go very far in evincing the probability of this hypothesis of the lunar substances.

H. Y.

*Translated from the French for the Port Folio.*

## THE PREDICTION.

An Austrian officer, the Baron de ——— who had served in the last war against the Turks in the hussars of Zeckler, was fond of relating the many singular adventures which he had met with in his different campaigns, and you may judge of them by the following which I give you in the very words he made use of.

It was in the spring of 1788 that I left M— in Transylvania with the recruits for my regiment which was stationed in the neighbourhood of Orsowa. It so happened, that we passed a village on our way, where a Bohemian, or gipsey, who was one of the occasional sutlers of the army resided and had established herself a name in the neighbourhood by telling fortunes. My recruits, who none of them wanted faith, were eager to know what the stars intended in their favour, and I who laughed at their simplicity, was yet simple enough myself, to hold out my hand and to listen to the sorcerer. *The 20th of August*, said the gipsey, with an expressive look, but nothing could prevail upon her to add a syllable of explanation, and I left her with those words impressed upon my mind. We now joined the regiment and took our share of fatigue and danger. It was very well known that in that campaign the Turks, acting with more than their usual ferocity, made no prisoners, and that their generals paid a ducat for each head which was brought into the camp. This was enough to excite the activity of the Janissaries and Spahis, who neglected no opportunity of making a ducat at our expense, and they were so numerous, and their expeditions conducted with such secrecy, that frequently at the dawn of day we could perceive the outposts of the camps guarded as it were by headless trunks. The prince de Cobourg at last thought of sending every night large pickets of cavalry beyond the usual line of vedettes, and these were generally composed of 100 to 200 men: but the Turkish generals enraged at seeing the profits of their people interrupted, sent still larger detachments than before against our pickets, by which means they secured a greater number of victims. To be appointed one of the out pickets was now almost consider-

ed as sentence of death, and no one left the camp without having previously settled his affairs. We were now in the month of August, and a few skirmishes with the enemy had not altered the position of the army, when about a week before the 20th, my Bohemian, of whom I had frequently bought provisions, came to my quarters, and having followed me into my tent, requested that I would take the proper measures to secure her a legacy in case the 20th of August should prove fatal to me, offering on her part if I survived that day to make me a present of a basket of tokay, a wine at all times high priced and now particularly scarce. That the woman should make me such an offer and upon such terms, seemed to prove that she was out of her senses. Situated as I was my death was by no means improbable, but I had no reason to suppose that it would take place precisely on the day she had foretold. I therefore readily consented to the proposal, betting 50 ducats against her tokay. The major of the regiment, not without a smile, drew up our agreement. The *20th of August* was now arrived, and I saw no probability of our coming to an engagement with the enemy. It was my regiment's turn however to furnish a picket for the night, but there were two officers on the role of service before me. In the evening, as the hussars were preparing to set off, the surgeon brought us information that the officer who was to have been at the head of the party had fallen dangerously ill, and one of my comrades whose tour it was, prepared accordingly to take his place. But this last officer was no sooner mounted than his horse, till then the gentlest animal in the world, began to rear and to fling in such a manner that he, no longer able to keep his seat, was thrown, and in falling broke his leg. It was now for me to take the command, and I prepared to obey, but I must own with sensations that were not usual to me on such occasions. My command was of 80 men, and being joined by 120 from another regiment, I had with me in all 200. Our post was 1000 steps beyond the advanced guards of the right wing, and near a marsh covered with very high reeds, we had no vedettes out, but none of us dismounted, and the orders were to keep our swords unsheathed and our carabines charged. Every thing was quiet until three-quarters

after one, we could then distinguish a distant noise; as the sound approached we could distinctly hear the cries of *allah, allah, allah*, and in an instant the whole of our first line was borne down by the charge of at least 800 Turks. The loss of men was equally great on their side, as much from their own confusion as from our carabines, but besides superiority of numbers they had the additional advantage of being perfectly well acquainted with the ground, so that we were soon surrounded and completely overpowered. I received eight wounds, some of them in all probability from our own people, and my horse being mortally wounded fell in such a way as to keep me fastened to the ground, which was covered with blood. The flash of pistols was the only light which disclosed this scene of horrors; but I saw enough to perceive our dragoons defending themselves with the courage of despair, and the Turks, who were intoxicated with opium making dreadful havock among them. At length not an Austrian remained standing, and the Turks, having taken quiet possession of their horses, and pillaged the dead and dying, were proceeding to cut off the heads and to put them in bags which had been brought for that purpose. Meanwhile my situation, as may be supposed, was by no means an enviable one, we almost all of us in Zeckler's regiment knew something of the Turkish language, and I could hear them encouraging each other to finish before any assistance could arrive, and not to leave a single ducat on the field; adding that there ought to be 200 (they had as it appears received correct information). As they were passing and repassing before me, and now and then discharging their pistols, a random ball struck my horse which occasioned in him a convulsive motion that enabled me to get disengaged, and immediately the idea of concealing myself among the reeds in the marsh presented itself as the most practicable means of escape. I had seen it several times attempted without success, but the firing had now nearly subsided, and the obscurity of the night contributed to inspire me with hope. The marsh was only 20 steps off, but there was the danger of getting bogged. I managed however to jump over men and horses and overthrew more than one Turk who with outstretched arms endeavoured to seize me, or who made a cut at me with his sabre; and my good fortune aid-

ed, in some measure, by my more than usual agility, at last brought me to the spot which seemed the only asylum. Though up to the knees in mud, I had proceeded about 20 steps among the reeds, when exhausted by fatigue, I felt it impossible to go any further. I could still plainly distinguish voices, and heard some one exclaim in the Turkish language, an infidel has made his escape, *he must be found:* other voices replied, he cannot have escaped, it is impossible: he cannot be in the marsh. I know not whether the search after me was continued, but I heard nothing more, for the blood I had lost had rendered me so weak that I fainted, and the sun was high before I had recovered the use of my senses. The first thing which presented itself to my imagination was the prediction of the 20th of August, and I thought with horror of the scenes I had been witness to in the night. As the summer evenings are cool in that country, I had put on a pelisse which had in some measure protected me, and I found that none of my wounds were dangerous. To the uproar and confusion of the night had succeeded the most profound silence, interrupted only from time to time by the groans of dying horses; and I had every reason to suppose that the Turks, satisfied with their booty, had retired to their camp. I began to move then from my hiding place, but it was an hour before I could disengage myself from the bog into which I had sunk up to my waist. Although a campaign against the Turks renders one in great measure insensible to the worst appearances of war, I felt something like fear, alone as I was, and a secret horror as my eyes glanced over the field of battle; but how shall I express my dismay at feeling myself seized by the arm, and at the sight of an Arnaut, at least six feet high, brandishing his drawn sabre over my head. He had probably returned to see if there was nothing more worth taking upon the field, and must have observed me as I was crawling out of the marsh. Never was hope more cruelly disappointed! Addressing myself to him in the Turkish language, take my watch, my money, my uniform, said I, but spare my life; your head also, replied he, is my property. He then proceeded to unbuckle the strap of my hussar cap and to untie my cravat. I was entirely without arms, and incapable

of defence, and I saw that the least motion I ventured to make he was ready to plunge his great cutlass in my bosom. But taking him round the waist, I supplicated him to have pity on me, telling him that if he would be satisfied with making me his prisoner he might expect a considerable ransom from my family, who were very well able to give it. I should have to wait for it *too long*, was his reply, only be still and let me have a fair stroke, I must have your head. He then deliberately unpinned my shirt collar, notwithstanding I still kept my arms about him, to which he made no opposition, relying, I suppose, on his personal strength, and on the sharpness of his sabre, or perhaps from some slight degree of pity, not sufficiently powerful, however, to counterbalance the prospect of making a ducat.

As he was unpinning my collar I felt something hard at his side, which I found to be an iron hammer. Keep yourself quiet, once more said the Arnaut: and these would no doubt have been the last words I ever should have heard, had not the idea occurred that I might possibly get possession of his hammer, which he seemed to have forgotten. While he took hold of my head by the hair in one hand, and was raising his drawn sabre in the other, disengaging myself from his grasp by a sudden effort, I snatched the iron hammer from his side, and struck him a violent blow on the face with it; the hammer was heavy and the blow well applied, and as he staggered backwards I gave him another and another, till his sabre dropt from his hand, and he fell prostrate. I now plunged the wretch's own weapon into his body, and made the best of my way to our lines, guided by the glittering of the soldiers' musquets, which I could plainly discern.

As I entered the camp every one was ready to run from me as from a ghost, and I made the best of my way to my quarters. Here I was soon seized with a violent fever, nor was it till at the end of six weeks, and by all the care and skill of the hospital surgeons, that I was restored to health. I had no sooner joined the regiment again than the Bohemian appeared and brought me the basket of tokay; and I learned, in speaking of her with different individuals, that during my absence several

of her predictions had been fulfilled, that she was now more consulted than ever, and that she had been enriched by several legacies.

About this time, two christians from Servia, who had been employed in transporting the baggage of the Turkish army, having committed some offence, for which they had reason to think they would be severely punished, deserted and came over to us. They had no sooner seen our prophetess than they recognised her as having gone frequently in the night to the Turkish head quarters with an account, as it was supposed, of all our motions. But this appeared the more improbable, as this very woman had frequently rendered us similar services, and we had frequently admired the address with which she had acquitted herself of the most perilous of undertakings. The two deserters, however, persisted in their assertion, and even declared that they had been present when she was describing to the enemy our position, and encouraging them on to the attack. A Turkish cypher, they said, served her as a passport. The cypher was found on her, and, being a sufficient proof of her guilt, she was condemned to death as a spy. I questioned her before she was carried to execution on her prediction of the 20th of August, and she confessed to me, that by acting on both sides the part of a spy, which procured her double profit, that she had frequently learnt what was to be attempted by either party, and that persons who had consulted her on their horoscope, had frequently discovered to her what she would otherwise have been ignorant of; something, she said, she owed to chance.

As to what regarded *me* particularly, she confessed, that she had marked me out to make an example of, in proof of her skill in divination; by fixing so long before hand upon the fatal day, she had gained time to inspire the Turks with confidence in her intelligence, and easily prevailed upon them to make an attack on the 20th of August; her intercourse with the officers, to whom she made herself useful in various ways, rendered it easy for her to know when it would be my tour of duty, nor was it difficult for her to contrive that it should be on that par-

ticular night, although there were two officers of the regiment, whose tour of duty preceded mine. To the first of these she took care to sell on the very day a few bottles of wine, drugged in such a manner as to occasion immediate illness; and as the second was mounting his horse, she had approached as if to furnish him with some little article, he might have occasion for, and had contrived unperceived to thrust up the nostrils of his horse a ball of lighted touchwood. Having by these means occasioned the command for the night to devolve upon me, she considered her prediction as fulfilled, and made sure of receiving the fifty ducats.

N.

## AMERICAN SCENERY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*Plan of an ancient fortification on the east bank of the little Miami river, about four miles above the mouth of Todd's Fork, and thirty miles N. E. from Cincinnati, state of Ohio.*

### EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

THE fortification stands upon a plain nearly horizontal, about two hundred and thirty-six feet above the level of the river, between two branches, that have very steep and deep banks. The walls made of earth are represented by dotted lines; the gates are marked by spaces: the plain extends eastward along the state road, leading from Lebanon to Chilicotha, nearly level, about half a mile. The fortification on all sides, except near the north end where the road runs through is surrounded with precipices almost the shape of the wall. The wall on the inside varies in height according to the shape of the ground on the outside, being generally from eight to ten feet, but on the plain it is about nineteen and a half feet high on the inside and out, on a base of four and a half poles: in a few places it appears to be washed away in gutters from twenty to sixty feet deep, made by water collecting on the inside. At twenty poles east of the gate through which the state road runs, are two mounds, ten

feet eight inches high, the road running between them nearly equidistant from each. From these mounds are gutters running nearly north and south to communicate with the branches on each side. North-east from the mounds on the plain, are two roads, about a pole wide, elevated about three feet, and run nearly parallel about a quarter of a mile, and then form an irregular semicircle round a small mound, as represented in the annexed plan.

Near the south end of the fortification, on the south-west side are three circular roads, about forty poles in length, cut out of the side of the precipice between the wall and the river, perhaps for the purpose of annoying boats or canoes. There is no appearance of regular stone work, though some loose stones seem to have been collected in places on the side next the river. Within the fortification are a kind of basons dug several feet deep, having circular banks as if intended for some kind of subterraneous habitations.

## EPISTOLARY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*Letter from Mrs. Ferguson to a gentleman in Philadelphia.*

*Græme Park, May* 1, 1785.

DEAR SIR,

Having lately received a letter from my nephew Mr. Young, with a pamphlet containing the life of the justly celebrated doctor Johnson, (thought, as my nephew says, to be well written) and as I apprehend it is not yet very common in town, and recollecting that you had not been troubled with an epistle from me a great while, I therefore (truly conscious that a letter of mine should have something to recommend it) cheerfully embrace this occasion to write, and send the book, which so much pleased me. I own when I first opened it I apprehended that it would be dry to any but people merely literary; but I was, on a perusal of it, most agreeably disappointed, to find that such a repositary of *Greek* and *Latin*, had in his

heart so large a duct (large as that heart was found to be) for the milk of human kindness to flow in. He appears to have all the soft and mild virtues of humanity; the extreme attention he paid in his will to his faithful negro, is of itself sufficient to mark him with distinguished traces of that virtue.

The pains also which he took to obtain the pardon of the unfortunate doctor Dodd, and his reasons, wherein he so forcibly pointed, that the reprieve could not be brought into a precedent, is a most beautiful comment on the rights of the sovereign to mitigate such uncommon cases by the royal clemency; and would have prevailed on any man who had not as much * * * * as the king of Britain has showed on many occasions.

When I read doctor Dodd's prison thoughts, and where he observes on the promiscuous number of people crammed into jails hardening their hearts; and his just remarks on the sanguinary laws, and his address to M. Hanway who has wrote on that subject, I put up some mental petitions that as every thing in this new world was forming into order, I most heartily prayed that some persons who could discriminate between errors, and deep turpitude, would with spirit and candor, make amendments in this sad case. I know full well nothing but the legislature can accomplish this: but some must move and agitate them, and these seeds and embryos of virtue may be struck from small beginnings: who would think that a flint and a steel by a single stroke could emit a particle of fire sufficient to consume the world? This thought encourages so insignificant a being as myself, to hint it. You and others of your turn of thought have been very instrumental in giving a turn to the slave-trade; and as one species of oppression has been mitigated, why not another? Think of this and read doctor Dodd with attention. Fond as I am of poetry, I could have wished his reflections had been written in prose, as those people who are most affected with the cadence of measured syllables, are not for the most part such as have a great influence on the laws of society: yet if they are founded on truth they should not be exploded because of their garb.

From yours,

E. Ferguson.

RHETORIC—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## LECTURE X,

*Of the peculiarities attached to the correct reading and recitation of Narration, Dialogue, Soliloquy, Address, and works of Sentiment and Imagination.*

GENTLEMEN,

The application of the essential principles of correct Elocution to the reading and recitation of the different species of *Verse*, constituting the subject of my last address to you, I shall, this evening, direct your attention to the application of the same principles to the various kinds of composition in *Prose*.

The principles of correctness both as to reading and recitation having been inculcated in my preceding lectures, this, and the two following, will of course chiefly consist of exemplifications of those principles, in extracts from some of our best authors, which, if judiciously effected, will not only exhibit specimens of varied Elocution, but also present to the mind some of the most brilliant beauties of English composition.

In the reading or recitation of every species of composition, Expression constitutes its life and energy; and that cannot be given, without a perfect comprehension of the author's meaning, and at the same time such a degree of sensibility as to feel or awaken those passions which his sentiments are calculated to excite.

In Narration the field is very ample and diversified—from the calm recital of historical events, to the animated declaration of personal incident: in all of which, the reader or speaker, to express himself justly, must express himself naturally.

The degree of animation or expression in the reader, must be accommodated to the nature of the subject, and the style of the author. I will exemplify this position by contrasting two narratives of an interesting historical event, in which the diversity of style, as it must produce different degrees of emotion in the reader, must also produce correspondent effects in the hearer. One example will, I conceive, sufficiently exemplify and prove my position; particularly as it will be drawn from two of our most celebrtaed modern historians, Hume and Robertson.

The sack of Rome, by Bourbon, in 1527, is thus described by those two eloquent writers; and tho' the recital of both is critically correct as to language, and highly descriptive of that interesting event, yet the glowing and animated style of the latter excites an interest in the mind of the reader, and of course gives a degree of energy to the expression and vivacity to the tones of the voice, which the former description neither requires, nor can awaken.

The following is Mr. Hume's account:

"The duke was himself killed as he was planting a ladder to scale the walls; but his soldiers rather enraged than discouraged by his death, mounted to the assault with the utmost valour, and entering the city sword in hand, exercised all those brutalities which may be expected from ferocity excited by resistance, and from insolence which takes place when that resistance is no more. This renowned city, exposed by her renown alone to so many calamities, never endured in any age, even from the barbarians, by whom she was often subdued, such indignities as she was now constrained to suffer. The unrestrained massacre and pillage, which continued for several days, were the least ills to which the unhappy Romans were exposed. Whatever was respectable in modesty, or sacred in religion, seemed but the more to provoke the insults of the soldiery. Virgins suffered violation in the arms of their parents, and upon those very altars to which they had fled for protection. Aged prelates after enduring every indignity, and even every torture, were thrown into dungeons and menaced each moment with the most cruel death, in order to engage them to reveal their sacred treasures or purchase liberty by exorbitant ransoms. Clement himself, who had trusted for protection to the sacredness of his character, and neglected to make his escape in time, was taken captive, and found that his dignity, which procured him no regard from the Spanish soldiers, did but draw on him the insolent mockery of the German, who being generally attached to the Lutheran principles, were pleased to gratify their animosity by the abasement of the sovereign pontiff."

*Hume's History of England.*

How tame and uninteresting is this narration, compared with that given by Dr. Robertson!

"Bourbon's troops, notwithstanding all their valour, gained no ground, and even began to give way; when, their leader, perceiving that on this critical moment the fate of the day depended, threw himself from his horse; pressed to the front; snatched a scaling ladder from a soldier; planted it against the wall, and began to mount it, encouraging his men with his voice and hand to

follow him. But, at that very instant, a musket bullet from the ramparts pierced his groin with a wound which he immediately felt to be mortal. It was impossible to conceal this fatal event from the army. The soldiers soon missed their general whom they were accustomed to see in every time of danger: but, instead of being disheartened by the loss, it animated them with new valour. The name of Bourbon resounded along the line accompanied with the cry of *blood* and *revenge*. The veterans who defended the walls were soon overpowered by numbers; the unrestrained body of city recruits fled at the sight of danger; and the enemy with irresistible violence rushed into the town.

It is impossible to describe or even to imagine the misery and horror of that scene which followed. Whatever a city taken by storm can dread from military rage unrestrained by discipline—whatever excesses the ferocity of the Germans, the avarice of the Spaniards, or the licentiousness of the Italians could commit, these the wretched inhabitants were obliged to suffer. Churches, palaces, and the houses of private persons, were plundered without distinction. No age, or character, or sex, was exempt from injury. Cardinals, nobles, priests, matrons, virgins, were all the prey of soldiers, and at the mercy of men deaf to the voice of humanity. Nor did these outrages cease, as is usual, in towns which are carried by assault, when the first fury of the storm was over: the imperialists kept possession of Rome several months; and, during all that time, the insolence and brutality of the soldiers scarce abated. Their booty in ready money amounted to a million of ducats: what they raised by ransoms and exactions far exceeded that sum. Rome, though taken several different times by the northern nations, who overran the empire in the fifth and sixth centuries, was never treated with so much cruelty by the barbarous and heathen Huns, Vandals, and Goths, as *now* by the bigotted subjects of a Catholic monarch."

*Robertson's History of Charles 5th.*

Here all is activity, energy, and animation. The mind of the reader is hurried into the very scene of action; and the emotion excited by so vivid a description, of course requires a corresponding expression of tone, and vivacity of manner, which in reading the *former* account would appear bombastic and absurd. The elevation of language is admirably accommodated to the solemnity and importance of the event, and the harmonious construction of the sentences kindles a glow of enthusiasm that a reader of sensibility will instinctively impart to his enunciation.

In the reading of narrative *Prose*, what is deficient in the jingle of rhyme, or in the prosodiacal correctness of metrical har-

mony, is compensated by the freedom which is given to expression, and the force which it derives from the natural and colloquial construction of language.

The spirit therefore, and energy of expression in a reader, must be accommodated to the style of the author, and the importance of the incidents recorded.

With respect to the reading and recitation of *Dialogue*, the field of action is as unbounded as the diversity of the human character, and the versatility of the human mind. It involves every possible gradation of intellect, from the uncouth and unlettered peasant, to the urbane, and polished courtier and the refined and dignified gentleman. A correct reader of Dialogue will regulate his emphasis and the tones of his voice by the nature of the subject and the character of the persons who are speaking; hence he will have a different modulation of voice for every speaker. To read a dialogue well, he must feel himself to be, and assume the peculiar expression of every speaker who is introduced, whether of the serious or comic cast: otherwise, he will never attract attention, or excite emotion in the hearer. Hence we see the wonderful power of a Garrick, a Siddons, a Foote, and a Kemble, in commanding the passions and feelings of an audience composed of every description of age and character: their astonishing versatility and force of expression arising from an exquisite sensibility, which enabled them to adopt the sentiments as their own, and consequently to give them that pathos and energy which nature invariably dictates to those whom she endows with the capacity of fully conceiving and communicating them. Such characters however are very sparsely scattered in a community; of course we meet with few elegant readers, and still fewer accomplished and commanding orators, in the senate or the pulpit, at the bar, or on the stage.

The dialogues in genteel comedy, as they exhibit polite conversation, or familiar and domestic scenes, require that calmness and native ease both of manner and of voice, which is suited to the peculiarity of existing character. The following dialogue between two well bred gentlemen is a specimen of polite conversation, which, as it awakens no passion, should be read with

a sedate countenance, in the common colloquial key, and with no other variation of tone than is sufficient to mark the different speakers.

*Belcour and Stockwell.*

*Stock.* Mr. Belcour, I am rojoiced to see you; you are welcome to England.

*Bel.* I thank you heartily, good Mr. Stockwell; you and I have long conversed at a distance, now we are met; and the pleasure this meeting gives me, amply compensates for the perils I have run through in accomplishing it.

*Stock.* What perils, Mr. Belcour? I could not have thought you would have met with a bad passage at this time o'year.

*Bel.* Nor did we: courier like, we came posting to your shores upon the pinions of the swiftest gales that ever blew; it is upon English ground all my difficulties have risen; it is the passage from the river side I complain of.

*Stock.* Ay, indeed! what obstructions can you have met between this and the river side?

*Bel.* Innumerable. Your town is as full of defiles as the Island of Corsica, and I believe they are as obstinately defended; so much hurry, bustle, and confusion on your quays; so many sugar casks, porter butts, and common council men, in your streets, that unless a man marched with artillery in his front, it is more than the labour of a Hercules can effect to make any tolerable way through your town.

*Stock.* I am sorry you have been so incommoded.

*Bel.* Why indeed it was all my own fault, accustomed to a land of slaves, and out of patience with the whole tribe of custom-house extortioners, boatmen, tide-waiters, and water bailiffs, that beset me on all sides, worse than a swarm of musquittoes, I proceeded a little too roughly to brush them away with my rattan; the sturdy rogues took this in dudgeon, and beginning to rebel, the mob took different sides, and a furious scuffle ensued, in the course of which my person and apparel suffered so much that I was obliged to step into the first tavern to refit, before I could make my approaches in any decent trim.

*Stock.* Well, Mr. Belcour, it is a rough sample you have had of my countrymen's spirit; but I trust you will not think the worse of them for it.

*Bel.* Not at all; not at all; I like them the better. Were I only a visitor I might perhaps, wish them a little more tractable; but as a fellow subject and a sharer in their freedom, I applaud their spirit, tho' I feel the effects of it in every bone of my skin.—Well Mr. Stockwell, for the first time in my life, here am I in England, at the fountain head of pleasure, in the land of beauty, of arts and elegancies. My happy stars have given me a good estate, and the conspiring winds have blown me hither to spend it.

*Stock.* To use it, not to waste it, I should hope; to treat it Mr Belcour, not as a vassal over whom you have a despotic power, but as a subject which you are bound to govern with a temperate and restrained authority.

*Bel.* True, Sir; most truly said; mine's a commission, not a right. While I have hands to hold, I will hold them open to all mankind. But, sir, my passions are my masters, they take me where they will; and oftentimes they leave to reason and virtue nothing but my wishes and my sighs.

*Stock.* Come, come, the man who can accuse corrects himself.

*Bel.* Ah! that is an office I am weary of, I wish a friend would take it up, I would to heaven you had leisure for the employ! but did you drive a trade to the four corners of the world, you would not find the task so toilsome as to keep me free from faults.

*Stock.* Well I am not discouraged: this candour tells me I should not have the fault of self-conceit to combat; that, at least, is not among the number.

*Bel.* No. If I knew that man on earth who thought more humbly of me than I do of myself, I would take up his opinion and forego my own.

*Stock.* And were I to chuse a pupil it should be one of your complexion: so if you will come along with me we will agree upon your admission, and enter upon a course of lectures directly.

*Bel.* With all my heart.

WEST INDIAN.

Compare this, with the impassioned addresses in the following dialogue; and the necessary diversity of tone, of countenance, and of gesture, will be strikingly evident; more especially if you attempt to read it in the same dispassionate manner as the dialogue between Belcour and Stockwell should either be read or recited.

In Congreve's Mourning Bride, the dialogue between Almeria and Leonora in the aisle of the temple, exhibits a striking contrast to the calm colloquy between Belcour and Stockwell: 'tis impossible to read it without experiencing the mingled emotions of terror, grief, astonishment, and almost frantic joy, and if pronounced with appropriate expression, cannot fail to excite those passions in the breasts of the hearers. Of the discription of the temple, Dr. Johnson used to say, that it was the finest poetical passage he had ever read, and that he recollected none in Shakspeare like it.

ACT 2, SCENE 3.

*Almeria and Leonora.*

*Alm.* It was a fanci'd noise, for all is hush'd.

*Leo.* It bore the accent of a human voice.

*Alm.* It was thy fear or else some transient wind
Whistling thro' hollows of this vaulted aisle. We'll listen—

*Leo.* Hark!

*Alm.* No, all is hush'd, and still as death—'tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose antient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe
And terror on my aking sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my tremb'ling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice;—my own affrights me with its echoes.

*Leo.* Let us return, the horror of this place
And silence, will increase your melancholy.

*Alm.* It may my fears, but cannot add to that.
No. I will on: shew me Anselmo's tomb.—
Lead me o'er bones and skulls and mould'ring earth
Of human bodies; for I'll mix with them,
Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corse
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of Garcia's more detested bed: that thought
Exerts my spirit, and my present fears
Are lost in dread of greater ill. Then shew me,
Lead me, for I'm bolder grown; lead on
Where I may kneel, and pay my vows again
To him, to heav'n, and my Alphonso's soul,

*Leo.* Behold the sacred vault, within whose womb
The poor remains of good Anselmo rest,
Yet fresh and unconsumed by time or worms.
What do I see? O heav'n! either my eyes
Are false or still the marble door remains
Unclos'd; the iron grates that lead to death
Beneath, are still wide stretch'd upon their hinge,
And staring on us with unfolded leaves.

*Alm.* Sure 'tis the friendly yawn of death for me;
And that dumb mouth, significant in shew,
Invites me to the bed, where I alone
Shall rest; shew me the grave, where nature weary
And long oppressed with woes and bending cares,

May lay the burden down, and sink in slumbers
Of peace eternal. Death, grim death will fold
Me in his leaden arms, and press me close
To his cold clayie breast. My father then
Will cease his tyranny, and Garcia too
Will fly my pale deformity with loathing.
My soul enlarged from its vile bonds will mount
And range the starry orbs, and milky ways,
Of that refulgent world where I shall swim
In liquid light, and float on seas of bliss
To my Alphonso's soul. O Joy too great!
O Ecstasy of thought! help me, Anselmo,
Help me Alphonso! take me, reach thy hand;
To thee, to thee I call, to thee, Alphonso,
O, Alphonso!

*Enter Osmyn ascending from the tomb.*

*Osm.* Who calls that wretched thing that was Alphonso!
*Alm.* Angels! and all the hosts of heav'n support me!
*Osm.* Whence is that voice, whose shrillness from the grave
And growing to his father's shroud, roots up
Alphonso!
*Alm.* Mercy! Providence! O speak!
Speak to it quickly, quickly; speak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy bosom, from the light
And from my eyes.
*Osm.* Amasement and illusion!
Rivet and nail me where I stand, ye pow'rs!
That motionless I may be still deceived.
Let me not stir, nor breathe, lest I dissolve
That tender lovely form of painted air,
So like Almeria. Ha! it sinks! it falls!
I'll catch it ere it goes, and grasp her shade.
'Tis life! 'tis warm! 'tis she! 'tis she herself!
Nor dead, nor shade; but breathing and alive!
It is Almeria! 'tis, it is my wife."

Soliloquy is a species of composition which requires peculiar attention and expression in the reading or recitation of it. 'Tis the language of a man talking to himself; or rather, answering some question, or revolving and reasoning upon some proposition which has been presented to his mind. It must therefore be pronounced

in a lower tone than colloquial language generally requires; with an appearence of profound reflection, and of insensibility to surrounding objects. 'Tis often confounded by compilers of extracts, with the figure called Apostrophe or Address. Thus Antony's address to Cæsar's dead body,

O pardon me thou bleeding piece of earth, &c.

Satan's address to the sun, in Milton's Paradise Lost,

O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd, &c.

are generally call'd Soliloquies; whereas the term is, critically speaking, applicable only to a person lost in thought and conversing with himself. Of this description are Hamlet's soliloquy on death,

To be, or not to be, &c.

His soliloquy on his mother's marriage,

O that this too, too solid flesh would melt, &c.

The soliloquy of the King in Hamlet,

Oh! my offence is rank, it smells to heav'n! &c.

Cato's soliloquy on the immortality of the soul,

It must be so! Plato, thou reas'nest well, &c.

Cardinal Wolsey's soliloquy on the instability of human greatness,

Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness! &c.

These, and similar effusions, under the definition already given, may properly be styled Soliloquy; but every expression of thought or sentiment produced by a solitary individual is certainly not a soliloquy. An address though made by such, perhaps to an inanimate object, not requiring that expression of countenance and depression of voice which is necessary in real soliloquy.

The tone and manner in which Addresses are to be delivered, must be accommodated to the nature of the subject, the time, place, and circumstances. The address of Norval, for instance, to Lord Randolph,

My name is Norval, &c.

being the simple address of a shepherd's boy, must be pronounced

in a very different manner from the polished and impassioned address of Sempronius in the Roman Senate,

My voice is still for war, &c.

With respect to works of *Sentiment* and *Imagination*, the subject matter, the language, and the species of composition, must altogether direct the degree of expression to be imparted both in tone and gesture.

A periodical Essay in the Spectator, Rambler, or Guardian, would certainly not be communicated by a judicious reader with the same expression and force, as one of the pathetic effusions of Sterne, or the glowing and florid delineations of an Eastern tale.

To exemplify this, I solicit your attention to an extract from No. 626 of the Spectator, declared by Dr. Johnson to be one of the finest essays in the English Language. It is on the power, use, and advantage, of novelty, and was written by Mr. Grove, a dissenting preacher. With this celebrated piece, I will contrast as justly celebrated a passage in the writings of Sterne, with which I shall conclude my present address.

"It may not be a useless inquiry, how far the love of novelty is the unavoidable growth of nature, and in what respects it is peculiarly adapted to the present state. To me it seems impossible that a reasonable creature should rest absolutely satisfied in any acquisitions whatever, without endeavouring farther; for, after its highest improvements, the mind hath an idea of an infinity of things still behind worth knowing, to the knowledge of which therefore it cannot be indifferent; as by climbing up a hill in the midst of a wide plain, a man hath his prospect enlarged, and together with that, the bounds of his desires. Upon this account, I cannot think *he* detracts from the state of the blessed, who conceives them to be perpetually employed in fresh researches into nature, and to eternity advancing into the fathomless depths of the divine perfections. In this thought there is nothing but what doth honour to these glorified spirits, provided still it be remembered, that their desire of more, proceeds not from their disrelishing what they possess: and the pleasure of a new enjoyment is not with them measured by its novelty (which is a thing merely foreign and accidental) but by its real intrinsic value. After an acquaintance of many thousand years with the works of God, the beauty and magnificence of the creation fills them with the same pleasing wonder and profound awe, which Adam felt when he first opened his eyes upon this glorious scene. Truth captivates with unborrowed charms, and whatever hath once given satisfaction will always do it; in all which they have manifestly the advantage of us, who are so much governed by sickly and changeable appetites, that we can with

the greatest coldness behold the stupendous displays of omnipotence, and be in transports at the puny essay of human skill; throw aside speculations of the sublimest nature, and vastest importance into some obscure corner of the mind, to make room for new notions of no consequence at all; are even tired of health because not enlivened with alternate pain; and prefer the first reading of an indifferent author, to the second or third perusal of one whose merit and reputation are established.

"Our being thus formed serves many useful purposes in the present state. It contributes not a little to the advancement of learning. It is with knowledge as with wealth; the pleasure of which lies more in making endless additions, than in taking a review of our old store."

In this composition there is Sentiment, Imagination, and even Sublimity of thought; yet, from its simplicity of style, and want of pathos, the reading of it in an expressive, energetic manner, would be as absurd as the reading of the following extract from Sterne's Tristram Shandy would be without it.

"The corporal—

—"Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius—for he was your kinsman:—weed his grave clean, ye men of goodness—for he was your brother.—Oh! corporal had I thee but now,—now that I am able to give thee a dinner and protection,—how would I cherish thee! thou shouldst wear thy Montero cap every hour of the day, and every day of the week, and when it was worn out I would purchase thee a couple like it.—But, alas! alas! alas! now that I can do this,—the occasion is lost—for thou art gone;—thy genius fled up to the stars from whence it came;—and that warm heart of thine with all its generous and open vessels compressed into a clod of the valley.

—"But what—what is this to that future and dreaded page, where I look towards the velvet pall, decorated with the military ensigns of thy master—the first—the foremost of created beings: where I shall see thee, faithful servant, laying his sword and scabbard, with a trembling hand, across his coffin, and then returning, pale as ashes to the door, to take his mourning horse by the bridle to follow his hearse as he directed thee;—where—all my father's systems shall be baffled by his sorrows; and, in spite of his philosophy, I shall behold him as he inspects the lacquered plate, twice taking his spectacles from off his nose to wipe away the dew which nature has shed upon them—when I see him cast in the rosemary with an air of disconsolation, which cries through my ears,—O Toby! in what corner of the world shall I find thy fellow?

—"Gracious powers! which erst have opened the lips of the dumb in his distress, and made the tongue of the stammerer speak plain—when I shall arrive at this dreaded page, deal not with me then, with a stinted hand."

He who would read this extract in the same manner as he would the preceding, must be altogether void of sentiment and sensibility.

My next lecture will relate to the different figures of speech, and the peculiar method of justly communicating to each its proper expression both in reading and recitation.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*Extract of a letter from Lexington.*

SINCE the departure of our friend THE AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGIST on his western expedition, inquiries have been made respecting him, which, by their frequency and earnestness evince a solicitude for his welfare, highly creditable to him, and indeed not a little to those who made them. It was natural for the public who have been delighted and instructed by his labours, and for his friends who know his personal worth, to be anxious for him while employed in an enterprize of much hardship, and considerable danger. Partaking largely in that anxiety, our pleasure is greater than we can well express in being able to announce, that intelligence has been received of his arrival in safety and improved health at Lexington in Kentucky.

While wandering through the desolation of our remote western territories in pursuit of the means further to enrich the natural history of this country; our Ornithologist's heart untravelled fondly turned to the friends he left behind him, and in his unaccommodated condition, he wrote a letter, from which we have taken the following extract. The perusal of it will no doubt afford our readers that satisfaction which all who have the slightest pretensions to taste must feel in contemplating a picture recommended by strength and correctness of outline, and by a truth in the colouring which none but an artist who had taken a close and accurate survey of Nature, in her minutest details, could possibly bestow.

*Lexington, April* 4, 1810.

MY DEAR SIR,

HAVING now reached the *second* stage of my bird-catching expedition, I willingly sit down to give you some account of my adventures and remarks since leaving Pittsburg; by the aid of a good map and your usual stock of patience you will be able to listen to my story, and trace all my wanderings. Though generally

dissuaded from venturing by myself on so long a voyage down the Ohio, in an open skiff, I considered this mode, with all its inconveniencies, as the most favourable to my researches, and the most suitable to my funds, and I determined accordingly. Two days before my departure the Alleghany river was one wide torrent of broken ice, and I calculated on experiencing considerable difficulties on this score. My stock of provisions consisted of some biscuit and cheese, and a bottle of cordial presented me by a gentleman of Pittsburg; my gun-trunk and great coat occupied one end of the boat, I had a small tin occasionally to bale her and to take my beverage from the Ohio with, and bidding adieu to the smoky confines of Pitt, I lanched into the stream and soon winded away among the hills that every where inclose this noble river. The weather was warm and serene, and the river like a mirror, except where floating masses of ice spotted its surface, and which required some care to steer clear of; but these to my surprise in less than a day's sailing totally disappeared. Far from being concerned at my new situation, I felt my heart expand with joy at the novelties which surrounded me; I listened with pleasure to the whistling of the red-bird on the bank as I passed, and contemplated the forest scenery as it receded, with increasing delight. The smoke of the numerous sugar camps, rising lazily among the mountains, gave great effect to the varying landscape; and the grotesque log cabbins that here and there opened from the woods were diminished into mere dog-houses by the sublimity of the impending mountains. If you suppose to yourself two parallel ranges of forest covered hills, whose irregular summits are seldom more than three or four miles apart, winding through an immense extent of country, and inclosing a river half a mile wide, which alternately washes the steep declivity on one side, and leaves a rich flat forest clad bottom on the other, of a mile or so in breadth, you will have a pretty correct idea of the appearance of the Ohio. The banks of these rich flats are from twenty to sixty and eighty feet high, and even these last were within a few feet of being overflowed in December 1808.

I now stripped, with alacrity, to my new avocation. The current went about two and a half miles an hour, and I added about three and a half miles more to the boat's way with my oars. In the course of the day I passed a number of arks, or as they are

usually called Kentucky boats, loaded with what it must be acknowledged are the most valuable commodities of a country; viz. men, women and children, horses and ploughs, flour, millstones, &c. Several of these floating caravans were loaded with store goods for the supply of the settlements through which they passed, having a counter erected, shawls, muslins, &c. displayed, and every thing ready for transacting business. On approaching a settlement they blow a horn or tin trumpet, which announces to the inhabitants their arrival. I boarded many of these arks, and felt much interested at the sight of so many human beings migrating like birds of passage to the luxuriant regions of the south and west. These arks are built in the form of a parallelogram, being from twelve to fourteen feet wide, and from forty to seventy feet long, covered above, rowed only occasionally by two oars before, and steered by a long and powerful one fixed above as in the annexed sketch.

*Ark.*

*Barge for passing up stream.*

The barges are taken up along shore by setting poles at the rate of twenty miles or so a day; the arks cost about one hundred and fifty cents per foot, according to their length, and when they reach their places of destination, seldom bring more than one-sixth their original cost. These arks descend from all parts of the Ohio and its tributary streams, the Alleghany, Monongahela, Muskingum, Sciota, Miami, Kentucky, Wabash, &c. &c. in the months of March, April, and May particularly, with goods, produce and emigrants, the two former for markets along the river, or at New Orleans, the latter for various parts of Kentucky, Ohio, and the Indiana Territory. I now return to my own expedition.

I rowed twenty odd miles the first spell, and found I should be able to stand it perfectly well. About an hour after night I put up at a miserable cabin, fifty-two miles from Pittsburg, where I slept on what I supposed to be corn-stalks, or something worse; so preferring the smooth bosom of the Ohio to this *brush heap*, I got up long before day, and being under no apprehension of losing my way I again pushed out into the stream. The landscape on each side, lay in one mass of shade, but the grandeur of the projecting headlands and vanishing points, or lines, were charmingly reflected in the smooth glassy surface below. I could only discover when I was passing a clearing by the crowing of cocks; and now and then in more solitary places the big horned owl made a most hideous hollowing that echoed among the mountains. In this lonesome manner, with full leisure for observation and reflection, exposed to hardships all day, and hard births all night, to storms of rain, hail and snow, for it froze severely almost every night, I persevered, from the 24th of February to Sunday evening March 17th, when I moored my skiff safely in Bear Grass Creek, at the Rapids of the Ohio, after a voyage of seven hundred and twenty miles. My hands suffered the most; and it will be some weeks yet before they recover their former feeling and flexibility. It would be the task of a month to detail all the particulars of my numerous excursions, in every direction from the river. In Steubenville, Charlestown and Wheeling I found some friends. At Marietta I visited the celebrated remains of Indian fortifications, as they are improperly called, which cover a large space of ground on the banks of the Muskingum. Seventy miles above this, at a place called Big Grave Creek, I examined some extraordinary remains of the same kind there. The Big Grave is three hundred paces round at the base, seventy feet perpendicular, and the top, which is about fifty feet over has sunk *in*, forming a regular concavity, three or four feet deep. This tumulus is in the form of a cone, and the whole, as well as its immediate neighbourhood, is covered with a venerable growth of forest four or five hundred years old, which gives it a most singular appearance. In clambering around its steep sides I found a place where a large white oak had been lately blown down, and had torn up the earth to the depth of five or

six feet. In this place I commenced digging, and continued to labour for about an hour, examining every handful of earth with great care, but except some shreds of earthen ware made of a coarse kind of gritty clay, and considerable pieces of charcoal, I found nothing else; but a person of the neighbourhood presented me with some beads fashioned out of a kind of white stone, which were found in digging on the opposite side of this gigantic mound, where I found the hole still remaining. The whole of an extensive plain a short distance from this is marked out with squares, oblongs and circles, one of which comprehends several acres. The embankments by which they are distinguished are still two or three feet above the common level of the field. The Big Grave is the property of a Mr. Tomlinson, or Tumblestone, who lives near, and who would not expend three cents to see the whole sifted before his face. I endeavoured to work on his avarice by representing the probability that it might contain valuable matters, and suggested to him a mode by which a passage might be cut into it level with the bottom, and by excavation and arching a most noble cellar might be formed for keeping his turnips and potatoes. "All the turnips and potatoes I shall raise this dozen years," said he, "would not pay the expense." This man is no antiquarian or theoretical farmer, nor much of a practical one either I fear; he has about two thousand acres of the best land, and just makes out to live. Near the head of what is called the Long Reach, I called on a certain Michael Cressap, son to the noted colonel Cressap, mentioned in Jefferson's Notes on Virginia. From him I received the head of a paddle fish, the largest ever seen in the Ohio, which I am keeping for Mr. Peale, with various other curiosities. I took the liberty of asking whether Logan's accusation of his father having killed *all* his family, had any truth in it; but he replied that, it had not. Logan, he said, had been misinformed; he detailed to me all the particulars which are too long for repetition, and concluded by informing me that his father died early in the revolutionary war of the camp fever, near New-York.

Marietta stands on a swampy plain, which has evidently once been the ancient bed of the Muskingum, and is still occasionally inundated to the depth of five or six feet. A Mr. Putnam, son

to the old general of Bunker's Hill memory, and a Mr. Gillman and Fearing are making great exertions here, in introducing and multiplying the race of Merinos. The two latter gentlemen are about establishing works by steam for carding and spinning wool, and intend to carry on the manufactory of broadcloth extensively. Mr. Gillman is a gentleman of taste and wealth, and has no doubts of succeeding. Something is necessary to give animation to this place, for since the building of ships has been abandoned here, the place seems on the decline.

The current of the Muskingum is very rapid, and the ferry boat is navigated across in the following manner. A strong cable is extended from bank to bank, forty or fifty feet above the surface of the river, and fastened tight at each end. On this cable are two loose running blocks; one rope from the bow of the boat is fastened to the first of these blocks, and another from the after part of the boat to the second block, and by lengthening this last a diagonal direction is given to the boat's head, a little up stream, and the current striking forcibly and obliquely on her aft, she is hurried forward with amazing velocity without any manual labour whatever. I passed Blannerhasset's island after night, but the people were burning brush, and by the light I had a distinct view of the mansion house, which is but a plain frame of no great dimensions. It is now the property of a Mr. Miller from Lexington, who intends laying it chiefly in hemp. It is nearly three miles long, and contains about three hundred acres, half of which is in cultivation, but like all the rest of the numerous islands of the Ohio, is subject to inundations. At Galliopolis, which stands upon a high plain, and contains forty or fifty scattered houses, I found the fields well fenced and well cultivated, peach and apple orchards numerous, and a considerable appearance of industry. One half of the original French settlers have removed to a tract of land opposite the mouth of Sandy River. This town has one store and two taverns; the mountains press into within a short distance of the town. I found here another Indian mound planted with peach trees. On Monday March 5th, about ten miles below the mouth of the great Sciota, where I saw the first flock of peroquets, I encountered a violent storm of wind and rain, which changed to hail and snow, blowing

down trees and limbs in all directions, so that for immediate preservation I was obliged to steer out into the river which rolled and foamed like a sea, and filled my boat nearly half full of water, and it was with the greatest difficulty I could make the least headway. It continued to snow violently until dusk, when I at length made good my landing at a place on the Kentucky shore, where I had perceived a cabin; and here I spent the evening in learning the art and mystery of bear-treeing, wolf-trapping and wild-cat hunting, from an old professor. But notwithstanding the skill of this great master, the country here is swarming with wolves and wild-cats, black and brown; according to this hunter's own confession he had lost sixty pigs since Christmas last, and all night long the distant howling of the wolves kept the dogs in a perpetual uproar of barking. This man was one of those people called squatters, who neither pay rent nor own land, but keep roving on the frontiers, advancing as the tide of civilized population approaches. They are the immediate successors of the savages, and far below them in good sense and good manners, as well as comfortable accommodations. An engraved representation of one of their cabins would form a striking embellishment to the pages of The Port Folio, as a specimen of the *first* order of *American Architecture*.

Nothing adds more to the savage grandeur and picturesque effect of the scenery along the Ohio than these miserable huts of human beings, lurking at the bottom of a gigantic growth of timber that I have not seen equalled in any other part of the United States. And it is truly amusing to observe how dear and how familiar habit has rendered those privations which must have been first the offspring of necessity. Yet none pride themselves more on their possessions. The inhabitants of these forlorn sheds will talk to you with pride of the richness of their soil, of the excellence and abundance of their country, of the healthiness of their climate, and the purity of their waters, while the only bread you find among them is of Indian corn coarsely ground in a horse-mill with half the grains unbroken; even their cattle are destitute of stables and hay, and look like moving skeletons; their own houses worse than pig-styes; their clothes an assemblage of rags, their faces yellow, and lank

with disease, and their persons covered with filth, and frequently garnished with the humours of the Scotch fiddle, from which dreadful amusement by the mercy of God I have been most miraculously preserved. All this is the effect of laziness. The corn is thrown into the ground in the spring, and the pigs turned into the woods, where they multiply like rabbits. The labour of the squatter is now over till fall, and he spends the winter in eating pork, cabbage and hoe-cakes. What a contrast to the neat farm and snug cleanly habitation of the industrious settler that opens their green fields, their stately barns, gardens and orchards to the gladdened eye of the delighted stranger!

At a place called Salt Lick I went ashore to see the salt works, and to learn whether the people had found any further remains of an animal of the ox kind, one of whose horns, of a prodigious size, was discovered here some years ago, and is in the possession of Mr. Peale. They make here about one thousand bushels weekly, which sells at one dollar and seventy-five cents per bushel. The wells are from thirty to fifty feet deep, but nothing curious has lately been dug up. I landed at Maysville, or Limestone, where a considerable deal of business is done in importation for the interior of Kentucky. It stands on a high narrow plain between the mountains and the river, which is fast devouring the bank, and encroaching on the town; part of the front street is gone already, and unless some effectual means are soon taken the whole must go by piecemeal. This town contains about one hundred houses, chiefly log and frames. From this place I set out on foot for Washington. On the road at the height of several hundred feet above the present surface of the river, I found prodigious quantities of petrified shells of the small cockle and fan-shaped kind, but whether marine remains or not am uncertain. I have since found these petrified concretions of shells universal all over Kentucky wherever I have been. The rocks look as if one had collected heaps of broken shells and wrought them up among clay, then hardened it into stone. These rocks lie universally in horizontal strata. A farmer in the neighbourhood of Washington assured me, that from seven acres he reaped at once eight thousand weight of excellent hemp, fit for market.

Amidst very tempestuous weather I reached the town of Cincinnati, which does honour to the name of the old Roman, and is

the neatest and handsomest situated place I have seen since I left Philadelphia. You must know that during an unknown series of ages the river Ohio has gradually sunk several hundred feet below its former bed, and has left on both sides occasionally what are called the first or nearest, and the second or next high bank, which is never overflown.

The town of Cincinnati occupies two beautiful plains, one on the first, and the other on the second bank, and contains upwards of five hundred houses, the greater proportion of which are of brick. One block house is all that remains of Fort Washington. The river Licking comes in from the opposite shore, where the town of Newport of forty or fifty houses, and a large arsenal and barracks are lately erected. Here I met with a judge Turner, a man of extraordinary talents, well known to the literati of Philadelphia. He exerted himself in my behalf with all the ardor of an old friend. A large Indian mound in the vicinity of this town has been lately opened by a doctor Drake, who showed me the collection of curiosities which he had found in that and others. In the centre of this mound he also found a large fragment of earthen ware, such as I found at the Big Grave, which is a pretty strong proof that these works have been erected by a people, if not the same, differing little from the present race of Indians, whose fragments of earthen ware dug up about their late towns correspond exactly with these. Twenty miles below this I passed the mouth of the Great Miami, which rushes in from the north, and is a large and stately river, preserving its pure waters uncontaminated for many miles with those of the Ohio, each keeping their respective sides of the channel. I rambled up the banks of this river for four or five miles, and in my return shot a turkey. I also saw five or six deer in a drove, but they were too light heeled for me.

In the afternoon of the 15th I entered Big Bone Creek, which being passable only about a quarter of a mile, I secured my boat and left my baggage under the care of a decent family near, and set out on foot five miles through the woods for the Big Bone Lick, that great antediluvian rendezvous of the American elephants. This place which lies "far in the windings of a sheltered vale," afforded me a fund of amusement in shooting ducks and peroquets (of which last I skinned twelve, and brought off

two slightly wounded) and in examining the ancient buffalo roads to this great licking place. Mr. Colquhoun, the proprietor, was not at home, but his agent and manager entertained me as well as he was able, and was much amused with my enthusiasm. This place is a low valley everywhere surrounded by high hills; in the centre, by the side of the creek is a quagmire of near an acre, from which and another smaller one below, the chief part of these large bones have been taken; at the latter places I found numerous fragments of large bones lying scattered about. In pursuing a wounded duck across this quagmire, I had nearly deposited my carcass among the grand congregation of mammoths below, having sunk up to the middle and had hard struggling to get out. As the proprietor intends to dig in various places this season for brine, and is a gentleman of education and intelligence, I have strong hopes that a more complete skeleton of that animal called the mammoth, than has yet been found will be procured. I laid the strongest injunctions on the manager to be on the look out, and to preserve every thing; I also left a letter for Mr. Colquhoun to the same purport, and am persuaded that these will not be neglected. In this neighbourhood I found, the Columbo plant in great abundance, and collected some of the seeds. Many of the old stalks were more than five feet high. I have since found it in various other parts of this country. In the afternoon of the next day I returned to my boat, replaced my baggage, and rowed twenty miles to the Swiss settlement, where I spent the night. These hardy and industrious people have now twelve acres closely and cleanly planted with vines from the Cape of Good Hope. They last year made seven hundred gallons of wine, and expect to make three times as much the ensuing season. Their houses are neat and comfortable, they have orchards of peach and apple trees, besides a great number of figs, cherries, and other fruit trees, of which they ar very curious. They are of opinion that this part of the Indiana Territory is as well suited as any part of France for the cultivation of the vine, but the vines they say require different management here from what they were accustomed to in Switzerland: I purchased a bottle of their last vintage, and

drank to all your healths as long as it lasted in going down the river. Seven miles below this I passed the mouth of Kentucky river, which has a formidable appearance. I observed twenty or thirty scattered houses on its upper side and a few below, many of the former seemingly in a state of decay. It rained on me almost the whole of this day, and I was obliged to row hard and drink healths to keep myself comfortable. My birds' skins were wrapt up in my great coat, and my own had to sustain a complete drenching, which, however, had no bad effects. This evening I lodged at the most wretched hovel I had yet seen. The owner, a meagre diminutive wretch, soon began to let me know of how much consequence he had formerly been; that he had gone through all the war with general Washington—had become one of his *life-guards*, and had sent many a British soldier to his long home. As I answered him with indifference, to interest me the more he began to detail anecdotes of his wonderful exploits; "One grenadier," said he, "had the impudence to get up on the works and to wave his cap in defiance; my commander [general Washington I suppose] says to me, "Dick, cant you pepper that there fellow for me?" "Please your honour, says I, I'll try at it; so I took a fair, cool and steady aim, and touched my trigger. Up went his heels like a turkey! down he tumbled! one buckshot had entered *here* and another *here* [laying a finger on each breast] and the bullet found the way to his brains right through his forehead. By —— he was a noble looking fellow!" Though I believed every word of this to be a lie, yet I could not but look with disgust on the being who uttered it. This same miscreant pronounced a long prayer before supper, and immediately after called out in a splutter of oaths for the pine splinters to be held to let the gentleman see. Such a farrago of lies, oaths, prayers, and politeness, put me in a good humour in spite of myself. The whole herd of this filthy kennel were in perpetual motion with the itch, so having procured a large fire to be made, under pretence of habit I sought for the softest plank, placed my trunk and great coat at my head, and stretched myself there till morning. I set out early and passed several arks. A number of turkies which I observed from time

to time on the Indiana shore, made me lose half the morning in search of them. On the Kentucky shore I was also decoyed by the same temptations, but never could approach near enough to shoot one of them. These affairs detained me so that I was dubious whether I should be able to reach Louisville that night. Night came on and I could hear nothing of the Falls; about eight I first heard the roaring of the Rapids, and as it increased I was in hopes of every moment seeing the lights of Louisville; but no lights appeared, and the noise seemed now within less than half a mile of me. Seriously alarmed lest I might be drawn into the suction of the Falls, I cautiously coasted along shore, which was full of *snags* and *sawyers*, and at length with great satisfaction opened Bear Grass Creek, where I secured my skiff to a Kentucky boat, and loading myself with my baggage, I groped my way through a swamp up to the town. The next day I sold my skiff for exactly half what it cost me; and the man who bought it wondered why I gave it such a droll Indian name (The Ornithologist) "some old chief or warrior I suppose," says he. This day I walked down along shore to Shippingport, to take a view of these celebrated Rapids, but they fell far short of my expectation. I should have no hesitation in going down them in a skiff. The Falls of Oswego, in the state of New-York, though on a smaller scale, are far more dangerous and formidable in appearance. Though the river was not high, I observed two arks and a barge run them with great ease and rapidity. The Ohio here is something more than a mile wide, with several islands interspersed; the channel rocky, and the islands heaped with drift wood. The whole fall in two miles is less than twenty-four feet. The town of Louisville stands on a high *second* bank, and is about as large as Frankfort, having a number of good brick buildings and valuable stores. The situation would be as healthy as any on the river, but for the numerous swamps and ponds that intersect the woods in its neighbourhood. These from their height above the river might all be drained and turned into cultivation; but every man here is so intent on the immediate making of money that they have neither time nor disposition for improvements, even where the article health is

at stake. A man here told me that last fall he had fourteen sick in his own family. On Friday the 24th, I left my baggage with a merchant of the place to be forwarded by the first wagon, and set out on foot for Lexington, seventy-two miles distant. I passed through Middletown and Shelbyville, both inconsiderable places. Nine-tenths of the country is in forest; the surface undulating into gentle eminences and declivities, between each of which generally runs a brook over loose flags of limestone. The soil, by appearance, is of the richest sort; immense fields of Indian corn, high excellent fences, few grain fields, many log houses, and those of the meaner sort. I observed few apple orchards, but several very thriving peach ones. An appearance of slovenliness is but too general about their houses, barns, and barn-yards. Negroes are numerous; cattle and horses lean, particularly the former, who appear as if struggling with starvation for their existence. The woods are swarming with pigs, pigeons, squirrels and woodpeckers. The pigs are universally fat, owing to the great quantity of mast this year. Walking here in wet weather is most execrable, and is like travelling on soft soap; a few days of warm weather hardens this again almost into stone. Want of bridges is the greatest inconvenience to a foot traveller here. Between Shelbyville and Frankfort, having gone out of my way to see a pigeon roost (which by the by is the greatest curiosity I have seen since leaving home) I waded a deep creek called Benson, nine or ten times. I spent several days in Frankfort, and in rambling among the stupendous cliffs of Kentucky river. On Thursday evening I entered Lexington. But I cannot do justice to these subjects at the conclusion of a letter, which in spite of all my abridgments, has far exceeded in length what I first intended. My next will be from Nashville. I shall then have seen a large range of Kentucky, and be more able to give you a correct delineation of the country and its inhabitants. In descending the Ohio, I amused myself with a poetical narrative of my expedition, which I have called "*The Pilgrim*," an extract from which shall close this long and I am afraid tiresome letter.

## THE PILGRIM, A POEM;

*Descriptive of a voyage and journey from Pittsburg to New-Orleans,*
In the Spring of 1810.

" Adieu the social sweets of *home!*
The voice of friend! the kindred eye!
Condemn'd through distant lands to roam,
I bless you with my parting sigh!

" Through western forests deep and drear
Far from the haunts of Science thrown,
My long laborious course I steer
Alone, unguided, and unknown.

" Farewell!" he cry'd; the glistening tear
That gather'd fast on either eye,
Dimm'd the last parting look so dear,
Till manlier feelings bade him fly.

With gun across his shoulder thrown,
O'er Alpine regions wild and vast,
With gloomy haggard pines o'ergrown,
The solitary pilgrim past.

And now immur'd 'midst many a cliff
Ohio's princely flood appears;
And snug within his little skiff
Our pilgrim down the current steers.

No lucre-hunting wight was he,
Intent alone on greed of gain;
The noblest charms he still could see
In Nature's scenes and living train.

The flood his gliding bark that bore,
Whose stream a course majestic keeps;
Collects from various states its store,
And through a length of regions sweeps;

Its flat rich banks, few cities nigh—
Its rough indented mountains steep;
Its smoking huts and headlands high,
Reflected downwards in the deep,

To him gave raptures every morn;
And as he clear'd each opening bend,
He hail'd the boatman's mellow horn,
And saw the floating arks descend.

The ducks that swarm'd each opening run,
The eagles sailing high in pride,
Fell at the thunders of his gun,
And prostrate floated on the tide.

He gaz'd on each gigantic wood,
That tow'r-like from the margin rose;
He mark'd each tributary flood
That to this noble river flows.

And when the air was all serene,
He sought some smooth and pebbly shore;
Thence rang'd the lofty woods between,
Their deep recesses to explore.

He stoop'd each rising plant to view,
He cull'd each rare and curious ore;
For all to him was great, was new,
A vast, and an exhaustless store.

He listened to each warbling throat,
That twitt'red from the budding spray,
And blest the red-bird's mellow note
At dawning and at setting day.

When dark tempestuous winds arose,
And driving snows obscur'd the air,

Or when the dashing surges froze
Upon his hands and clotted hair,

He scorn'd the shrinking soul of slaves,
He swept his oars and rais'd the song,
And wrestled with the winds and waves
To bear his struggling bark along.

He saw the shaggy hills glide by,
He heard the *snags* and *sawyers* roar;
And when the rolling waves rose high,
He trac'd the steep and shelter'd shore.

When Night descended grim and slow,
He sought the squatter's wretched shed,
Where deaden'd round, in tow'ring show,
Vast pillar'd trunks their ruins spread.

There o'er the loose luxuriant soil,
That some few ragged rails inclose,
Unhonour'd by the hand of Toil,
A growth of weeds enormous rose.

His hut of logs, untrimm'd, unbeam'd,
Where nail nor window hole were seen;
*Without*, a cavern'd ruin seem'd,
But frown'd a fouler cave *within*.

One bed, where nightly kennel'd all,
Its foul and towz'led rags display'd;
A broken chest, where kittens crawl—
A pot that pigs a shelter made.

The low, wet roof unseam'd and rude,
Receiv'd the rain in many a rill;
The chimney sides all open stood—
The loosen'd floor was rattling still.

With tatter'd hat, and beard unshorn,
And face inlaid with dirt and soot:
And hunting shirt defil'd and torn,
And feet unbless'd with shoe or boot,

The squatter by his hearth unclean,
Sat with his handspike for a cane,
And as the shivering pigs crept in,
He drove them through the logs again.

And as he scratch'd, and chewd his quid,
And listen'd to the pilgrim's tale,
Still would the grunting guests intrude,
And still the handspike would assail.

Close round a gaping circle press,
Of ragged children plump and brown,
To gaze upon the stranger's dress,
And hear the wonders of the town.

In buckskin bag, with head of axe,
The mouldy coffee now is broke,
The pork no store of cabbage lacks;
The hoe-cakes on the shingle smoke.

No cups from foreign lands are seen,
No plates arrang'd, no table spread,
Each dipp'd within the pot his tin,
And slic'd his bacon on his bread.

But Hunger, ravenous guest! was there,
He wav'd his spells o'er every treat,
And gave the rough and homely fare
A charm, that even the gods might eat;

And Toil, blest sinnewer of the poor!
Thy callous hand, and stubborn tread,

Still made the hardest cabin floor
  Refreshing as the softest bed.

What though the wolves with mingling howl,
  All night harrangued their answering brood;
And that vile hag, the big horn'd owl,
  More hideous, hollow'd through the wood,

Our pilgrim as he dropt to rest,
  Well pleas'd would listen to their lay,
And as the cabin planks he prest,
  Snore chorus to their lullaby.

Soon as the dawn of morning broke,
  The pilgrim all his stores reshipt,
And through the placid river's smoke,
  With steady stroke serenely swept.

The red-bird whistled as he past,
  The turtles deep bemoan'd around,
The screaming jays in search of mast,
  And rattling woodpeckers resound.

The turkey, from the tallest trees,
  Calls out the watchword to his train,
Soon as the coming skiff he sees,
  And seeks the mountain's side again.

The streaming ducks in rapid file,
  Shoot o'er the surface of the flood,
And pigeons darkening many a mile,
  Roar like a tempest o'er the wood.

And now the source of morning beams
  High from the shaggy mountain's steep,
Upon the pilgrim's skiff it gleams,
  And plays upon the glassy deep:

And where encircling mountains bend,
And vast primæval woods prevail,
He sees the pillar'd smoke ascend
From Sugar Camp in shelter'd vale.

He heard the whistling rustic's noise—
The sounding axe—the artless song;
The barking dog, the children's voice—
The clamor of the rural throng.

Fast by the the river's shelving side,
He moor'd his little skiff with care,
Where piles of floating timber ride,
And form a shelter'd harbour there.

He climb'd the mouldering bank sublime,
Struck with the forest deep and gray,
Where scatter'd round by mighty Time,
The ruins of the former lay;

Here rose the sycamores immense,
And stretch'd their whiten'd arms around,
From eating floods the best defence,
And hugest of the forest found

The sugar trees erect and tall,
Arrang'd their stately thousands here,
Whose trunks profusely yield to all
The sweetening beverage of the year:

The limpid sweets from every tree,
Drop in the wooden troughs below,
Set by the entering augur free,
And through small tubes of elder flow.

Amid this maple forest gay,
Where one prodigious log was rear'd,

The kettles rang'd in black array
Above a raging fire appear'd.

With wooden pails from tree to tree,
The singing rustics walk'd their round,
And with their mingling jokes and glee,
The deep and hollow woods resound.

A little hut with leaves bespread,
To shield the rustics from the night,
With blankets for a transient bed,
And moss cramm'd in each crevice tight.

To see the thickening syrrup done,
Is still the sire and matron's share,
But when the evening shades draw on,
They leave it to the damsel's care.

Amid the fire enlighten'd woods,
The wanton wenches laugh and sing,
For well each lightsome lass concludes
Her hastening beau is on the wing.

With startling whoop, in laughing trim,
The hardy buckskins soon arrive,
They fill the kettles to the brim,
In feats of chopping wood they strive.

The lasses from the kettles neat,
Their vigorous sweethearts oft regale,
With pliant lumps of sugar sweet,
Dropp'd in the cool congealing pail.

And while the blazing fire burns high,
Within the hut the leaves are prest,
Where snug as squirrels close they lie,
And Love and Laughter know the rest.

" *Sweet is the sugar season dear!*"
The maids along Ohio sing;
" *Of all the seasons in the year,*
*The sweetest season is the Spring.*"

(*To be continued.*)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THE TABLE D'HOTE, No. V.

*Self delusion.*

There is no property of human nature that excites risibility on fairer terms than our total blindness to those follies and vices which form the dark shades of our characters; which diminish and often times destroy the value of our good qualities; and which excite the pity of our friends and the ridicule and contempt of our enemies.

From this extraordinary kind of blindness and folly, few men—and with deference to the ladies be it added—few women can pretend to an exemption. Hence we frequently see that persons with striking failings which an observer would suppose could not possibly escape their view for a single instant, remain as blind, deaf, and dumb to those blemishes, as if they belonged to the man in the moon, or any other of the illustrious personages with whom fancy or philosophy has peopled the planets.

But ludicrous and frequently melancholy as the picture is, it is by no means complete. It holds up to view but half of our folly on this point: for it too often happens that we are so extravagantly deluded as to lay claim to virtues the very opposites to our every-day follies. Were I not disposed to let the reader employ his own imagination by looking among his acquaintances for instances, I might fill a page or two with corroborative cases.

The most wonderful instance I have ever met with to illustrate the ideas here submitted to the readers of the Port Folio, and indeed the instance which has given rise to these lucubrations, is that of Dr. Johnson: with the extraordinary powers of his " mighty mind,"

all those who have even superficially studied the literary history of the latter half of the eighteenth century, are acquainted. Without professing the idolatrous veneration for him which is entertained by many in this country as well as in England, I firmly believe that his Rambler alone displays a more intimate knowledge of human nature—a more complete development of the mazes and intricacies of the human heart—and more striking examples to allure to virtue and deter from vice, than perhaps any other human production.

Yet the mighty Johnson was absolutely blind to the most striking defect of his character.—This striking defect was rudeness, of which his friends occasionally felt the effects. In a familiar conversation with his humble companion James Boswell, "I think myself" —says he, "a very polite man." The reader may very readily conceive my astonishment at reading this declaration. I rubbed my eyes, under the apprehension that I had made a mistake. But I found I had not—and that this curious proof of human weakness, exhibited by so great a man, was actually recorded in page 50 of the third volume of the American edition of the works of the great Philologist.

Had I met with a claim on the part of general Arnold to loyalty —of Elwes to liberality—of Hume or Voltaire to religious piety—of Julius Cæsar to meekness and freedom from ambition—or of Caligula or Nero to kindness and humanity, it would not appear much more surprising, than Johnson's unqualified pretensions to the character not merely of a polite—but "a *very* polite man."

Of his almost total disregard of the fundamental rules of politeness, Boswell, notwithstanding his veneration for the doctor, and zealous, and uniform defence of his character, has recorded numberless instances. It displayed itself on nearly every occasion wherein any person dared to maintain an opinion opposite to his. No degree of respectability of character—no ties of friendship—no rank—not even sex itself could secure persons guilty of this offence from having their feelings outraged, frequently in a very gross manner.

For the doctor, however, some apology may be made, and I do not feel disposed to pass it over in silence. He was so long regarded as an oracle by the large and very enlightened circle of the literati by whom he was surrounded, and who by a slavish submission ac-

customed him to the exercise of the most arbitrary authority over their minds, that despotism produced on him the same deleterious effects it has ever done in the political world.

It cannot be necessary to quote many instances to prove that Johnson was not "a very polite man." I shall confine myself to a single case, which is to be found in the very page which contains the doctor's boast of his politeness. Johnson and his friend Boswell were in a company not accustomed to the dictatorship of the author of the Rambler, and who therefore did not treat him with the deference and submission he was wont to receive from his friends. There is not, however, the slightest reason to believe that he experienced any indecorous or uncivil usage. But his oracular dictatorship not being passively submitted to, he was put into an ill humour, and quarrelled with Boswell in the most unhandsome manner, so that B. had almost resolved to abandon him forever. To gratify the reader, I shall state the transaction in Boswell's own words:—"Upon some imaginary offence from me, he attacked me with such rudeness, that I was vexed and angry; because it gave those persons an opportunity of enlarging upon his supposed severity and ill treatment of his best friends. I was so much hurt, and had my pride so much roused, that I kept away from him a week; and perhaps might have kept away much longer, nay gone to Scotland without seeing him again, had we not fortunately met, and been reconciled."

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*Etymology.*

The most extraordinary instance of etymology that I have ever seen, or perhaps that can be produced (not excepting Junius or Skinner's far-famed derivation—"*lucus, a grove, a non lucendo,*") is to be found in Boswell's life of Johnson. In a conversation which the celebrated lexicographer had on the uncertainty of etymology, and the wonderful changes which words underwent, he stated, to illustrate his position, that *jour*, the French word for *a day*, was derived from the Latin *Dies*. This naturally excited the astonishment of his hearers, who could not conceive him to be serious, and supposed it was one of his customary assertions, hazarded as usual to confute his antagonist, and that

he did not himself believe what he had declared. They were mistaken. The doctor was perfectly serious, and convinced them all of the correctness of his opinion. From *dies*, a day, he said, came *diurnus*, daily. This was corrupted into the Italian *giurno*—and from thence, by an easy transition, came the French *jour*.

—

*Wonderful effrontery.*

A Mr. Eccles, after the publication of the Man of Feeling, pretended to be the writer of it—and, in order to make the fraud wear an air of plausibility, he transcribed the whole book, and made a number of erasures, interlineations and corrections, and in this state shewed it to several friends as an original production!

—

*A profound and philosophical solution of a difficulty in natural history.*

Lord Kaimes, in his sketches, has a long dissertation on the different species of animals and on the production of mongrels. Upon the intermixture of the various species of dogs, he makes this very *profound* and *sagacious* remark: "but dogs are, by their nat re companions to men, and Providence probably has permitted a mixture, *that every man may have a dog to his liking!*" Should the reader doubt whether such a fanciful motive has been ascribed to Providence, by so celebrated a character as lord Kaimes, he is referred to the first sketch, where he may fully satisfy himself.

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*Logan Rock—an extraordinary phenomenon.*

In Silliman's Travels, just published, there is an account of a wonderful phenomenon, called Logan Rock, near Penzance, in Cornwall. It is from admeasurement estimated at three hundred and twenty tons weight; but is so poised on the verge of a precipice on a base not larger than a man's hat, that a single man may move it backwards and forwards like a cradle. Formerly, he says, it could be moved with a single hand, now it requires a shoulder.

—

*A grand dedication.*

A certain Thomas Brown, under whom doctor Johnson acquired some of the rudiments of the English language, published a spell-

ing book, which he dedicated to a patron that has not been troubled with many such acts of civility. This patron was no less a personage than—*the Universe.*

*A magnificent work.*

The canal called "The New River," undertaken for the purpose of supplying London and Westminster with water, is a most noble work, which reflects honour on the British nation. It extends about thirty-eight miles, and in its course there are two hundred and fifteen bridges over brooks and rivers. In some parts, it passes through subterraneous passages. It is carried in wooden troughs, lined with lead, over two extensive vales.

Perhaps there are few instances of so great an increase of the value of the stock of any institution as this affords. About one hundred and fifty years ago one half of the property in the whole canal was sold for five hundred pounds sterling per annum, which fixes the value of the whole, at that period, at rather more than sixteen thousand pounds. In 1766, one share, being a seventy-second part of it, was sold for four thousand four hundred pounds: and in 1770, another similar share was sold for six thousand seven hundred pounds, at which rate the whole may be estimated at about five hundred thousand pounds sterling.

*The bagpipe celestial music.*

Sir John Carr states that upon the architrave of one of the pillars of a chapel at Roslin, near Edinburgh, there is an angel playing upon the bagpipe. Had a butcher painted the piece, he would, with equal propriety, have graced the celestial being with a marrow bone and cleaver.

*Stage travelling.*

In 1763 the stage from Edinburgh to London, was sixteen or eighteen days in performing the journey, a distance of four hundred miles. At present, according to Carr, a traveller may start from Edinburgh for London on Sunday afternoon, may stay one entire day in London, and return to Edinburgh the following Saturday at six o'clock in the evening. Those travellers, therefore, who are so

extremely fastidious as Moore, Weld, Parkinson, &c. &c. in their remarks on American stages, travelling, roads, and taverns, would act very prudently if they cast a retrospective eye on the state of those things in their own country half a century since. They would then acknowledge that it is more wonderful that we have advanced so rapidly, than that we have not made greater speed.

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ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Why tempt the stormy Firth to day.

*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

Sad the southern breeze is sighing:
Pleasure's gilded spells are o'er;
Swiftly yonder bark is flying,
Wafting Helen from our shore.

Gloom pervades our social dwelling;
Silence reigns with chilling power:
Envious Gales the sails propelling:
Sighs and sadness rule the hour.

Shades obscure the murm'ring ocean
Surges swell and tempest rise:
Billows with perturbed motion
Proudly lash the frowning skies.

Cease! oh cease your hollow moaning:
Treach'rous winds your rage forbear,
For each bosom throb atoning,
Zephyrs sooth the timorous fair.

Vain our pray'rs and wishes proving,
Deeper, louder blasts succeed;
Swifter still the vessel moving
Stream, ye tears! and bosom, bleed.

Hope! thy glowing charm suspended
Dangers, shipwreck, death impend;
Midnight glooms with horrors blended
O'er a faded form we bend:

Morning dawns in azure glory,
Hope! thy radiant torch relume:
Helen lives to tell the story,
Rich in health and bright in bloom.

*New-York*, 1810. *E*

## VARIETY.

*D'Israeli*, with the enthusiasm of an author, thus records the honours and rewards which *have been* bestowed on learning and genius.

The inhabitants of Languedoc established floral games at which they bestowed golden flowers to fortunate poets. Rome crowned Petrarch with a laurel, Ravenna erected a marble monument to the memory of Dante, and Cortaldo a statue to Boccace. Delighted princesses have touched with their fragrant lips the cheeks of bards. The Venetians paid Sannazarius six hundred pistoles for six verses. Baif received a silver image of Minerva from his native city, and Ronsard had apartments reserved for him in the palace of Charles IX, and the honour of receiving poetical epistles from that monarch. Even the phlegmatic Hollander has raised a superb figure to the memory of Erasmus, the great restorer of the Latin tongue.

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In novel writing, descriptions of the landscape are too often trite and tame, the following is an honourable exception.

I gained the eastern extremity of the mountain that I might more amply enjoy the beams of the setting sun as he sunk beneath the waves of the Irish sea. It was the finest evening my eyes ever beheld. The resplendent colours of the clouds, the rich purple and burnished gold in various streaks fantastically formed were beyond any imagination to conceive. The woods were vocal. This lovely moment combined in one impression the freshness of the finest morning with all the rich and gorgeous effects peculiar to the close of a summer's day.

A *real*, and not a mere poetical sufferer thus pathetically apostrophises Consumption, subtlest enemy of life.

Oh! thou most fatal of Pandora's train,
Consumption! silent cheater of the eye;
Thou com'st not rob'd in agonizing Pain,
Nor mark'st thy course with Death's delusive dye,
But silent and unnoticed thou dost lie;
O'er life's soft springs thy venom dost diffuse,
And, whilst thou giv'st new lustre to the eye,
While o'er the cheek are spread Health's ruddy hues,
E'en then Life's little rest thy cruel power subdues.
Oft I've beheld thee, in the glow of youth,
Hid 'neath the blushing roses, which there bloom'd
And dropt a tear, for then thy cankering tooth
I knew would never stay, till all consumed,
In the cold vault of Death he were entombed;
But oh! what sorrow did I feel, as, slow,
Insidious ravager, I saw thee fly
Through fair Lucina's breast of whitest snow,
Preparing swift her passage to the sky.
Though still intelligence beamed in the glance,
The liquid lustre of her fine blue eye,
Yet soon did languid Listlessness advance,
And soon she calmly sunk in Death's repugnant trance:
Even when her end was swiftly drawing near,
And Dissolution hovered o'er her head,
Even then so beauteous did her form appear,
That none who saw her but admiring said,
Sure so much beauty never could be dead.

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In his fanciful "Fleetwood," Godwin is often nearly as eloquent as Rousseau. If the reader will pardon an exuberance of words the strain of the following extract is highly animated.

At Oxford, the whole tone of my mind became changed. The situation was new. The effects were striking. In Merionethshire, I had been a solitary savage. I had no companions, and I desired none. The commerce of my books and of my thoughts was enough for me. I lived in an ideal world of my own creation. The actual world beneath me I intuitively shunned. I felt that every man I should meet would be either too ignorant or too coarse to afford me pleasure. The strings of my mind were tuned to too delicate and sensitive

a pitch: it was an Eolian harp upon which the winds of heaven might "discourse excellent music;" but the touch of a human hand could draw from it nothing but discord and dissonance.

Formed, as my mind had been, almost from infancy, to delight itself with the grand, the romantic, the stupendous, and the surprising, it is inconceivable with what contempt, with what loathing I looked upon the face of nature as it shows itself in Oxfordshire. All was flat, and tame, and tedious. Wales was Nature, in the vigour and animation of youth: she sported in a thousand wild and admirable freaks; she displayed a master hand; every stroke of her majestic pencil was clear, and bold, and free. But, in the country to which I had now removed, Nature, to my eyes, seemed to be in her dotage. If she attempted any thing, it was the attempt of a driveller; she appeared like a toothless and palsied beldame, who calls upon her visitors to attend, who mumbles slowly a set of inarticulate and unintelligible sounds, and to whom it exceeds the force of human resolution to keep up the forms of civility.

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The following curious dialogue respecting the *savage* state may be found in a book, which, with all its absurdities, deserves to be attentively read.

There are men who have preferred living among savages. Now what a wretch must he be, who is content with such conversation as can be had among barbarians. You may remember an officer at Fort Augustus, who had served in America, told us of a woman whom they were obliged to *bind*, in order to get her back from savage life. *Boswell.* She must have been an animal, a beast. *Johnson.* Sir, she was a speaking cat.

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The following commendation of courage, though roughly expressed, is unquestionably irrefragable. The splendour of military or naval actions would certainly outshine the glory of Socrates or Mansfield. The one is the sun in his fiercest radiance. The other is the moon with her *pale lamp.*

We talked of war. *Johnson.* Every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier or not having been at sea. *Boswell.* Lord Mansfield does not. *Johnson.* Sir, if lord Mansfield were in a company of general officers or admirals, who have been in service, he would shrink; he'd wish to creep under the table. *Boswell.* No; he'd think he could *try* them all. *Johnson.* Yes, if he could catch them; but they'd try him much sooner. No, sir; were Socrates and Charles the twelfth of Sweden both present in any company, and Socrates to say, *follow me and hear a lecture in philosophy;* and Charles, laying his hand

on his sword, to say *follow me and dethrone the czar*, a man would be ashamed to follow Socrates. Sir, the profession of soldiers and sailors has the dignity of danger. Mankind reverence those who have got over fear, which is so general a weakness.

---

The Edinburgh Reviewers, who as they are unquestionably men of brilliant genius themselves are perfectly well qualified to estimate the mental power of others, thus nobly assert the claims and vindicate the *calumniated* character of Chatterton.

A more vehement chapter of criticism is scarcely to be found than Mr. Stockdale's remarks on CHATTERTON, whose genius he idolizes, and whose memory he defends with a fervour beyond all other worshippers, and defenders. What that WONDERFUL BOY would have been is a question which we shall not decide so emphatically as Mr. S.; what he was is undeniable, THE GREATEST POET THAT EVER APPEARED IN IMMATURE YEARS. The moral character of Chatterton has been basely insulted by bigots and fools. The pretended antiquity of his poems has been denounced as a crime against truth, with all the solemnity with which Ananias's lie is quoted from scripture. The word *forgery* does not apply to such an *innocent deception*.

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## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

We are happy to announce the flattering distinction recently paid to our countryman Dr. Benjamin S. Barton, professor of Materia Medica, Natural History and Botany in the University of Pennsylvania. A copy of his elegant and valuable work the Elements of Botany was presented by L. Harris, Esq. the American consul at St. Petersburgh, to the Empress Dowager of Russia, who caused some parts of it to be translated for her use. From these she had derived so much satisfaction that a translation of the whole work into French has been ordered by her Majesty. This compliment we mention with the more pleasure because it proves that no elevation can exclude the amiable studies of nature, and because we deem it equally honourable to the illustrious personage who offered, as to the distinguished scholar who received it.

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

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